The Complete Little Stories for Bedtime by Thornton W. Burgess 1916

The Complete Little Stories for Bedtime by Thornton W. Burgess, 1916.

Edited by Peter W. Oehlkers.

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Introduction.

1916 was a banner year for Thornton W. Burgess. His writing, which included the stories that comprised *The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack* and the first part of *Lightfoot the Deer*, fully embraced the conservation and anti-hunting themes that would, from that point on, define him. Licensed merchandising of the "Quaddy" brand was fully realized during the Easter and Christmas seasons. And "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" was a bona fide success, attracting the attention of major Broadway producers and film stars. In short, Burgess, his stories, and his characters, had become a recognizable part of American (and Canadian) culture. Burgess had even signed a contract to make films based on his work in which he planned to make personal appearances.

Connor (2007), who is perhaps the only serious writer to apply French critical theory to Burgess's work, argues that his narrative approach, particularly its tight and shifting point-of-view, was innovative—ready-made for film, particularly the horror genre, as Burgess was skillful at representing "abject" subjects, such as Mr. Quack, and the young Bob White in the 1915 stories. Readers who are dubious of Connor's Freudian take on Peter Rabbit's voyeurism of Mrs. Quack's bath or Peter's admiration of Lightfoot's antlers, are invited to read Reddy Fox's conversations with Mrs. Grouse and Burgess's depiction of her subsequent bondage—stories 1256-1266 in this volume. At any rate, the 1916 film project never materialized.

The newspaper version of the Mr. and Mrs. Quack tale is longer than the book version, including additional episodes and a fuller epilogue. The newspaper version of the Lightfoot tale, on the other hand, tells a story that is mostly abandoned in the book version, in favor of a later storyline. Overall, the dangers that human present to non-human animals were expanded in Burgess's storytelling in 1916 to include pesticides, cats, lighthouses, and snares, in addition to unsporting hunters and their unleashed dogs.

Farmer Brown's boy was again presented as the savior of animals in trouble, going as far as to hide Lightfoot in a shed during hunting season. Nevertheless, Burgess gave his character complexity; Farmer Brown's boy occasionally hurt or disturbed animals in ways he did not intend and later regretted. Farmer Brown's boy, like Burgess's young readers, still had a lot to learn.

Burgess had his own theories about his success. In March, during a talk in Springfield, Burgess laid out his "recipe for a child's story:"

> Ingredients: One fact, a liberal amount of imagination, a dash of truth, a moral lesson, action, adventure or lively dialog, humor or pathos as desired, a reasonable supply of simple English. These may best be compounded on paper by means of a typewriter, preferably one that is old, dusty and rich in service. Use the fact as the foundation. Stir in the imagination freely with the truth, taking care that the latter is never dissolved by the former; spice highly with action, adventure or dialog, whichever best suits your purpose, and add a dash of either humor or pathos. Pour the whole over the moral lesson and serve at bedtime in short, snappy sentences, composed of simple words,

employing a judicious amount of repetition." (*The Republican*. March 10, 1916, page 13)

Clear examples of the "fact as foundation" in 1916 can be found in the Rattles the Kingfisher and Sooty the Swift episodes, which revolve around Peter Rabbit's curiosity about each species' nesting habits. But Burgess was still experimenting, having Old Man Coyote, for example, speak in fairy-tale-style rhyming verse as he stalked Danny Meadow Mouse.

In 1916 Burgess continued writing "personal letters" to members of Bedtime Stories Clubs promoting a number of different natural history topics and conservation causes, some linked with William T. Hornaday's agenda. These ended in May; in June he started a new series addressed specifically to the Old Mother Nature Club of the *Toronto Star*. Both sets of letters may be found in Appendix 1 of this volume.

While Thornton Burgess and Harrison Cady (misspelled "Cayd" in the program) were acknowledged in connection with "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," they seem to have had little direct involvement. As mentioned in the 1915 volume, this was largely the project of *New York Globe* Bedtime Stories Club editor Horace S. Tibbs. Tibbs played the role of "Peter Rabbit," and for the Easter show he wrote a new song, "The Mascot," sung in celebration of his own character. Tibbs further encroached on Burgess territory in the pages of the *Globe* by inventing a tragic backstory for Happy Jack Squirrel (his father was killed by a hunter) and introducing "Wooly Fox," a cousin of Reddy, who experienced misadventures of his own. Relevant *Globe* Bedtime Stories Club excerpts and newspaper accounts and images of "Peter Rabbit Dreamland" can be found in Appendix 2 of this volume.

Burgess, now established as one of the top newspaper and children's book bedtime story authors, attracted competition. Some of this was overt imitation or piracy of his characters (if "Peter Rabbit" had been up for grabs, why not "Reddy Fox?"). But most was connected with a growing demand in general for pre-made stories for parents to tell their children at night. Burgess continued to be particularly popular among educators, both for his attention to truth in natural history and his overall message of kindness toward others. But his messages were not fully absorbed. Many children rejected his hard line against house sparrows. And he was accused publicly of nature-faking for the first time. Nevertheless, his overall contributions to American and Canadian culture were recognized widely enough that parodies of "Little Stories for Bedtime" published in the *Kansas City Star* were popular across the continent. See Appendix 3 for more details and documentation.

Peter Rabbit and Quaddy-related merchandise were hot commodities in 1916. While many products were ready by Easter, newspapers filled with advertisements for Quaddy toys and games during the Christmas shopping season. Burgess and Cady were not directly involved in the development of these products, though they seem to have had some say in their approval. A case in point is "The Game of Peter Rabbit, or Hunting in the Green Meadows." This was first proposed by an independent game creator and later packaged by Quaddy Playthings. In the game, players take turns spinning a rifle-shaped pointer and get points for each animal targeted. A 1914 newspaper account (*Kansas City Times*. November 20, 1914, page 6) describes the inventor's chagrin when Farmer Brown's boy became the friend of the animals rather

than their nemesis; Burgess, nevertheless, approved the game because the hunting depicted was just "pretend." (Appendix 4).

The numbering of the stories in this volume correspond with those in the original manuscripts. I remain indebted to Wayne Wright (2000) for his list of correspondences between newspaper and book versions of the stories. The text has been proofread and spell-checked but readers, and future users of these stories, should be aware that there are likely undiscovered errors that were introduced as a result of the OCR process. Most of the texts and images are based on those originally appearing in the *Boston Globe*.

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STORY 1216. January 3, 1916

Some New Year Resolves

One teeny, weeny good resolve
That's made and kept what'er befall
Is better than a thousand made
And then, alas! not kept at all.

"Happy New Year!" cried Tommy Tit, the Chickadee, peering down into the dear Old Brier Patch. It was New Year's Day that Tommy Tit met Peter Rabbit in the Old Brier Patch.

"Bless my heart, it is New Year's Day!" exclaimed Peter. "I had forgotten all about it. A happy New Year to you, Tommy Tit, and a great many of them. What good resolutions have you made for this year?"

Tommy's sharp little black eyes twinkled. "I've made just one," he replied. "I've found in the past that if I make a whole lot I forget half of them and break the rest. So this year I've made just one resolve."

"What is it? Do tell us, Tommy?" begged Peter, full of curiosity as usual.

"To mind just my own affairs," replied Tommy.

Peter looked at Tommy sharply to see if Tommy was dropping a hint for him, but Tommy looked so small and innocent that Peter concluded he was just speaking for himself alone.

"What resolve are you going to make, Peter?" asked Tommy.

Peter scratched his head thoughtfully. "I hadn't thought about it," he confessed, "but of course I must make some. It wouldn't be a real New Year if I didn't. Let me see, I hereby resolve to stay at home nights."

"Oh, Peter, do you really mean it?" cried little Mrs. Peter, hurrying over to rub noses with him.

"And to think kindly of everybody," continued Peter, "even my worst enemies. And—hello, here comes Sammy Jay! Happy New Year, Sammy! Have you made any good resolutions?"

"Happy New Year!" returned Sammy. "Of course, I've made some good resolves. For one thing, I'm not going to steal any more. For another thing, I'm not going to call anybody names. For a third thing, I'm not going to quarrel with anybody, not even with Chatterer, the Red Squirrel, or Reddy Fox." Sammy spoke very earnestly and he looked quite as if he really meant every word, as no doubt he did. Peter tried very hard to think what the Green Forest would be like without the sound of Chatterer and Sammy quarreling once in a while, or without that harsh voice of Sammy screaming "Thief! Thief! Thief!" and he just couldn't imagine it. Then, too, the very idea of Sammy seeing anything he could steal and not doing it was too much for Peter. He turned his

head to hide a smile.

Sammy saw him and right away demanded to know what Peter was, laughing at. Of course, Peter tried very hard not to tell him, and yet not to tell an untruth, and of course Sammy guessed that Peter was laughing at him and his resolves. Right away Sammy's quick temper flew up and he began to scream at Peter and call him names quite in the old way. And the louder he screamed the harder Peter laughed, for the funnier it seemed to him. Tommy Tit was laughing too. Finally he flew over to Sammy.

"Happy New Year!" he shouted in Sammy's ear when he got a chance.

Sammy choked a scream off right in the middle. He looked at Peter and then he looked at Tommy and a little shamed look crept into his face. Then quite suddenly he threw back his head and laughed with the others.

"Let's begin over again," said he. "We'll forget all about those resolves I made, because I've broken two of them already. I'm not going to make a lot of resolves at all. I'm going to make just one, and this is it: I resolve to try to do my best each day, and that's all anybody can do. Come on, Peter, and see who we can find in the Green Forest to wish a Happy New Year."

"All right!" cried Peter, kicking up his heels joyfully. Right then Peter caught sight of little Mrs. Peter's face. There was a tear in the corner of each eye.

"I—I guess I won't go after all, Sammy," said he. "Seeing it is New Year's Day I think I will spend it at home. You wish everybody a Happy New Year for me, will you, Sammy?"

Sammy promised he would, and Peter tried to feel as happy as little Mrs. Peter looked.

STORY 1217. January 4, 1916

Reddy Fox Brings Granny News

Now that snow covered the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, and ice had bound the Smiling Pool and the Laughing Brook, Reddy and Granny Fox were hungry most of the time. It was not easy to find enough to eat these days, and so they spent nearly every minute they were awake in hunting. Sometimes they hunted together, but usually one went one way and the other went another way, so as to have a greater chance of finding something. If either found enough for two the one finding it took it back to their home if it could be carried. If not, the other was told where to find it.

For several days they had had very little, indeed, to eat, and they were so hungry that they were willing to take almost any chance to get a good meal. For two nights they had visited Farmer Brown's hen house, hoping they would be able to find a way inside, but the biddies had been securely locked up, and try as they would they couldn't find a way in.

"It's of no use," said Granny, as they started back home after the second try, "to

hope to get one of those hens at night. If we are going to get any at all we will have to do it in broad daylight. It can be done, for I have done it before, but I don't like the idea. We are likely to be seen, and that means that Bowser the Hound will be set to hunting us."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Reddy. "What of it? It's easy enough to fool him."

"You think so, do you?" snapped Granny. "I never yet saw a young Fox who didn't think he knew all there is to know, and you're just like the rest. When you've lived as long as I have you will have learned not to be quite so sure of your own opinions. I grant you that when there is no snow on the ground any Fox with a reasonable amount of Fox sense in his head can fool Bowser, but with snow everywhere it in a very different matter. If Bowser once takes it into his head to follow your trail these days you will have to be smarter than I think you are to fool him. The only way you will be able to get away from him will be by going into a hole in the ground, and when you do that, you will have given away a secret that will mean we will never have any peace at all. We will never know when Farmer Brown's boy will take it into his head to smoke us out. I've seen it done. No sir, we are not going to try for one of those hens in the daytime unless we are starving and have to."

"I'm starving now," whined Reddy.

"No such thing!" Granny snapped. "I've been without food longer than this many a time. Have you been over to the Big River lately?"

"No," replied Reddy. "What's the use? It's frozen over. There isn't anything there."

"Perhaps not," replied Granny, "but I learned a long time ago that it is a poor plan to overlook any chance. There is a place in the Big River which never freezes because the water runs too swift to freeze, and I've found more than one meal washed ashore there. You go over there now while I see what I can find in the Green Forest. If neither of us finds anything it will be time enough to think about Farmer Brown's hens tomorrow."

Much against his will Reddy obeyed. "It isn't the least bit of use," he grumbled, as he trotted toward the Big River. "There won't be anything there. It's just a waste of time."

Late that afternoon he came hurrying back, and Granny knew by the way that he cocked his ears and carried his tail that he had news of some kind. "Well, what is it?" she demanded.

"I found a dead fish that had been washed ashore," replied Reddy. "It wasn't big enough for two and so I ate it."

"Anything else?" asked Granny.

"No—o," replied Reddy, slowly. "That is, nothing that will do us any good. Quacker the Wild Duck[1] was swimming about in the open water; but, though I watched

1 The species of Quacker the Wild Duck is unclear. Not Mallard, possibly Bufflehead, given later descriptions.

and watched, he never once came ashore."

"Ha!" exclaimed Granny. "That is good news. I think we'll go duck hunting."

(*Old Granny Fox*, Chapter 1)

STORY 1218. January 5, 1916

Granny and Reddy Fox Go Hunting

Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun had just got well started on his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky that morning when he spied two figures trotting across the snow-covered Green Meadows, one behind the other. They were trotting along quite as if they had made up their minds just where they were going. They had. You see, they were Reddy and Granny Fox, and they were bound for the Big River at the place where the water ran too swift to freeze. You see, the day before Reddy had discovered Quacker the Wild Duck swimming about there, and now they were on their way to try to catch him.

Granny led the way and Reddy followed meekly behind her. To tell the truth Reddy hadn't the least idea that they would have a chance to catch Quacker, because Quacker kept out in the water and there was as safe from them as if they were 1000 miles away. The only reason that Reddy had willingly started with Granny was the hope that he might find a dead fish washed up on the shore, as he had the day before.

"Granny certainly is growing foolish in her old age," thought Reddy as he trotted along behind her. "I told her that Quacker never once came ashore all the time I watched yesterday. I don't believe he ever comes ashore, and if she knows anything at all she ought to know that she can't catch him out there in the water. Granny used to be smart enough when she was young, I guess, but she certainly is losing her mind now. It's a pity, a great pity. I can just imagine how Quacker will laugh at her. I have to laugh myself."

He did laugh, but you may be sure he took great pains that Granny should not see him laughing. Whenever she looked around, he was as sober as he could be. In fact, he appeared to be quite as eager as if he felt sure that they would catch Quacker. Now, old Granny Fox is very wise in the ways of the world, and if Reddy could have known what was going on in her mind as she led the way to the Big River, he might not have felt quite so sure of his own smartness. Granny was doing some quiet laughing herself.

"He thinks I'm old and foolish and don't know what I'm about, the young scamp!" thought she. "He thinks he has learned all there is to learn. It isn't the least use in the world to try to tell him anything. When young folks feel the way he does it is a waste of time to talk to them. He has got to be shown. There is nothing like experience to take the conceit out of these youngsters."

Now, conceit is the feeling that you know better than any one else. Perhaps you do, and then again perhaps you don't. So, sometimes it is best not to be too sure of your own opinion. Reddy was sure. So he trotted along behind old Granny Fox and planned smart things to say to her when she found that there wasn't a chance to catch Quacker

the Duck. I am afraid, very much afraid, that Reddy was planning to be saucy. People who think themselves smart are quite apt to be saucy.

Presently they came to the bank of the Big River. Old Granny Fox told Reddy to sit still while she crept up behind some bushes where she could peek out on the Big River. He grinned as he watched her. He was still grinning when she tiptoed back. He expected to see her face long with disappointment. Instead, she looked very much pleased.

"Quacker is there," said she, "and I think he will make us a very good dinner. Creep up behind those bushes and see for yourself, then come back here and tell me what you think we better do to get him."

So Reddy stole up behind the bushes, and this time it was Granny who grinned as she watched. As he crept along Reddy wondered if it could be that for once Quacker had come ashore. Granny seemed so sure that they could catch him that this must be the case. But when he peeped through the bushes there was Quacker way out in the middle of the open water just where he had been the day before.

(*Old Granny Fox*, Chapter 2)

STORY 1219. January 6, 1916

Reddy Sure Granny Has Lost Her Senses

"Just as I thought," muttered Reddy Fox, as he peeped through the bushes on the bank of the Big River and saw Quacker the Wild Duck swimming about in the water where it ran too swiftly to freeze. "We've got just as much chance of catching him as I have of jumping over the moon. That's what I'll tell Granny."

He crept back carefully so as not to be seen by Quacker, and when he had reached the place where Granny was waiting for him his face wore a very impudent look.

"Well," said Granny Fox, "what shall we do to catch him?"

"Learn to swim like a fish and fly like a bird," replied Reddy in such a saucy tone that Granny had hard work to keep from boxing his ears.

"You mean that you think he can't be caught," said she quietly.

"I don't think anything about it—I KNOW he can't!" snapped Reddy. "Not by us, anyway," he added.

"I suppose you wouldn't even try," retorted Granny.

"I'm old enough to know when I'm wasting my time," replied Reddy with a toss of his head.

"In other words, you think I'm a silly old Fox who has lost her senses," said Granny sharply.

"No—o. I didn't say that," protested Reddy, looking very uncomfortable.

"But you think it," declared Granny. "Now, look here, Mr. Smarty, you do just as I tell you. You creep back there where you can watch Quacker and all that happens, and mind that you keep out of his sight. Now go."

Reddy went. There was nothing else to do. He didn't dare disobey. Granny watched until Reddy had reached his hiding place. Then what do you think she did? Why, she walked right out on the little beach just below Reddy and in plain sight of Quacker! Yes, sir, that is what she did!

Then began such a queer performance that it is no wonder that Reddy was sure that Granny had lost her senses. She rolled over and over. She chased her tail round and round until it made Reddy dizzy to watch her. She jumped up in the air. She raced back and forth. She played with a bit of stick. And all the time she didn't pay the least attention to Quacker the Duck.

Reddy stared and stared. Whatever had come over Granny? She was crazy. Yes, sir, that must be the matter. It must be that she had gone without food so long that she had gone crazy. Poor Granny! She was in her second childhood. Reddy could remember how he had done such things when he was very young just by way of showing how fine he felt. But for a grown-up Fox to do such things was undignified, to say the least. You know, Reddy thinks a great deal of dignity. It was worse than undignified—it was positively disgraceful. He did hope that none of his neighbors would happen along and see Granny cutting up so. He never would hear the end of it if they did.

Over and over rolled Granny, and round and round she chased her tail. The snow flew up in a cloud. And all the time she made no sound. Reddy was just trying to decide whether to go off and leave her until she had regained her common sense, or to go out and try to stop her, when he happened to look out in the open water where Quacker was. Quacker was sitting up as straight as he could. In fact, he had his wings raised to help him sit on his tail the better to see what old Granny Fox was doing.

"As I live," muttered Reddy, "I believe that fellow is nearer than he was. I believe he is swimming in."

Then Reddy crouched lower than ever, and instead of watching Granny he watched Quacker the Duck.

(*Old Granny Fox*, Chapter 3)

STORY 1220. January 7, 1916

Quacker the Duck Grows Curious

"The most curious thing in the world is curiosity." —Grandfather Frog.[2]

Grandfather Frog never said a truer thing than that. It is curious, very curious, how curiosity will get the best of even the wisest and most sensible people. Even Grandfather Frog himself has been known to be led into trouble by it. We expect it of Peter Rabbit, but Peter isn't a bit more curious than some others of whom we do not

2 This line is credited to Old Granny Fox in the book version.

expect it.

Now Quacker the Wild Duck is the last one in the world you would expect to be led into trouble by curiosity. Quacker had spent the Summer in the far, far north with Honker the Goose. In fact, he had been born there. He had started for the far away southland at the same time Honker had, but when he reached the Big River, he had found plenty to eat and he had decided to stay until he had to move on. The Big River had frozen over everywhere except in this one place where the water was too swift to freeze and there Quacker had remained. You see he was a good diver and on the bottom of the river he found plenty to eat. No one could get at him out there unless it was Roughleg the Hawk, and if Roughleg did happen along all he had to do was to dive and come up far away to laugh at and make fun of Roughleg. The water couldn't get through his oily feathers and so he didn't mind how cold it was.

Now in his home in the far, far north there were so many dangers that Quacker had early learned to be always on the watch and to take the best of care of himself. On his way down to the Big River he had been hunted by men with terrible guns and he had learned all about them. In fact he felt quite able to keep out of harm's way. In fact he rather prided himself that there was no one smart enough to catch him.

I suspect he thought he knew all there was to know. In this respect he was a good deal like Reddy Fox himself. That was because he was young. It is the way with some Ducks and Foxes and with some others I know.

When Quacker first saw Granny Fox on the little beach he flirted his absurd little tail and smiled as he thought how she must wish she could catch him. But so far as he could see, Granny didn't once look at him.

"She doesn't know I'm out here at all," thought Quacker. Then suddenly he sat up very straight and looked with all his might. What under the sun was the matter with that Fox? She was acting as if she had suddenly lost her senses.

Over and over she rolled. Round and round she spun. She turned somersaults. She lay on her back and kicked her heels in the air. Never in his life had he known any one to act like that. There must be something the matter with her.

Quacker began to get excited. He couldn't keep his eyes off Old Granny Fox. He began to swim nearer. Ha wanted to see better. He quite forgot she was a Fox. She moved so fast that she was just a queer red spot on the bank. Whatever she was doing was very curious and very exciting. He swam nearer and nearer. The excitement was catching. He began to swim in circles himself. All the time he drew nearer and nearer to the shore. He didn't have the least bit of fear. He was just curious. He wanted to see better what Granny was doing.

All the time Granny was cutting up her antics she was watching Quacker, though he didn't suspect it. As he swam nearer and nearer to the shore, Granny rolled and tumbled farther back. At last, Quacker was close to the shore. If he kept on, he would be right out on the shore in a few minutes. And all the time he stared and stared. Certainly it was the most curious sight he ever had seen. No thought of danger entered his head. You see, there was no room because it was so filled with curiosity.

"In a minute more I'll have him," thought Granny, and whirled faster than ever. And just then something happened.

(*Old Granny Fox*, Chapter 4)

STORY 1221. January 8, 1916

Reddy Fox Is Afraid to Go Home

> Yes, sah, a chicken track am good to see, but it don' put nothin' but water in mah mouth.—Unc' Billy Possum[3]

Reddy Fox thought of that saying of Unc' Billy's a good many times as he hunted through the Green Forest that night, afraid to go home. You see, he had almost dined on Quacker the Duck over at the Big River that day and then hadn't, and it was all his own fault. That was why he was afraid to go home. From his hiding place on the bank, he had watched Quacker swim in and in until he was almost on the shore, where old Granny Fox was whirling and rolling and tumbling about as if she were quite out of her senses. Indeed Reddy had been quite sure that she was when she began. It wasn't until he saw that curiosity was drawing Quacker right in so that in a minute or two Granny would be able to catch him that he understood that Granny was anything but crazy and really was teaching him a new trick as well as trying to catch a dinner.

When he realized this, he ought to have been ashamed of himself for doubting the smartness of Granny, and for thinking that he knew all there was to know. But he was too much excited for any such thoughts. Nearer and nearer to the shore came Quacker, his eyes fixed on the red whirling form of Granny. Reddy's own eyes gleamed with excitement. Would Quacker keep on right up on shore? If he only came close to shore, Granny would get him. Nearer and nearer and nearer he came. Reddy squirmed uneasily. He couldn't see as well as he wanted to. The bushes behind which he was lying were in his way. He wanted to see Granny make that jump which would mean a dinner for both of them.

Forgetting what Granny had charged him, Reddy eagerly raised his head to look over the edge of the bank. Now it just happened that at that very minute Quacker chanced to look that way. His of quick eyes caught the movement of Reddy's head, and in an instant all his curiosity vanished. That sharp face peering at him over the edge of the bank could mean but one thing—danger! It was all a trick! He saw through it now. Like a flash he turned. There was the whistle of stiff wings beating the air and the patter of feet striking the water as he got under way, and then he flew out to the safety of the open water. Granny sprang, but she was just too late and succeeded in doing no more than wet her feet.

Of course, Granny didn't know what had frightened the Quacker, not at first anyway. But she had her suspicions. She turned and looked up at the place where Reddy had been hiding. She couldn't see him. Then she bounded up the bank. There was no Reddy there, but far away across the snow-covered Green Meadows was a red spot, growing smaller and smaller. Reddy was running away. Then she knew. At first

3 This line is credited to Old Granny Fox in the book version.

Granny was very angry. You know it is a dreadful thing to be terribly hungry and have a good dinner disappear just as it is almost within reach.

"I'll teach that young scamp a lesson he won't soon forget when I get home," she muttered, as she watched him. Then she went back to the edge of the Big River, and there she found a dead fish which had been washed ashore. It was a very good fish, and by the time she had eaten it Granny felt better.

"Any way," thought she, "I have taught him a new trick and one he isn't likely to forget. He knows now that Granny still knows a few tricks that he doesn't, and next time he won't feel so sure he knows it all, so I guess it was worthwhile, even if I didn't catch Quacker. My, but he would have tasted good!" Granny smacked her lips and started for home.

But Reddy, with a guilty conscience, was afraid to go home. And so, miserable and hungry, he hunted through the Green Forest all the long night and wished and wished and wished that he had heeded what old Granny Fox had told him.

(*Old Granny Fox*, Chapter 5)

STORY 1222. January 10, 1916

A Joke on Blacky the Crow

A joke is like the back of your coat;
it is easier to see when it is on someone else.—Sammy Jay.

Anyone who can laugh just as hard at a joke on himself as at one on someone else is bound to be liked by everybody. Some people are forever playing jokes on their neighbors, but it is very seldom that one of these jokers can see anything funny in a joke on himself, and so it happens that most jokers are not favorites. They like to make other people laughed at but lose their tempers when they are laughed at themselves.

Blacky the Crow is this kind. He is forever playing jokes on jokes on other little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, but let a joke be played on him and he flies into a age as black as his own coat, a very silly thing to do. But it isn't often that Blacky is fooled. If there are any wits sharper than those in that black head of his I don't know where you will find them. This is one reason that his neighbors fairly hug themselves with joy when they do have a chance to laugh at him.

Now that the Green Forest and the Green Meadows were covered deep with snow, Blacky was having rather a hard time to pick up a living. He wasn't at all fussy as to what he ate. Every morning he visited the meadows to look for fat Meadow Mice. He was one more enemy for whom Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse had to be always on the watch. Then he would visit the Big River where the water ran too swift to freeze. Sometimes he found something he could eat washed up along the shore. When he felt it quite safe to do so he even visited Farmer Brown's dooryard and picked up scraps thrown out for the hens.

One morning very early he was flying slowly through the Green Forest, his keen

Illustrations. January 3 to January 8, 1916.

1216. Some New Year Resolves.
"O, Peter, do you really mean it?" cried Little Mrs. Peter.

1217. Reddy Fox Brings Granny News.
"Pooh!" exclaimed Reddy. "What of it? It's easy enough to fool him."

1218. Granny and Reddy Fox Go Hunting.
So Reddy stole behind the bushes, and this time it was Granny who grinned as she watched.

1219. Reddy Sure Granny Has Lost Her Senses.
"Now, look here, Mr. Smarty—You do just as I tell you."

1220. Quacker the Duck Grows Curious.
Over and over she rolled; round and round she spun.

1221. Reddy Fox Is Afraid to Go Home.
She found a fish that had been washed ashore.

eyes searching for any possible scrap of food left by a successful hunter of the night. He wasn't thinking of jokes. Jokes were all very well in Summer when there was plenty to eat and he had time for pranks, but in Winter the matter of getting enough to eat took all his time and thought. Presently he spied a little hole in the snow, a very tiny hole. It was about the size of the holes made by Danny Meadow Mouse. He couldn't be sure, but he thought he had caught a glimpse of something disappearing in that hole. As a matter of fact he had. It was Whitefoot the Wood Mouse.

"It won't do any harm to watch that hole for a few minutes," thought Blacky. "What goes in is pretty sure to come out. There's a little white mound close by that hole, just the place for me to sit on. Must be the end of a with stump or something covered snow."

So Blacky without a sound dropped down through the trees, dropped his feet down and folded his wings to alight on the little white mound, his eyes all the time fixed on the little hole he was going to watch. At that very instant the little white mound made a great jump and ran away! It frightened Blacky so that he yelled right out and beat his wings frantically to get away. By the time he had reached the tree-tops he gathered his wits and then how mad he was! He screamed at the top of his lungs. He darted down at Jumper the Hare, for it was Jumper in his Winter coat of white whom Blacky had mistaken for a snow-covered stump, and threatened to pick his eyes out and do other terrible things.

Jumper didn't mind. Not at all. He just dodged this way and that way, and all the time he was laughing till his sides were sore at the joke on Blacky. Sammy Jay came hurrying up to find out what the fuss was about and when Jumper told him he laughed, too, and began to tease Blacky. This made Blacky angrier than ever. He couldn't see any joke to it and finally flew away, the maddest crow you ever saw. Of course Sammy told everybody whom he met, and to this day Blacky has not heard the last of the joke played on him by Jumper the Hare. And to this day he cannot see that there was any joke.

STORY 1223. January 11, 1916

Jumper Pays Lightfoot a Call

Jumper the Hare was spending a very comfortable Winter. He knew that some of his neighbors were complaining bitterly of hard times. He knew that Reddy and Granny Fox, Roughleg the Hawk, Hooty the Owl and Old Man Coyote were not finding it the easiest thing in the world to fill their stomachs. He knew it by the persistent way in which they hunted him. When food was plentiful none bothered him much. Of course, he had to watch out not to be caught napping, but he never was what you would call hunted. Now, however, it seemed as if one or another was on his trail most of the time. But this didn't worry Jumper as much as you might think it would have. You see, he has a great deal of faith in those long legs of his, and, truth to tell, he rather enjoyed the exercise of a good run now and then. Besides, it was good for the digestion.

So altogether Jumper had little to complain of. He found plenty to eat, such as it

was, a little tender bark and buds which were within reach by sitting up very straight or even standing on his hind legs when necessary. It was very simple fare, but there was all he needed and so he had no complaint.

One day it popped into his head that he hadn't seen a certain old friend for some time. He had seen most of his other friends, his cousin, Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Grouse, Happy Jack Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, Drummer the Woodpecker, Tommy Tit the Chickadee, Sammy Jay, Yank-Yank the Nuthatch and Prickly Porky the Porcupine. Of his enemies he had seen rather more than enough. But there was one old friend whom he had quite forgotten to think of since the Winter had set in until now. It was Lightfoot the Deer.

"Let me think," muttered Jumper, with one hand on his forehead. "Where would Lightfoot be likely to stay in such hard weather as we have been having lately? He'll be where he can get enough to eat and where he will have shelter to keep him warm. Ha! I know the very place, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he is there. I believe I'll go straight over there and make him a call."

So Jumper turned toward the heart of the Green Forest, and because he was thinking of Lightfoot and how pleasant it would be to see him once more he forgot to watch out as sharply as usual. This is how it happened that he didn't see a certain gray form slipping from tree to tree behind him, keeping out of sight as much as possible, but all the time drawing nearer and nearer to Jumper. It was Old Man Coyote, and his eyes gleamed with hunger and eagerness and cunning. As softly as a shadow, now running swiftly from one tree to another, now crawling on his stomach, he followed Jumper, and as the distance between them grew less and less Old Man Coyote grinned and licked his lips and his mouth watered.

But Jumper knew nothing about this. Of course, it was very careless of him not to be watching, and not at all like him, for he is such a timid fellow that usually he suspects danger where no danger is. But his head was so filled with the thought of calling on Lightfoot the Deer that for the time being he forgot everything else. By and by he came to a path in the snow. It was a deep path, for the snow was deep and this path had been made by someone who could not walk on the crust as could Jumper and the other little people, someone who was heavy and whose feet cut through almost to the ground. Jumper chuckled.

"Just as I thought!" said he, and followed the path. It wound this way and that way among the young trees, and, looking up, Jumper saw where here and there tender young twigs had been bitten off.

He did not jump down into the path, but hopped along on the crust beside it. Presently it branched. He kept to the right, and after a little this led him to a place where paths seemed to run in every direction. Jumper sat up and scratched his head as if that might help him decide which one to take. But it didn't and he was still sitting there wondering which way to go when over by some thick, low hemlock trees he saw what looked for all the world like bare brown branches sticking out of the snow, only as he looked, they moved. Jumper thumped the hard snow crust lightly. Instantly a beautiful head appeared above the snow and on it were those bare brown branches.

They were the horns of Lightfoot the Deer, who had been taking a nap in the shelter of the hemlock trees.

"I've come to make you a call!" cried Jumper.

STORY 1224. January 12, 1916

Jumper Gets a Queer Reception

Jumper the Hare and Lightfoot the Deer are old friends. They have been friends ever since they can remember. You see they both live in and love the Green Forest, and also in many ways they are very much alike. Both are timid, both are gentle, both depend on their legs to keep them out of danger, and both live on much the same kind of food. So when Jumper went over to call on Lightfoot and inquire how he was getting on, he very naturally expected that Lightfoot would be glad to see him.

He had followed the paths in the snow made by Lightfoot until last he had almost reached a clump of thickly-growing hemlock trees and just in front of these he had spied the horns of Lightfoot just showing above the snow. He knew right away that Lightfoot was lying down for a nap and being thoughtful, he had lightly thumped the hard snow crust in order to waken him without frightening him. Lightfoot had at once jumped to his feet and Jumper had announced that he had come to make a call.

Now just imagine how Jumper had felt when instead of saying that he was glad to see him Lightfoot was no sooner on his feet than an angry glare came into his great soft eyes, the hair on his neck stood right up on end, he lowered his head until the sharp points of those great horns were pointed straight at Jumper, or seemed to be anyway, and with a snort that was full of rage he sprang forward right toward Jumper.

For just a wee second Jumper was too surprised to move. Then with a scream of fright he made a long leap to one side and started for another part of the Green Forest with such jumps that in less time than it takes to tell about it he would have been quite out of sight but for something which brought him up short. What was it? Well, it was a sound which was half snarl and half yelp. It was the queerest sound you could imagine to come from Lightfoot the Deer. No wonder Jumper stopped and looked back! What he saw took a great deal off his mind. Yes, sir, it certainly did all of that. You see he thought that his old friend must have gone quite crazy to treat him like that. But when he looked back, he began to understand.

What Jumper saw was Old Man Coyote limping away on three legs, snarling and showing his teeth, but slinking away just the same. Lightfoot was tossing his head proudly and shaking his great horns at Old Man Coyote and prancing back and forth along his paths, and altogether acting as if he was very much pleased with himself and afraid of nobody and nothing. No one would ever in the wide world have called him timid looking then. He pawed the snow. He tossed it with his horns. And every time Old Man Coyote turned to snarl at him, he snorted and made believe that he was going to plunge right through the deep snow after him.

Little by little Jumper began to understand that that first fierce rush which had so

frightened him had not been meant for him at all.

"I wonder," thought Jumper, "if it can be that Old Man Coyote was trying to catch me and that Lightfoot saw him just in time. I'll just have to ask Lightfoot. If he has saved my life, I want to know it. I'll never, never forget it.

And then once more he turned and hopped in the direction of Lightfoot the Deer, and this time he did not receive such a queer reception.

STORY 1225. January 13, 1916

Lightfoot the Deer's Story

"You frightened me so that I haven't got my breath yet, Lightfoot," said Jumper the Hare as he squatted under the branches of a hemlock tree close beside Lightfoot's bed, deep in deep in the Green Forest.

"You wouldn't have had a chance to get it back at all if I hadn't frightened you the way I did," retorted Lightfoot. "My gracious, how you did jump! I could hardly have beaten that jump myself." Then he chuckled. "The funny part is I didn't think of frightening you at all. I wasn't charging at you, though I suppose it did look so. You see, I was taking a nap here. By the way, it's a nice, comfortable place. Don't you think so?"

Jumper nodded and Lightfoot continued: "I heard you thump, and of course I knew who it was. At least I thought it was you, though I couldn't be quite sure that it wasn't your cousin, Peter Rabbit. When I jumped to my feet to look, I didn't see you at first because of your white coat, but I saw someone else. I saw that sly old rascal, Old Man Coyote, sneaking up behind a tree. I was just going to warn you with a whistle when he crouched down with his feet fixed for a jump, and right that minute I saw you right in front of him. I knew then that there was just one thing to do—startle that sly old sinner so that he would miss his jump, and that is what I did. I just put my head down so that my horns were pointed straight at him and jumped at him.

"And all the time you thought I was after you. I don't wonder, though. It must have looked that way. Still you ought to know me well enough by this time to know that I wouldn't treat an old friend like that. What did you think?"

"I thought," replied Jumper, "that you had gone crazy."

Lightfoot chuckled again. "I don't wonder, said he. "Look pretty fierce when my dander is up, don't I?"

"I should say so!" exclaimed Jumper. "I didn't suppose you could look so dangerous. Why, I don't believe even Buster Bear, big and strong as he is, would want to face you when you are like that."

Lightfoot tossed his head proudly. "I can fight when I have to," said he. "Some people think I am so timid that I always run away. They don't know me, that's all. I don't believe in fighting unless it is necessary, and usually it isn't necessary. But there

are some times when it is, and that is why Old Mother Nature gave me these horns. They are for use as well as beauty. Just ask Old Man Coyote what he thinks of them. I guess he'll limp for some time. If the snow hadn't been so deep, he wouldn't have got away so easily. Did you hear him yelp?"

"That's what made me stop," confessed Jumper. "You scared me so that I guess I would be running yet if it hadn't been for that yelp. I stopped to see what it meant. If I hadn't, I might never have known that you had saved my life. I'm ever and ever so grateful to you, Lightfoot. I hope that someday I may be able to do, something for you. I would just love to."

"Don't mention it," replied Lightfoot. "It was a pleasure. Really it was. I wish you could have seen the surprise on Old Man Coyote's face. It is too bad you haven't horns, too, Jumper."

Jumper laughed right out. The idea of a Hare with horns was too funny. He tried to picture how he would look with horns, and couldn't. "I'm afraid I wouldn't know what to do with them if I had them," he chuckled. "I guess my legs and my wits will have to keep me out of harm. If I'd had my wits about me this time, Old Man Coyote wouldn't have had a chance to get so near. I'm glad he did, though, because it gave me a chance to see how brave and bold you can be, Lightfoot. You are perfectly splendid. Tell me, how are you getting along this Winter?"

"Very comfortably, thank you," replied Lightfoot. "Now that you are here, I will show you around my yard if you would like me to."

"I certainly would," replied Jumper. "I didn't know that you had a yard. I didn't know that any one but men folks had yards."

STORY 1226. January 14, 1916

The Yard of Lightfoot the Deer

Do you know that Lightfoot the Deer spends the Winter in a yard deep in the Green Forest? That is, he does when there is deep snow everywhere. It doesn't have a fence around it. Of course not. Whoever heard of any of the little people of the Green Forest building fences! But it is a yard just the same. If you don't believe it just ask Jumper the Hare the very next time you meet him. He knows. You see, he has been all over it. He went with Lightfoot himself.

"You see, it's like this," explained Lightfoot as he led the way, Jumper hopping along behind, "my hoofs are sharp and I can't walk on the snow the way you can."

"I know," interrupted Jumper. "Some folks laugh at my big feet and make fun of them, but when the snow is deep it is my turn to laugh. I never have any trouble getting around." He looked at his feet proudly.

Lightfoot nodded politely and went on with what he had started to say. "Of course I would starve to death if I couldn't get around at all and that is the reason I make a yard. I find a place like this where there is plenty of food and where there are some

hemlock trees growing so close together that when I lie down under them they will protect me from rough Brother North Wind. Then when the first snow comes I make a lot of paths all in and out among the young trees, the tender young twigs of which will have to be the chief part of my food.

The more snow falls the more I have to keep going back and forth through those paths to keep them from getting filled up. You see, I have to tramp the snow down."

"I should think that would be hard work, ventured Jumper.

"Of course it is hard work, but things worth having are worth working for," retorted Lightfoot. "The trouble with some people is that they have things too easy. O, I don't mean any one in particular," he hastened to add as he saw Jumper look at him suspiciously. "I guess you have trouble enough keeping a whole skin without having to work to get enough to eat. Probably that is why Old Mother Nature gave you those big feet to get around on top of the snow. But with me it is different. If I didn't make all these paths I certainly would starve to death when the snow gets as deep as it is now. Just supposing I hadn't made these paths. Watch!"

Lightfoot made a flying jump out of the path into the deep snow. He broke through the crust and sank clear to his shoulders. Then he struggled back to the path and shook the snow from his coat. "Wouldn't get much to eat if I had to go after it that way, would I?" said he. "Besides I wouldn't be safe. I couldn't fight if I was up to my neck in snow and nothing would suit Old Man Coyote better than to find me stuck in a drift. So I don't mind the work of keeping these paths open. People call them a yard. I suppose that is because I can't go outside of them. But I don't care so long as there is enough to eat here. So I keep tramping about through the paths, and to tell the truth am rather proud of them because I have made them all myself."

"I should think you would be," declared Jumper, admiringly. "I would be If I were in your place. Do you expect to stay here all the rest of the Winter?"

"Of course, stupid!" laughed Lightfoot. "That is, I do if the snow lasts all Winter. How could I get out of here if I wanted to?"

"That's so, you can't. I hadn't thought of that," replied Jumper, with a very foolish look on his face. "I'm ever so much obliged to you, Lightfoot, for showing me your yard. I'll come over often to keep you from getting lonesome."

"Do!" exclaimed Lightfoot. Then he added as Jumper started off. "You might just keep this a secret if you don't mind."

And Jumper promised that he would.

STORY 1227. January 15, 1916

Peter Rabbit Worries About the Bob Whites

You know Peter Rabbit takes the greatest interest in the affairs of his neighbors. In fact, he takes altogether too much interest sometimes, with the result that he pokes his

wabbly little nose in right where it has no business, and then his neighbors say unkind things about him. But, bless your heart, he doesn't mean any harm. No, indeed! It is simply that Peter has such a big heart that it takes in all those about him. He doesn't mean to be meddlesome. He likes to have others interested in him and his affairs and so he cannot understand why some of them don't like it when he is interested in their affairs.

Ever since Mr. and Mrs. Bob White had succeeded in so completely fooling Peter about their nest in the spring[4], he had taken the liveliest interest in them and their family. He had learned a lot about their ways and he always thought of them as among his very nicest neighbors. Of course he knew that they live on the ground and only fly when they are frightened or want to get from one place to another. He knew that every night they sleep on the ground huddled close together to keep each other warm. And he knew that they find their food on the ground and that in the Winter when the insects are not to be found, this food is the seed of weeds.

With the coming of the first snow Peter worried considerably about the Bob Whites. He saw them go to bed one night and then a little bit later the snow began to fall. All night long it fell and when morning came,, it lay white and deep everywhere. Peter thought of the Bob Whites and his heart sank.

"I am afraid that we shall never see them again," he confided sorrowfully to little Mrs. Peter. "They were asleep when it began to snow and now they must be buried under it. I am going to see if there are any signs of them."

So Peter hurried over to the place where he knew the Bob Whites had gone to bed the night before and his heart was heavy. The snow lay white and smooth and beautiful over the place where the Bob Whites had gone to bed.

"Too bad," said Peter to himself. "It certainly is too bad. I—I feel dreadfully. Bob White was the most cheerful fellow I ever knew. The Green Meadows won't seem the same without him." A tear stole out of the corner of each of Peter's eyes. "I suppose Bob and all his family are frozen to death down underneath me somewhere. What a pity that anything so beautiful as the snow can be so cruel. There's jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun looking down and smiling quite as if nothing dreadful had happened. But then, of course, he doesn't know, because he had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills before the snow fell. I wonder—" Peter paused and his eyes lighted up with hope born of an idea that had just popped into his head, "I wonder if I dig down here I will find them still alive. I believe I'll try it."

No sooner thought than Peter began to dig. But hardly had he begun to make the snow fly when out of the white surface all around him burst little brown forms that shot into the air, making the snow fly in a cloud that quite covered Peter. It was all so sudden and unexpected that he squealed and took to his heels. When at last he dared to stop to look back there were all the Bob Whites running about on top of the snow and busily picking seeds from the tops of the old dead weeds sticking above the surface of the snow.

4 STORY 1132, 1915.

"Hello, Peter!" called Bob White, cheerily. "You gave us quite a scare. We didn't know it was you digging and were afraid it was Reddy or Granny Fox. Sorry to have startled you so, but I guess it was sort of tit for tat. You frightened us and we scared you, so that makes us even. Fine snow, isn't it? Haven't had such a comfortable night for a long time. What's the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I—I thought I had for a minute," replied Peter. "I was worrying about you."

"No need to worry about me unless a crust forms while we are asleep," replied Bob White. "We like a snow like this. No chance that Reddy Fox will find us then. My, but I'm hungry. Guess we'll go up to Farmer Brown's and see if his boy has remembered to put out some food for us." And with a whirr of stout wings Bob White led his flock over toward Farmer Brown's house.

STORY 1228. January 17, 1916

Bob White's Wisdom

When skies are bright and all is fair,
'Tis then for trouble I prepare.

Do, says Bob White, and so he does. He explained his idea to Peter Rabbit in this way: "You see, Peter, I've lived long enough to have learned that the worst troubles we have to meet are those which come just when they are least expected. Then there isn't any time to make plans, and we just have to get along the very best we can. I don't believe in going about looking for trouble, but neither do I believe in letting trouble catch me napping. That is the reason that I insist that every night when we go to bed every member of my flock shall be facing out. You know we always sleep in a circle close together with our tails pointing to the middle. It isn't often that we are disturbed in the night, but when we are we fly instantly, and because we are all headed in different directions we never have any trouble getting in each other's way. When we go to sleep, we don't expect trouble, but if it comes, we are all ready for it. We are prepared."

Peter thought this over for a few minutes before he ventured to say: "I suppose you are right, Bob, and that what you say is wisdom. It sounds so the way you say it, but somehow I can't bother my head about things that may not happen. It is a beautiful day and I'm enjoying it, so what is the good of worrying about tomorrow?"

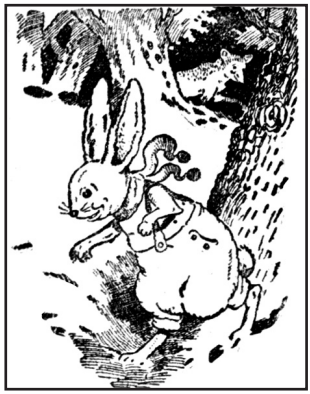
"I don't worry about tomorrow," returned Bob White, "but I try to be ready for whatever tomorrow may bring, and that's a very different matter. It is a beautiful day, and I'm enjoying it just as much as you are. Just the same, that doesn't blind me to the fact that there is a cloud behind which Jolly Mr. Sun will go to reach the Purple Hills behind which he sleeps, and so I don't think I will go to sleep under the snow as usual tonight?"

"Why not?" demanded Peter, looking over toward the cloud.

"That cloud may mean a little rain, but I don't believe it does. Even if it does you

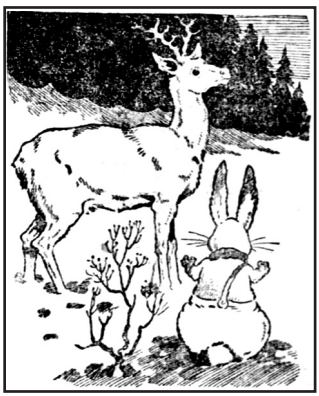
Illustrations. January 10 to January 15, 1916.

1222. A Joke on Blacky the Crow
Blacky was having a hard time to pick up a living.



1223. Jumper Pays Lightfoot a Call
He didn't see a certain gray form slipping from tree to tree behind him.

1224. Jumper Gets a Queer Reception
Lightfoot was tossing his head proudly.



1225. Lightfoot the Deer's Story
"I thought," replied Jumper, "that you had gone crazy."

1226. The Yard of Lightfoot the Deer
Lightfoot made a flying jump out of the path into the deep snow.

1227. Peter Rabbit Worries About the Bob Whites
"No need to worry about me unless a crust forms while we are asleep," replied Bob White.

would never know it down under the snow."

"And then supposing the weather turned cold, very cold, while I was asleep down there under the snow," said Bob White softly.

"Well, supposing it did," returned Peter, who couldn't see for the life of him what Bob White was driving at.

"Nothing much, only you probably never would see me or any of my family again," said Bob. "Rain on this snow followed by cold weather will make a crust, and if we were caught asleep under it we would starve to death. Now do you see?"

Peter did see. He suddenly remembered how Mrs. Grouse had been caught in just that way in the Green Forest the Winter before and would have starved to death had not Farmer Brown's Boy found her. "But if you don't sleep down in the snow as you usually do, where will you sleep?" he demanded.

"That's a secret," replied Bob. "Of course, it may not rain tonight, and if it does it may not freeze, but something inside tells me that it will do both. So when I and my flock go to bed we will be prepared. It is always wisdom and never foolishness to be prepared. Now I must hurry over and tell Mrs. Bob and the others that we are going to bed in a new place tonight."

With a sharp whirr of stout little wings, Bob flew over to where his flock were busily picking seeds from the tops of dead weeds just showing above the snow, leaving Peter to wonder if Bob was as weather-wise as he seemed to think and to wonder even more where Bob and his family would sleep or could sleep without danger of being made prisoners by the crust if it did freeze in the night.

STORY 1229. January 18, 1916

Peter Has to Stay at Home

Ever since Peter Rabbit had had such a narrow escape from Shadow the Weasel in the Green Forest he had been content not to wander far from the dear Old Brier Patch. He knows that Shadow has a long memory. So Peter had kept away from the Green Forest. But it had been hard work, for you know he dearly loves to roam. He was especially uneasy that afternoon. Jolly round bright Mr. Sun had been shining all day and the world was very beautiful. Peter looked across the Green Forest and a great longing grew and grew, a longing to run over there for a little while in spite of Shadow the Weasel.

"Perhaps Hooty the Owl has caught him by this time," said a hopeful little voice down inside of him. Peter didn't really believe it, but he tried to. "I wouldn't wonder a bit," said Peter right out loud.

"Wouldn't wonder what?" asked little Mrs. Peter, suspiciously.

"O, nothing much," muttered Peter, and hopped to the other side of the Old Brier Patch so as not to have to answer questions. Peeping out between the brambles he

noticed that the cloud which Bob White had mentioned earlier in the day had grown bigger and was still growing. Bob White had said that it meant rain that night. "Maybe it does, and maybe it doesn't," thought Peter. "Anyway, what do I care for a little rain? It will make it all the safer to go over to the Green Forest tonight because Reddy and Granny Fox will hate to get their big tails wet, and so are likely to stay at home. Seems to me I've just got to go, and my gracious, I'm going!"

Now little Mrs. Peter is a very shrewd little person. She hadn't lived with Peter so long for nothing, and she guessed what was going on in his mind. "O, dear, he's planning to go over to the Green Forest tonight!" thought she. "Why can't he be content to stay at home? I do wish something would happen to keep him here. If he knew how lonely and worried I am when he is away, I don't believe he would be so selfish. But when I tell him he just laughs and says I am silly to worry. That cloud over there is growing bigger and bigger. Perhaps it will storm tonight so that Peter can't go. I hope it will. I don't like storms, but I would rather have the worst storm ever was with Peter at home than to have to worry every minute he is away."

Little Mrs. Peter got her wish. The cloud grew and grew until it hid the face of jolly Mr. Sun. By the time he had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills a fine rain was falling, a fine rain that froze as it fell and was driven by rough Brother North Wind so hard that it stung when it struck you in the face. As soon as it was dark Peter poked his head out of the dear Old Brier Patch on the side toward the Green Forest, but he was glad to draw it back again in a hurry. Mrs. Peter, who was watching him anxiously, chuckled, though she took care that he couldn't hear her.

"It's a bad night," said Peter with a sigh. "It's bad now, and it's getting worse. There won't be anybody out tonight. It won't be any too comfortable here. There are some times, my dear, when I wish we lived in a hollow tree like Bobby Coon and Unc' Billy Possum, and this is one of them."

"We have that old hole that Johnny Chuck's grandfather dug ever so long ago right in the middle of the Old Brier Patch. They say that when he dug it there wasn't any brier patch here, but anyway the hole is there, and I've kept it open for just such a time as this," said Mrs. Peter.

"That's so," replied Peter. "I don't like going into holes in the ground unless I have to, but there are times when a hole is a blessing, and this is one of them. Come on."

So Peter and little Mrs. Peter crept down inside the hole in the middle of the dear Old Brier Patch, and there they snuggled close together and pitied those who were not as well off as they were that bitter, stormy night. And Mrs. Peter was very happy, for Peter had had to stay at home.

STORY 1230. January 19, 1916

Peter Remembers Bob White

That anything so beautiful
Can be so cruel too,

Is very, very hard to believe
And yet, alas, 'tis true.

It was a wonderful and a very beautiful sight that Peter and Mrs. Peter peeped out at the morning after the storm which had driven them into the old hole in the middle of the dear Old Brier Patch. You see the rain had frozen as soon as it fell and had turned the whole world to white and crystal.

Every tiniest twig and every bramble in the Old Brier Patch looked as if made of glass. You see each one was coated with ice, and the Jolly Little Sunbeams made them sparkle and flash in the most wonderful way. It was quite like fairyland, and so beautiful that Peter and Mrs. Peter cried, "Oh-h!"

Of course the Green Meadows were white, for they were covered with snow, and the surface of this looked as if someone had spent the night polishing it. Someone had. It was Jack Frost. He had made a thick icy crust, so thick that Peter could walk on it. In fact, it was so thick that even Farmer Brown's Boy could walk on it without danger of breaking through unless his feet should fly out from under him and he should come down with a thump. Then he might break through.

"Hi!" shouted Peter as he scampered out on the shining crust and fell flat when he tried to turn quickly. Mrs. Peter giggled, but she was too careful to try it herself.

"I must go right over to the Green Forest and see what it is like there," declared Peter.

"Are you crazy?" demanded little Mrs. Peter. "What if Roughleg, the Hawk, should see you? You couldn't dodge on this slippery crust. You stay right here. I'm hungry, so let's have breakfast."

Peter agreed, and they started for some young trees in the dear Old Brier Patch to get some bark. You see there wasn't much else they could get. But when they reached the young trees they found that even the trunks of these were covered with ice, and they had to break it off before they could get to the bark. It was slow, hard work, and hard on the teeth. Peter grew thoughtful. Two or three time he started to say something and didn't. Mrs. Peter noticed it. "Pretty poor breakfast, isn't it?" said she.

Peter nodded. "It certainly is," said he, "but it's better than nothing. If it is hard work for us to get enough to eat, what must it be for some of our neighbors? Think of little Tommy Tit trying to pick through the ice with that tiny bill of his to get at the eggs of insects under the bark. And—and I'm worried about Bob White. If he and his family were asleep under the snow last night, they are prisoners under the crust and never will get out. He said something about going to a new sleeping place last night. I hope he did, but I can't think of any place where he wouldn't be a prisoner now. My, this bark is bitter. I thought this was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, but it doesn't look so beautiful now. Do you know, Fuzzy, I am afraid there will be a lot of dreadfully hungry people unless Mr. Sun melts this ice off in a hurry. I wish I knew about Bob White. I wish—hello! Here comes Farmer Brown's Boy! I hope he is bringing us something to eat. What under the sun has he got on his feet?"

STORY 1231. January 20, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Spreads Good Cheer

I pray you have no smallest fear;
You'll find I'm bringing you good cheer.

So sang Farmer Brown's Boy as he came gliding over the icy crust toward the dear Old Briar Patch. Of course Peter couldn't understand him. That is, he couldn't understand the words, for Peter hasn't learned human language and Farmer Brown's Boy hasn't learned rabbit language. But acts often speak louder than words, and are just as easy to understand. For a long time Farmer Brown's Boy had done so many kindly deeds that even the most timid of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest were beginning to understand that he was their friend, and that they no longer had anything to fear from him.

Little Mrs. Peter is such a timid little body that she cannot always make herself believe what she wants to believe. You know how that is. As soon as she was big enough to learn anything at all, she was taught by her father, Old Jed Thumper, that the great two-legged creatures who sometimes visited the Old Pasture where she lived were never to be trusted at all, and as she had grown older she had reason to think that Old Jed Thumper was right. So when she had begun housekeeping with Peter down in the dear Old Brier Patch she found it very hard work to have any faith in Farmer Brown's Boy. In fact, she never had quite wholly overcome her suspicions.

So this morning as she saw Farmer Brown's Boy coming, her heart began to beat a little faster. She hoped he was bringing them something to eat, but she was more fearful than hopeful. She just couldn't help it. And then, too, there was something suspicious in the way Farmer Brown's Boy was coming. Never had she seen him move like that. Neither had Peter, for that matter. Now it is one of the rules of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest to be suspicious of anybody who does a thing differently from what they have been in the habit of doing it. Never had Peter seen Farmer Brown's Boy move as he was moving now. He was neither walking nor running, and yet never had Peter known him to move so fast. There were queer things on his feet, things that flashed in the sun, flashed so that they startled him. He never had seen anything like them before. They made him almost afraid too, in spite of the fact that he had learned to trust Farmer Brown's Boy.

Up dashed Farmer Brown's boy to the very edge of the Old Brier Patch, and while Peter and Mrs. Peter held their breath he tossed something over into the very middle, something that landed with a thump on the hard crust. There were half a dozen thumps, each one of which made little Mrs. Peter jump inside, and then with a with a merry "Eat hearty, Peter!" off glided Farmer Brown's Boy as fast as he had come. Eager as he was to see what had been thrown into the dear Old Brier Patch, Peter just had to sit and watch Farmer Brown's Boy and the flashing things on his feet.

"My land!" gasped Peter as Farmer Brown's Boy darted away, made two or three swift circles and then sped off backwards as fast as he had started frontwards. Peter's

mouth was wide open and his eyes looked as if they would pop out of his head. “My blessed stars! I believe this icy crust has bewitched his feet. By the ghost of my first grandfather, he isn’t walking, he isn’t running, and he isn’t flying—and yet—

“Never mind him,” interrupted Mrs. Peter. “Come see what he has left us. Here are turnips and carrots enough for two or three days.”

“Did you say carrots?” cried Peter. “I’m coming, my dear. Farmer Brown’s Boy’s heart is in the right place, if his feet have gone crazy.” In two minutes, Peter was stuffing himself as if there was no bottom to his stomach. And so it was that Farmer Brown’s Boy brought good cheer to the dear Old Brier Patch and Peter saw a pair of skates for the first time.

STORY 1232. January 21, 1916

Farmer Brown’s Boy’s Skates

> “Be suspicious of anything unfamiliar if you would live long and keep a whole skin.”—Granny Fox.

Granny practices what she preaches, which is more than a great many people do. She has made it a rule all her life never to trust anybody or anything until she has found out all that is to be found out about the stranger or the unfamiliar thing. That saying of hers is almost a law with most of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. And they live up to it, too, excepting when once in a while curiosity makes them forget it. Suspicion is the easiest thing in the world to arouse and the hardest to overcome. It is like a watchdog who, as the saying is, sleeps with one eye open.

Now, Farmer Brown’s Boy by kindness and patience and gentleness had won the love and confidence of most of the little people about him so that they had come to look on him as their friend, and both he and they were the happier for it. They were no longer afraid of him. Most of them could recognize him as far as they could see him. They knew all about him. They knew his step. They knew that there wasn’t one among them who wore fur but could run faster than he could for a short distance. And those who wore feathers knew perfectly that he couldn’t fly, and that now that he no longer carried his terrible gun and never threw things at them, they were safe from all harm so far as he was concerned. So, whenever he visited the Old Orchard, the Green Meadows or the Green Forest they were glad to see him. He was their friend and they were his friends.

Then came the morning when the snow which covered all the earth was frozen to a hard, icy crust. As soon as he was up that morning Farmer Brown’s Boy thought of his little friends and he knew that that icy crust meant a hard, hard time for most of them. It meant that they would have hard work to keep from starving because their food was covered with ice, even the buds and the bark on the trees. So, just as soon as he had milked the cows and fed the hens, Farmer Brown’s Boy strapped on his shining skates and started out to carry good cheer. He filled his pockets with corn and wheat and sunflower seeds for those who eat seeds, Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow and

Bob White and Mrs. Grouse and Slatey the Junco. He took some fresh pieces of suet to tie up in the trees of the Old Orchard for Tommy Tit the Chickadee, and Drummer the Woodpecker, and Yank-yank the Nuthatch. He took some nuts for Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, and he took some carrots and turnips for Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter.

"They certainly will be glad to see me this morning," he chuckled, as he started out.

A beautiful, beautiful sight was the Old Orchard, the Green Forest and the Green Meadows that morning, all white and sparkling crystal that glittered and flashed as if all the trees and bushes were hung with countless diamonds. The icy crust was perfect for skating and Farmer Brown's Boy dearly loved to skate. So he shot away on his errand of kindness, and from sheer love of it he cut circles and loops and skated backward, his skates flashing in the sun.

First he went to the Old Orchard. He saw Tommy Tit and Drummer the Woodpecker trying to peck through the ice that covered the pieces of suet; but as he drew near, they flew away, and not even when he had put up the fresh suet would they come back until he had gone far away.

It was the same way with all the others. They acted as if he were a total stranger. They seemed afraid of him. It puzzled him. What had come over these little friends so suddenly? He thought and thought, but he never once thought of those skates. And yet it was those. You see none of the little people ever had seen them before. The flash of them in the sun startled them. And then, Farmer Brown's Boy moved so swiftly on them, swifter than most of them could run or fly. And he went backwards as fast as he did forwards. Whoever heard of such a thing? This wasn't the Farmer Brown's Boy they had learned to know and love. He looked like Farmer Brown's Boy, but he didn't act like him. They were suspicious of those flashing things on his feet. They were afraid of him because of his unfamiliar ways.

STORY 1233. January 22, 1916

Reddy Fox Gets the Surprise of His Life

Reddy Fox was hungry. He was so hungry that it seemed to him that inside he was all stomach and that stomach was the emptiest thing in the whole world. Because of the storm the night before he had been unable to hunt. He looked out at the glittering white and crystal world and he saw no beauty in it. Instead of beautiful it looked to him hard and cruel. Where could he find anything to eat? It was of no use at all to go down on the Meadows to hunt for Danny Meadow Mouse. Danny and Nanny were under that hard crust very warm and comfortable in their little tunnels and with plenty to eat. There was no way of getting at them. He might surprise Mrs. Grouse or Jumper the Hare over in the Green Forest, though, just as likely as not, Mrs. Grouse had gone to bed under the snow and was now prisoner under this dreadful crust. He might go over to the Big River to the place where the water runs so swiftly that it never freezes. Sometimes a dead fish was washed up on the shore there. And he might visit Farmer

Brown's hen yard and catch a fat chicken.

Common sense told him to try the other places first, but common sense and a terribly empty stomach do not get along together well. Reddy started for the Green Forest, but all the time he was thinking how good a fat chicken would taste. Finally, he made up his mind that it would be worth any risk, and he turned and made straight for Farmer Brown's hen yard. As he drew near he could hear the hens clucking and talking among themselves, and it seemed to him that he just must rush among them and seize the first one he came to. But this would never do. He must first make sure that the way was clear—that Bowser the Hound was not on guard and that Farmer Brown or his boy was not in sight.

So, slowly and carefully, every few steps stopping to look and listen, he crept along behind the old stone wall back of the hen house. Then, crawling on his stomach, he peeped around the corner. Bowser the Hound the Hound was nowhere in sight. In fact, there was no one in sight save the hens, and O, joy of joys! the door of the hen yard had been left open and most of the hens were outside! Wriggling along on his stomach to the corner of the hen yard, Reddy crouched, his feet fairly twitching with eagerness to spring. Presently a fat hen wandered over within springing distance. There was a red flash, a frightened squawk cut short in the middle, and while the other biddies stared stupidly, Reddy seized the fat hen by the neck, threw her body over his shoulders and turned to trot away.

It was just at this very minute that Farmer Brown's Boy came from the other side of the hen yard on his way back from taking good cheer to his friends of the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, and the Old Orchard. He was just in time to see Reddy start off with the fat hen. "Hi there, you red thief! Drop that chicken!" he yelled, and started after Reddy.

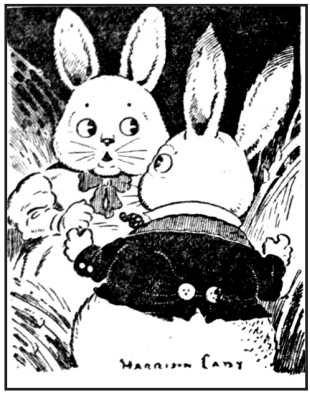
Reddy didn't drop the fat hen. No, indeed! He had seen Farmer Brown's Boy run too often to have any fear of him, and he didn't mean to lose that dinner. He simply ran a little faster and he grinned as he glanced over his shoulder and saw Farmer Brown's Boy coming after him. Straight down the lane toward the Green Meadows, now all white and shining with crusted snow, ran Reddy. He wasn't half way down the lane when with a start of surprise, he discovered that Farmer Brown's Boy was coming faster than Reddy had ever known him to move before.

In fact, he was coming so fast that Reddy realized he had got to run his very hardest if he would get away. But it wasn't easy running on that icy, slippery crust. Somehow his claws wouldn't or couldn't get hold. And then that fat hen was heavy.

"Drop it! Drop it!" That yell was so close to his heels that Reddy did drop the fat hen. It almost broke his heart to do it. At least that is the way he felt. But he had got to run faster and he couldn't do that and carry the fat hen too. So, he let go and settled down to run as fast as he knew how. And then Reddy received the surprise of his life. In spite of all that he could do Farmer Brown's Boy' was actually catching up with him! Yes, sir, he was doing just that thing.

Illustrations. January 17 to January 22, 1916.

1228. Bob White's Wisdom
With a sharp whirr of wings Bob flew over to where his flock were busily picking seeds.



1229. Peter Has to Stay at Home
"Wouldn't wonder what?" asked Little Mrs. Peter, suspiciously.

1230. Peter Remembers Bob White
"Pretty poor breakfast, isn't it?" said she.

1231. Farmer Brown's Boy Spreads Good Cheer
"My land!" gasped Peter as Farmer Brown's Boy darted away.

1232. Farmer Brown's Boy's Skates
The icy crust was perfect for skating, and Farmer Brown's Boy dearly loved to skate.

1233. Reddy Fox Gets the Surprise of His Life
Straight down the lane ran Reddy.

STORY 1234. January 24, 1916

A Queer Ending to a Queer Race

Those who saw that queer race down the lane and out across the icy Green Meadows that winter's day never will forget it. Sammy Jay was one. He had silently followed Farmer Brown's Boy up from the Old Orchard and so reached the farmyard just in time to see Reddy Fox swing the fat hen over his shoulders and start off with Farmer Brown's Boy after him yelling at the top of his lungs. Sammy knew right away that Reddy was going to get the surprise of his life, for Sammy had seen Farmer Brown's Boy gliding about on skates on the icy crust, and though he didn't know what those flashing magic things were on Farmer Brown's Boy's feet, he knew that somehow they gave him the speed of the wind.

"Reddy'll have to run as he never has run before," said Sammy to himself, with a wicked chuckle, and started after the others, screaming excitedly. Half way down the lane Reddy dropped the fat hen. Perhaps he thought that Farmer Brown's Boy would stop to pick her up. But he didn't. He kept right on after Reddy. The fat hen lay still for a minute or two. Then she gave a gasp, for Reddy hadn't killed her, struggled to her feet, and started back to the hen yard, half flying and half running, and all the time squawking at the top of her lungs. Sammy just had to stop for a minute to watch her and laugh—she looked so funny. Straight to the hen yard and into the hen house she went, and up on to the very highest perch. There she shivered and shook until her nerves had quieted down a little, and there she stayed all the rest of the morning telling the other biddies over and over again about her terrible experience.

Sammy Jay watched her only as far as the hen yard, and then flew after Farmer Brown's Boy and Reddy Fox, and he had to fly his fastest to catch up. Reddy was running just as hard as he possibly could, but on that smooth, glassy surface he was having hard work to keep his feet. The usual sly, crafty look in his eyes had given way to a look of terror. He had discovered that something had bewitched those feet behind him, behind him, for Farmer Brown's Boy was right at his heels. You see, Reddy didn't know any more about skates than did the other little people.

Out of the lane on to the ice-covered meadows raced Reddy, with Farmer Brown's Boy at his heels, whooping and yelling. Of course, Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter, over in the dear Old Brier Patch, heard the racket and peeped out to see what it meant, and their eyes nearly popped out of their heads when they saw that Reddy Fox, he who is so swift of foot, was no match at all for Farmer Brown's Boy, with those strange, flashing things on his feet. It was plain to see that Reddy had about given up hope, for terror was in his eyes. And it was just as plain to be seen that Farmer Brown's Boy was enjoying it.

"Didn't I tell you Farmer Brown's Boy isn't to be trusted?" whispered timid little Mrs. Peter. And Peter couldn't find a word to say. He couldn't deny that Farmer Brown's Boy had turned hunter once more and was enjoying it. You see, Peter didn't know anything about that fat hen, or that it wasn't Reddy's terror that was giving Farmer Brown's Boy such pleasure, but the excitement of the chase.

Right opposite the dear Old Brier Patch Reddy dodged and turned straight toward where Peter and Mrs. Peter were sitting. It was plain that he intended to try to crawl under those old brambles of the Brier Patch to get away from Farmer Brown's Boy. It was the turn of Peter and Mrs. Peter to run in a panic of fear. Peter led the way to the upper end of the Old Brier Patch, and then, with thumping hearts, they waited for what might happen next. What did happen was as surprising to them as it was to Reddy. When Reddy dodged and turned he thought that Farmer Brown's Boy was going so fast that he would be unable to turn until he was away past. That was because Reddy knew nothing about skates. Farmer Brown's Boy turned quicker than Reddy himself, and because he saw right away what Reddy was trying to do, he shot right past Reddy so as to get between him and the Old Brier Patch.

"No, you don't, you red rascal!" he shouted.

Poor Reddy. He knew then that run as he might he was no match for Farmer Brown's Boy. He tried to turn again, but slipped and fell. With a whoop Farmer Brown's Boy darted forward. Reddy didn't move. It was the end of the race.

STORY 1235. January 25, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy is Sorrowful

Regrets cannot undo what's done;
Take heed they do not follow fun.

Farmer Brown's Boy was full of regrets as he stood sorrowfully looking down on Reddy Fox stretched out on the frozen crust of the Green Meadows not far from the dear Old Brier Patch.

"I must have frightened him to death[5], and I never once thought of doing such a thing as that," he muttered, as he stooped and felt of Reddy's soft red coat. "I just meant to give him a scare for daring to steal one of my hens. I meant to teach him a lesson he wouldn't soon forget, but I didn't mean to do him any real harm. I suppose I must have seemed very terrible to him, whooping and yelling and coming so fast on my skates. Of course it never entered his head that I could travel faster than he could. How thin he is, poor fellow! He must have been awfully hungry to dare to come up to the hen yard in broad daylight. I don't suppose Peter Rabbit and Danny Meadow Mouse and some of the others will be at all sorry that Reddy is dead, but I am. He had just as much right to live as any of the rest of us, and I'm quite sure that the Green Forest and the Green Meadows will not be quite the same without him. I didn't see him very often, but I saw his tracks, and I knew well enough that many a time he was watching me when I couldn't see him.

"I wish-—I wish I hadn't chased him quite so hard. It must be terrible to be so hungry. Of course he couldn't see why he shouldn't catch a chicken when he had a chance, just the same as he would have caught Mrs. Grouse or Peter Rabbit if he could. Poor Reddy! I guess his heart just stopped beating from sheer fright. It is too bad. I was

5 Young readers wrote to The New York Globe about this episode, worried that Reddy Fox was actually dead. (See Appendix 2, January 27, 1916).

only having a little fun, and at the same time trying to teach him to keep away from my hens. What a pity it is that what we do in fun so often ends in sadness. Well, I suppose I may as well take him up to the house and take off this fine coat of his. Once I would have been proud to have it, but now I would a thousand times rather see him running around in it. I almost wish I had let him get away with that hen. Anyway, I wish I had stopped chasing him when he dropped her. It's easy enough to take life, but no one can give it back again. If I could I would this very minute.

Farmer Brown's Boy stooped and picked Reddy up by the hind legs and swung him over his shoulder. Then he started for home, and in his face was sorrow and not joy. Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter watched him from the Old Brier Patch, and they didn't know whether to be glad or sad. It certainly I would be a blessing not to have to be always watching out for Reddy, but still he was one of the Green Meadow and Green Forest people. He was a Quaddy, and they would miss him from their band.

Sammy Jay followed silently. He wanted to see the very end of Reddy. He was thinking sadly that he should miss Reddy to tease and quarrel with. Next to his own beautiful coat he always had admired Reddy's coat and it would seem strange indeed not to see it any more. Reddy Fox was sly and a scamp, but he was handsome and he was smart, and he would be missed by everybody. Sammy was sure that he would be missed a great deal more than that fat hen would have.

STORY 1236. January 26, 1916

An Excited Hen Party

'Tis easy to be very brave
  When helpless lies your foe,
"Tis then the cowardly grow bold
  And strut and brag, you know.

With Reddy Fox over his shoulder, Farmer Brown's Boy skated swiftly over the icy crust that covered the Green Meadows, up the lane to the farmyard, and his heart was heavy. You see when he had chased Reddy, he hadn't had the least idea that he would or could frighten him to death. Indeed, he hadn't supposed that he could catch him. That was because he hadn't realized that while he could go so swiftly on his skates, Reddy could not run as fast as usual because of that slippery crust. So when he had caught up with Reddy he had been as surprised as Reddy himself.

When he reached the farmyard, he dropped Reddy just in front of the hen yard while he went over to the barn to take his skates off. He was curious, was Farmer Brown's Boy, to see what the hens would do when they discovered their enemy lying there dead, so when he had taken his skates off he kept away, but where he could watch all that happened. Now of course it wasn't long before some of the hens discovered Reddy lying there stiff and still, a pathetic little red heap. One or two of the boldest walked near enough to see what that little heap of fur was, and when they knew that it was Reddy Fox they began to call in the most excited way.

"It's that Fox we have had to watch out for so long, and he's dead!" screamed one in a high-pitched voice.

Right away all the hens in the hen-house and in the hen yard came rushing out pell-mell, all but the fat hen who had been caught by Reddy and then dropped when Farmer Brown's Boy chased him. She stayed right where she was on the topmost perch in the hen house. She had seen all she wanted to of Reddy Fox. Alive or dead, she never wanted to see him again. But all the rest, all talking at once, gathered around Reddy. At first they kept at a respectful distance, but when they saw how still he lay they grew bolder and little by little drew nearer.

Then Dandycock the Rooster marched out from among them. He put his head down, ruffled his neck feathers until they stood out in a great ruff, glared fiercely, walked once completely around Reddy, then reached out and pecked lightly at one of Reddy's black feet. Of course Reddy didn't move. How could he? Then Dandycock stood up to his full height, stretched his neck as far as he could, crowed at the top of his lungs, strutted proudly back and forth in front of the hens, turned and tried to kick some snow in Reddy's face, but couldn't because it was frozen so hard, then crowed three times and once more strutted back and forth proudly as if he and not Farmer Brown's Boy had killed Reddy Fox.

And all the biddies began once more to talk in great excitement and to admire Dandycock. "How brave he is!" exclaimed one. "And how handsome and bold!" cried another. And Dandycock strutted more than ever and crowed louder than before. Then the hens came quite close to Reddy and stood around him in a circle and said all manner of unkind things about him and rejoiced that he was dead, and all talked at once.

Farmer Brown's Boy, watching from the barn door, just had to laugh because it was all so very funny. "It's a great hen party," said he. "They won't quit talking about it for a week. Just hear old Dandycock boast. Before he gets through he'll make himself believe that he really did make an end of Reddy Fox. He's just like some people I know." Then Farmer Brown's Boy went into the barn to get ready to take off Reddy's beautiful red coat.

STORY 1237. January 27, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Counts His Chickens

Trust not a fox, though he seem dead,
But lock your chickens up, instead.

Hardly had Farmer Brown's Boy disappeared inside the barn leaving Dandycock the Rooster strutting around the still form of Reddy Fox and boasting to the admiring hens gathered about him when he heard a sudden outcry from them. He chuckled.

"They're getting as excited as if Reddy really was alive," said he. "I need a sharp knife to take off that red coat of his, so I guess I better grind this one a little." He started at the grindstone and then stopped abruptly as the thought popped into his head

that those hens might take it into their silly heads to peck at Reddy and so spoil his handsome coat. “I’ll bring him in here,” thought he, as he started for the door. It struck him then that it was strangely quiet outside. There wasn’t a sound of that excited hen party which had been making such a noise a few minutes before.

Farmer Brown’s Boy stepped out of the barn and looked over where he had left Reddy Fox. Not a hen was to be seen! Neither was Dandycock the Rooster. And neither was Reddy Fox! Farmer Brown’s Boy stared with his mouth wide open and on his face the most foolish look ever was. He rubbed his eyes and stared again. Then quite as if he thought himself dreaming he I walked over to where he had dropped Reddy Fox. Two or three red hairs in the snow were all that remained to show that Reddy ever had been there. A couple of feathers lay near by, but not a hen was in sight. He went through the hen yard to the hen house and looked in. Every last mother’s chicken of them was on a roost, and on the very highest roost was Dandycock. Farmer Brown’s boy stared at them and they stared back at him. Gradually he began to realize that they looked scared half to death.

Farmer Brown’s Boy took off his cap and slowly scratched his head, as if that would help to understand what had happened. But it didn’t. Still scratching his head foolishly, he went back to where Reddy had been. What had become of him and why did the hens act so queer? Had someone come while he was in the barn, frightened the hens and carried off Reddy Fox? Perhaps his father had come along and carried Reddy into the house. That must be it.

“A dead fox couldn’t run away himself, and Reddy was dead, for didn’t I bring him all the way from the Old Brier Patch up here across my shoulder?” he muttered. “Must be that Dad is playing a joke on me and has taken Reddy into the house. I’ll go see.”

He started for the house, but when he was half way there he discovered Farmer Brown coming along the road from a neighbor’s. “Hello, son!” shouted Farmer Brown. “I thought I saw a fox running through the Old Orchard toward the Green Forest, and it looked to me as if he had something in his mouth, Better count your chickens.”

Without a word Farmer Brown’s Boy turned and went back to the hen house. Then he began to count. Three times he counted them, and every time the result was the same. There was one missing!

STORY 1238. January 28, 1916

Reddy and Granny Fox Have a Feast

There was a feast over in the Green Forest, a feast for two. Not that there was so much to eat. There wasn’t. There was only one chicken for two people. But when you are very hungry a little becomes a feast. Reddy could have eaten the whole of that chicken and still had a wholesome appetite. He was sorely tempted to do that very thing when he first reached the safety of the Green Forest with his prize. But he didn’t. He remembered how often old Granny Fox had shared her catch with him, and how

she had taught him most of what he knew. He remembered these things and then trotted straight home. If Granny wasn't there—well, he would try to leave her share until she did come. The more he thought of possibly having to leave any when he was so frightfully hungry almost made his stomach flop right over.

But Granny was there. She had had no luck herself, and she had come home to see if Reddy had returned. When Reddy saw her, he held his head very proudly. Granny Fox smiled when she saw what he was bringing. She had it on the tip of her tongue to scold him for taking so great a chance as visiting Farmer Brown's dooryard in broad daylight, but changed her mind as she thought how good that chicken would taste. After all, one must take chances when one's stomach is empty. So instead of scolding, Granny praised Reddy for being smart enough to get that chicken without being chased by Bowser the Hound.

Reddy did not speak until nothing remained of the chicken but a few feathers. Then he said with a chuckle: "You don't know how smart I was, Granny. I was actually caught by Farmer Brown's Boy, yet here I am, and we've had a good dinner as well."

Granny's eyes opened wide, I can tell you. "What is that? You were caught by Farmer Brown's Boy and are alive to tell the tale!" she exclaimed.

Reddy nodded. "Yes," said he, "he caught me because his feet were bewitched. He didn't run exactly, and he didn't fly, but he went faster than I could on this icy crust. There were queer shiny things on his feet."

"I know," interrupted Granny. "I ought to have told you about them. He wears them only on the ice or when there is a hard crust on the snow as there is now. It is just as if they gave wings to his feet. But they are of no use to him where bushes stick up through the snow. Just remember that. You must have run down on the Meadows."

"I did," replied Reddy. "There was nowhere else for me to go." Then he told how he had crept up to Farmer Brown's hen yard and caught a fat hen and started off down the lane with it, and how just then Farmer Brown's boy had appeared and started after him, and he had had to drop the fat hen. Then he told how he had run his very best and how terribly frightened he had been when the found that Farmer Brown's Boy was catching up with him. He told how he had slipped when he tried to dodge over by the dear Old Brier Patch.

"Right then," said he, "I remembered that old trick of Unc' Billy Possum's. It wasn't any use for me to try to run farther, and it wasn't any use for me to try to fight, so I just pretended that I was dead. And Farmer Brown's boy thought I was. He thought he had frightened me to death. He picked me up by the hind legs and swung me over his shoulder head down. It is terribly uncomfortable to hang head down for so long. He carried me up to the farm-yard and dropped me right in front of the hen yard. Then he went over by the barn and took those queer things off his feet. The gate was open and all those silly hens came out and gathered around me. You never heard such a fuss in your life as those hens made. Dandycock the rooster strutted about and boasted until I almost had to laugh in spite of myself. But I lay there just as if I really were as dead as they thought. I kept one eye open a crack, and when Farmer Brown's boy went into the

barn I jumped up, grabbed the nearest chicken, and here I am. I don't believe Farmer Brown's boy knows what has become of me yet. Ha, ha, ha! I wish you could have seen those hens run! I wish I could have seen Farmer Brown's boy's face when he found I wasn't there. My, that chicken was good! I wish we had another." Reddy licked his lips.

"It was good," agreed Granny. "It was very clever of you. Reddy, but that trick won't work again. We must keep away from that hen yard for a long time now. Don't forget."

I won't," replied Reddy. "I don't want another such fright. But I guess that chicken was worth it."

STORY 1239. January 29, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Gets Even with Reddy

Farmer Brown's Boy could not believe that Reddy Fox had played him a sharp trick until he had counted his chickens three times and made sure that one was missing. Then when he remembered what Farmer Brown had said about seeing a fox running toward the Green Forest, he had to believe.

"Reddy wasn't dead at all. He was just pretending," he muttered and wondered if he looked as foolish as he felt. "My, I'm glad no one saw me bringing that fox home! I would never hear the end of it if they had seen me. I won't tell a soul. If Dad should find out that I actually caught that fox and brought him up here and left him right among the chickens he would joke me as long as I live. I wouldn't blame him, either. It certainly is the biggest joke I ever had played on me. And there I was feeling so badly because I supposed I had frightened Reddy to death. This is going to be a secret between that sly fox and myself."

So when he came out of the hen house and Farmer Brown asked him if he had lost any chickens he told him that one was missing, but he didn't say a word about Reddy Fox.

"I thought that fox was carrying something, replied Farmer Brown. "Pretty bold to come up here in the daytime, wasn't he? He must have crept around the hen house while you were in the barn."

"It does look that way," agreed Farmer Brown's Boy. "Where is Bowser?"

"He went with me. There he is coming up the road now," replied Farmer Brown. "If he had been here that fox wouldn't have got the chance."

Farmer Brown's Boy smiled, but said nothing. All the rest of the morning he thought about Reddy and the clever trick he had played, and the more he thought about it the more foolish he felt. "I'll get even with him. Yes, sir, I'll get even with that scamp!" he said over and over again, and tried to think of some way to do it. But the more he thought about the whole affair the more he thought of how thin Reddy had seemed. "I believe the rascal was half-starved," he thought. "It must be dreadful to be so terribly hungry and not know where the next meal is coming from. I don't see how

he catches anything on this icy crust. No wonder he tried for one of my chickens. I—I don't know that I am really sorry that he caught that one. I hope it tasted good. I know what I'll do! Mother has got a piece of meat that has spoiled and I'll take it over to the edge of the Green Forest and leave it there. It will taste just as good to Reddy as if it were fresh, and it will help fill that empty stomach of his."

And that is just what Farmer Brown's Boy did do. He left the meat in a place where he often had seen Reddy's tracks, and then he went home whistling. He had got even with Reddy Fox, and a very nice way it was of getting even. Don't you think so? I do. So did Reddy when he finally made up his mind that there wasn't some kind of a trap with that meat.

STORY 1240. January 31, 1915

How Reddy Got the Meat

Reddy Fox found the meat that Farmer Brown's Boy had left for him on the edge of the Green Forest just as Farmer Brown's Boy had been sure he would. You see, that one chicken had not been enough to fill the stomachs of both Reddy and Granny Fox, although it had taken the edge off their appetites, and that was something to be thankful for. So they went hunting again that night, and, because they are much like other people in the matter of habit, Reddy visited certain places which he almost always visited when out hunting. So it was he who found the meat left for him.

There are some people who are so greedy that they let their stomachs rule them instead of their brains. Stomachs have got more people into trouble than any other thing. But Reddy isn't that kind. That is, not unless he is so terribly hungry that he is willing to run any risk as when he stole the fat hen in Farmer Brown's dooryard. So when he found the meat he didn't grab it at once as some greedy little people would have done. O, my, no. No, indeed. He sat down at a respectable distance and looked at it. It was very tempting, but—well, it didn't seem quite right to Reddy that a piece of meat should be lying out there on the snow.

He cocked his shrewd little head on one side and did some hard thinking.

"When you find things too easily watch out, especially when you find them where they have never been before, and when you can see no reason why they should be there. Now I never have found meat lying around in the Green Forest this way before, and it doesn't seem right. Probably there is a trap hidden there. Farmer Brown's Boy is trying to get even with me for stealing that chicken. I think I'll have a look at that meat from the other side."

So Reddy walked around to the other side, taking the greatest care not to go too near lest a trap be hidden where he might step in it. Then he sat down again, cocked his head on one side and studied the meat some more while he went on with his thinking.

"That may be all right, and if I leave it alone someone else will get it, and I'll lose a good meal. Let me see, if there is a trap, where is it likely to be? Farmer Brown's Boy never yet has set a trap for me that I didn't find it. If it was on top of this icy crust I

Illustrations. January 24 to January 29, 1916.

1234. A Queer Ending to a Queer Race
Didn't I tell you Farmer Brown's Boy isn't to be trusted?"

1235. Farmer Brown's Boy is Sorrowful
"I wish—I wish I hadn't chased him quite so hard."

1236. An Excited Hen Party
Now, of course, it wasn't long before the hens discovered Reddy lying there.

1237. Farmer Brown's Boy Counts His Chickens
"I thought I saw a fox running through the Old Orchard."

1238. Reddy and Granny Fox Have a Feast
"Yes," said he, "He caught me because his feet were bewitched."

1239. Farmer Brown's Boy Gets Even with Reddy
He left the meat in a place where he often had seen Reddy's tracks.

would see it. He wouldn't be so stupid as to put it in plain sight. He would break a little hole in the crust, put the trap in that and cover it with snow. It is the only way he could hide a trap unless he has put it under the meat. The first thing to do is to find out if the crust has been broken anywhere."

So Reddy walked round and round the meat, drawing a little nearer and a little nearer, and all the time studying the icy crust. Everywhere it was smooth, hard and glassy, just as Jack Frost had made it the night before. So at last Reddy was near enough to the meat to touch it, and he had found no sign of a trap. His tongue fairly hung out of his mouth with eagerness to seize that piece of meat, but he didn't do it. He lay down flat and studied it some more. He was so close to it now that he could smell it all over, and his keen nose told him just what he had all along suspected—that Farmer Brown's Boy had left it there. You see he could smell the scent of Farmer Brown's Boy's hands.

Presently he took the edge of it in his teeth, gave a quick yank, and jumped back dropping the meat as he did so. Nothing happened. Reddy gave a great sigh of relief. There was no trap there Still it was a very suspicious matter. Ah! Was the meat poisoned? He had known of such things. He had great faith in his nose, but not enough to feel sure about the poison. But Granny Fox knew all about poisons. He would take the meat home and let her decide. So Reddy picked the meat up and started for home.

STORY 1241. February 1, 1916

Old Man Coyote is Just Too Late

O, me! O, my! How sad a fate
To be a little bit too late!

The hard, icy crust that covered the Green Meadows and the Green Forest was just as bad for Old Man Coyote as it was for Reddy and Granny Fox, and so many others of the little people. His stomach was just as empty.

"I'm so hungry that I could eat Prickly Porky, thousand little spears and all," muttered Old Man Coyote as he started forth the very same night that Reddy Fox found the meat left on the edge of the Green Forest especially for him by Farmer Brown's Boy. Of course he couldn't have eaten Prickly Porky, spears and all, and he wouldn't have dared try. But he felt that way.

He headed straight for the Green Forest, hoping that he might find Mrs. Grouse where he could catch her, though he knew it was very, very doubtful. Presently his keen nose told him that Reddy Fox had been along that way and was not very far ahead of him.

"Can't have him hunting ahead of me," muttered Old Man Coyote. "I've made up my mind to hunt in the Green Forest tonight, and that red-coated nuisance will have to do his hunting somewhere else." So with his nose close to the snow, he followed in Reddy's footsteps and hurried a little faster so as to catch up and drive Reddy out of the Green Forest. And this is how it happened that he came to the place where just a little

while before Reddy had found that piece of meat.

Old Man Coyote took a long sniff and then another long sniff, and a third long sniff. “Ah! Ah-h-h-h! O, that smell, that delicious smell, would fill my stomach! I could lie here and sniff the rest of the night,” said he.

“But it isn’t filling at all. In fact, I believe it makes me feel emptier than ever. I don’t believe there is a thing but bones and emptiness inside my skin. Strange how small a stomach is when there is plenty to eat and how quickly it gets filled, but how when there is nothing to eat a stomach seems the biggest thing in the world. Winter certainly is a hard time for some of us. Br-r-r! I’m cold. That’s because there is nothing inside of me to make heat. Give me a full stomach and I would be warm enough. It is bad enough to be hungry, but to be cold just because you are hungry is-is-well, it doesn’t seem fair. Now, if I should go up to Farmer Brown’s and catch a chicken, he would call me a thief and just as likely as not try to shoot me or catch me in a trap. Yet he is warm and comfortable, with plenty to eat, and I am starving. This is a queer world. It certainly is.

“My, the smell of this meat is enough to drive a fellow crazy! It is plain that I am just too late and Reddy Fox has got it. Why didn’t I start out a little sooner? Then I might have found it. I wonder if that red-coated scamp has eaten it? Ha! My nose tells me something! He hasn’t eaten it. Anyway, he hasn’t eaten all of it, for I can smell it where he has dragged it on the snow. Perhaps I can catch up with him and make him give it up.”

With this Old Man Coyote began to run with all his speed after Reddy Fox, his nose telling him where to go.

STORY 1242. February 2, 1916

A Race for Dinner

The little people who live in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows have learned it is quite as necessary to watch behind as before. In fact, they trouble because there it no knowing from which direction it may come. When Reddy Fox started for home with that piece of meat he had found on the edge of the Green Forest, you may be sure he kept his eyes wide open, very wide open. He didn’t propose to be caught napping by anybody. So every few steps as he trotted along he looked behind him. Not that he expected to see any one following him, but it was best to take no chances.

So it was that he caught a glimpse of a swiftly moving form in the moonlight, like a shadow dodging among the trees behind him. A little lump arose in Reddy’s throat. He knew that that seeming shadow was no shadow at all, but was Old Man Coyote, and he knew, too, by the way in which Old Man Coyote was running that he had smelled the meat Reddy was carrying and meant to have it if possible. Anger sprang in Reddy’s heart, but fear was stronger. He knew that he was no match for Old Man Coyote. If he would save that dinner for himself and Granny Fox he must trust to his legs. So Reddy began to run as hard as ever he could.

Now, as you and I know, no one can run his fastest if he is carrying something. It was so with Reddy. To carry that meat, he had to hold his head high, and with his head held that way he just couldn't run his fastest. But he did the best he could. He hoped he would be able to reach home before Old Man Coyote caught up with him. And he hoped with a great hope when he did get home old Granny Fox would be there.

"I am afraid she won't be, though," he thought bitterly. "Probably she is off hunting. If she is, I don't know what I will do. As likely as not Old Man Coyote will follow me straight into the house, and then I'll have to give him this meat. Oh, dear, I never will get there in the world before he catches me!"

In truth it looked very much that way. Old Man Coyote is very swift of foot, and he had nothing to carry. With every bound he gained on Reddy. Soon he was almost at Reddy's heels. Still Reddy kept on, doing his very best. He didn't intend to drop that meat. Old Man Coyote would have to take it away from him. Just as he felt sure that in another minute Old Man Coyote would catch him, some one sprang from behind a bush, snatched the meat from his mouth and left him panting for breath. It was Granny Fox. Reddy grinned as Old Man Coyote passed him with an ugly snarl and kept on after Granny.

Now Granny, being fresh, could run faster, and for a short distance she gained on Old Man Coyote. It began to look as if she might reach home before he could catch her. But of course, she had to hold her head up as Reddy had his, because of the meat, and it wasn't long before Old Man Coyote, grimly loping along at the top of his speed, began to gain on her. On they raced over the white, crusted snow, Granny Fox in the lead, Old Man Coyote slowly gaining on her, and last of all, Reddy Fox, who, now that he had nothing to carry, could run faster. The little stars twinkled and twinkled as they looked down on this queer race for a dinner and wondered who would eat it.

STORY 1243. February 3, 1916

A Fight That Was All For Nothing

Dreadful, dreadful, 'tis to fight!
If you do, be sure you're right.

Most fights are quite without excuse, and when they are over both sides are far worse off than they were in the first place, and quite as likely as not someone else has walked off with the prize. No, sir: it doesn't pay to fight unless it is to right a great wrong. Then it does, especially if it is to right a wrong done to some one less strong than you and not at all able to fight for themselves.

But most fights are needless and foolish. For instance, take the case of Reddy and Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote. They quarreled and fought over a dinner, and in the end—well, I'll tell you about it. Reddy Fox had found a piece of meat on the edge of the Green Forest left there for him by Farmer Brown's Boy.

First Reddy has suspected a trap, for he was not at all used to such kindness. When he found no trap, he was still suspicious. Perhaps that meat had been poisoned.

Not trusting his own nose, he decided to take the meat home and let old Granny Fox decide if it were safe to eat. Then along had come Old Man Coyote and chased Reddy to rob him of that dinner, for Old Man Coyote was very, very hungry. Granny Fox had appeared just in time to take the meat from Reddy and continue the race.

But Old Man Coyote did not give up. No, indeed! He isn't that kind. He ran faster than ever if that were possible, and before long Granny Fox knew that she wouldn't be able to reach home before he would catch up with her.

Now, Granny is not at all fond of fighting. She will run any time rather than fight. But if she must fight, she will. This time she felt that she must. With food so scarce she simply could not allow Old Man Coyote to take a good dinner away from her without a struggle. So finding that he was sure to catch her, she wisely decided not to wait until she was quite out of breath and too tired to fight. Quite suddenly she stopped running and faced Old Man Coyote. She knew that she was no match for him, but Reddy Fox was not far behind, and perhaps Old Man Coyote would not dare to fight both of them at once.

Old Man Coyote was not at all eager for a fight, but he wanted that meat, and he meant to have it. He snarled in his ugliest way at Granny, hoping to frighten her so that she would drop the meat. But she didn't drop it. Instead, she snarled back. Old Man Coyote circled around her, looking for a chance to jump in and catch her unprepared. But as he circled, Granny turned so as to always face him. Finding that he couldn't get at her from behind Old Man Coyote, with the hair on his neck standing on end so as to make him look very fierce, growled a deep angry growl and sprang straight at Granny.

Of course she had to drop the meat, for she couldn't hold on to the meat and fight too. Just at that minute Reddy Fox came up and sprang on Old Man Coyote from behind. Then such a fight as the twinkling stars looked down up on! Over and over the three rolled like a gray and red ball, all the time snarling, snapping and kicking. It was dreadful, but it was very exciting. The piece of meat lay where Granny had dropped it, and as the three struggled and fought they rolled farther and farther away from it.

Dear, dear, such a fight as that was! It ended when Granny and Reddy were too tired to fight any longer, and Old Man Coyote shook himself loose, sprang to one side and then turned toward the place where Granny had dropped the meat at the beginning of the fight. There was no meat there. It had disappeared!

STORY 1244. February 4, 1916

A Voice From the Green Forest

It often happens those who fight
  Discover when it is too late
That someone else has gained the prize
  For which they fought in bitter hate.

It's a fact. It happens time, and time again. Someone who has nothing whatever to do with the quarrel secures the prize and the fighters have nothing but aches and pains

and sore hearts for their foolish quarreling. It was just so when Old Man Coyote fought with Granny and Reddy Fox for the piece of meat which Reddy had found on the edge of the Green Forest. When Old Man Coyote at last shook himself free and turned to seize the meat, it was nowhere to be seen. No, sir, there wasn't so much as a trace of it.

Old Man Coyote never has felt more foolish in all his life than he did as he stared at the place where Granny Fox had dropped the meat at the beginning of the fight. He thought his eyes must be playing him a trick, but when he walked over to the spot where the meat ought to have been and wasn't and had looked all about and smelled all about with his keen nose, he knew that his eyes were quite all right. That meat had vanished! For just a second he thought that during the fight Granny Fox or Reddy might have slipped aside and gobbled it up. But it was only for a second that he thought this. He knew that both were fighting every minute of the time. Besides, he had only to look at them now as they stood staring at the place where the meat had been to know that they knew no more than he did what had become of it.

Now there is a sense of humor in Old Man Coyote. Humor, you know, means fun. Some people never can see fun in anything. They never can see a joke. But people with a sense of humor can. Old Man Coyote is one of that kind. His coat was torn and he ached and smarted from the bites and scratches which old Granny Fox and Reddy Fox had given him, and he knew that they ached and smarted even more because his teeth were longer and he was stronger. And for all those aches and smarts, and for all their torn coats, they had gained just nothing at all. That good dinner for which they had fought so bitterly was gone; where he hadn't the least idea, but it was gone. He looked over to Granny and Reddy Fox and grinned.

"Did you really have a piece of meat or did I dream it?" he asked.

Granny Fox couldn't see any joke. "I had it all right," she snapped, "and if I had to lose it, I'm glad you didn't get it! I hope it will choke whoever did get it!"

Old Man Coyote laughed right out. "That sounds like you, Granny," said he. "If you can't have a thing yourself you don't want anybody else to have it. That is what I call being selfish. Now, I'm hungry enough to eat that meat and one of you, too." Granny and Reddy backed away hastily. "But I don't wish any hard luck to the one who did get that dinner. I haven't the least idea who it can be, but of course that dinner couldn't walk off of itself. Now wouldn't it have been a whole lot better if you had offered to share it with me when you found that I was going to catch you?

"Then we would each have had some. In these hard times we ought to stand by each other. We have just proved that it doesn't pay to fight. Here we are all three sore and stiff, and someone else has got a full stomach as a result, while ours are empty. I wish I knew who was smart enough to play us such a trick. Ha! Listen!"

From over in the Green Forest there came a mocking hoot. It was the voice of Hooty the Owl. Old Man Coyote looked up at the little stars, and it seemed to him that they twinkled more than usual.

STORY 1245. February 5, 1916

Hooty Enjoys a Square Meal

When other silly people fight
Just hang around.
It often proves to be worthwhile,
So I have found.

So says Hooty the Owl, and Hooty is reputed to be a very wise bird. Anyway, he looks wise. Hooty isn't much of a talker, but when he does speak it is quite to the point. It was in this case. Hanging around while Old Man Coyote and Reddy and Granny Fox fought got Hooty a square meal, the first real square meal he had had for several nights.

You see Hooty happened to be hunting not far from where Old Man Coyote caught up with Granny Fox when he chased her to try to take away from her the piece of meat which she was carrying home. Then followed the fight, such a fight as the twinkling little stars seldom had looked down on. Old Man Coyote against Granny and Reddy Fox. Of course there was a great deal of snarling and growling, and Hooty heard it. Trust his big ears to hear a thing like that even though he were a long way off. But this time he wasn't.

"My gracious" he exclaimed to himself. "What can be going on? I certainly must look into this. Sounds like a fight, and fights are always exciting."

So Hooty turned and flew toward those ugly sounds, and his great eyes were round with excitement. You know those great eyes are made for seeing at night and Hooty saw those struggling, kicking, biting forms as plainly as you or I could have seen them in daylight.

"As I live, it is those foolish Foxes and Old Man Coyote!" exclaimed Hooty. "What under the moon can have started them to fighting? I thought that Granny and Reddy had too much sense. Anyway, I thought they were too afraid of Old Man Coyote to actually get into a fight with him. I can't think of anything that would or could tempt them to fight unless it is a dinner. These hard times people are likely to do almost anything for a good dinner. I know I am. If that is what they are fighting for it may pay me to hang around."

Hooty's eyes brightened at the thought and he sailed along without a sound, for his great wings are so made that they make no noise. Like nothing so much as a shadow he floated out over the three fighters and none of them saw him. They were too busy. It didn't take Hooty a minute to discover that piece of meat which Granny Fox had dropped when the fight began. Right then and there he lost all interest in the fight. What was a fight compared with a good dinner? And there lay the dinner before his very eyes! Without the least sound he floated over the piece of meat which had caused all that dreadful trouble, with his great claws he picked it up, and then as silently as he had come, like a drifting shadow, he disappeared in the Green Forest.

There he greedily tore the meat in pieces and swallowed them whole, as is his way,

all the time chuckling as he wondered what the three fighters would say when they found out that they had been fighting for nothing. When he had swallowed the last bit, he sighed contentedly, puffed out his feathers until he looked twice as big as he really is, and then from sheer joy in a full stomach he hooted, once, twice, three times.

Reddy and Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote heard him, and they knew then what had become of the dinner they had fought so hard for. “I hope it chokes him!” snapped Granny Fox as she licked the wounds made by Old Man Coyote’s sharp teeth. But Old Man Coyote grinned, although he, too, ached and smarted and his stomach was empty. “I’m glad somebody has got a full stomach,” said he.

STORY 1246. February 7, 1916

Peter Relieves His Mind About Bob White

After Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter had eaten their fill of the good things Farmer Brown’s Boy had brought to the dear Old Brier Patch for them on that never-to-be-forgotten day of the hard, icy crust over which Farmer Brown’s Boy had glided so swiftly on his skates, all of Peter’s uneasiness in regard to Bob White and his family had returned to him. He couldn’t get them out of his head. In spite of the fact that Bob had told him the day before that they would sleep in a new place that night, where the crust could not make them prisoners, Peter could not get over the fear that they might not have done so, and that they were prisoners under the crust. If they were it meant that they were starving to death. Could anything be more terrible than that?

If it hadn’t been for the uneasiness which had been aroused in his mind by the strange way in which Farmer Brown’s Boy had darted about over the Meadows faster than he (Peter) could possibly run, he would have started out right after breakfast to see if he could find Bob White or hear anything about him. But Farmer Brown’s Boy, with those queer flashing things on his feet, was not the same Farmer Brown’s Boy he had come to look on as a friend and to trust. At least Peter couldn’t make him seem the same, not even not even after he had brought those fine carrots and turnips. So he kept to the Old Brier Patch and Mrs. Peter was glad.

Later they saw Farmer Brown’s Boy chase Reddy Fox and actually catch him close by the Old Brier Patch. They saw Reddy lie stiff and still, and, like Farmer Brown’s Boy himself, they thought that Reddy had been frightened to death.

“I don’t wonder,” said timid little Mrs. Peter. “I’m sure I should have died of fright if I had been in his place. You have said all along that Farmer Brown’s Boy has given up hunting, but just see what has happened! That doesn’t look like it.”

Peter had to admit that it didn’t. Then his face brightened. “Perhaps,” said he, “Reddy had been stealing chickens and Farmer Brown’s Boy was just trying to teach him a lesson. Perhaps he didn’t know he would frighten Reddy to death. He didn’t look a bit glad. He’s taking Reddy home. I wonder what he’ll do with him. Do you know, I believe it will be quite safe to run up to the Old Orchard? I want to see if any one there has seen or heard Bob White. Besides, I want to tell them the news about Reddy Fox.”

Illustrations. January 31 to February 5, 1916.

1240. How Reddy Got the Meat
He sat down at a respectable distance and looked at it.

1241. Old Man Coyote is Just Too Late
He headed straight for the Green Forest, hoping he might find Mrs. Grouse where he could catch her.

1242. A Race for Dinner
Every few steps he looked behind him.

1243. A Fight That Was All for Nothing
He snarled in his mightiest way at Granny, hoping to frighten her.

1244. A Voice from the Green Forest
"Did you really have a piece of meat or did I dream it?" he asked.

1245. Hooty Enjoys a Square Meal
Then he greedily tore the meat in pieces and swallowed them whole.

Of course little Mrs. Peter did her best to keep Peter at home, but he would go. You see he was fairly bursting with the desire to tell the news that Reddy Fox was no more. So after looking to see that the way was clear, and promising to keep out of sight of Farmer Brown's Boy, Peter started for the Old Orchard, lipperty-lipperty-lip.

He entered the Old Orchard at the far corner near Johnny Chuck's house. Almost the first thing he saw was a sort of tent made of poles and brush, now all covered with ice, like everything else. He remembered then that Farmer Brown's Boy had made this especially for Bob White when the snow first came, and had scattered grain in it and around it. "Funny I didn't think of this before," muttered Peter, sitting up and staring at it very hard. "I wonder if Bob has been here today."

He hopped a little nearer, and then suddenly stopped and sat up again to stare. He wasn't sure, but it seemed to him that he had heard a little rustling sound from inside. Very softly Peter crept up and peeped in at an opening between the sticks. Inside was a lot of nice straw and in the middle of it, warm and safe and comfortable, were Bob White, Mrs. Bob and all their family!

"O, I'm so glad!" cried Peter, kicking up his heels happily.

STORY 1247. February 8, 1916

Peter Makes a Call

Peter Rabbit was so tickled at finding Bob White and his family snug and safe in the shelter of poles and brush which Farmer Brown's Boy had built for them in the far corner of the Old Orchard where Johnny Chuck lives, that he kicked up his heels and squealed right out. Of course, Bob White heard him. Poking his pretty little brown, black and white head out of an opening between the sticks he invited Peter to come in and make them a call. This Peter was only too glad to do, but he had to hunt some time to find a place through which he could squeeze. Once inside he looked all about him with eyes shining with curiosity.

"My!" he exclaimed. "This is a regular castle, isn't it? And here, I've been worrying and worrying for fear you were caught under that icy crust and were starving to death, when all the time you were warm and comfortable with plenty to eat. I'm just never going to worry again about anybody else, so there!"

Bob White laughed. "Most of us have enough to worry about with our own affairs without worrying about those of other folks, I've found," replied he. "Just the same it makes me feel good to think you cared enough for us to worry about us, Peter. I told you that there was going to be a storm and ice and that we wouldn't go to bed where the crust could make us prisoners."

"I know you did," confessed Peter, "but I couldn't think of any place you could go and so I couldn't help worrying. I had forgotten all about this place. Isn't it nice? I don't see why you haven't slept here every night. I would have if I had been in your place."

Bob White chuckled. “That sounds just like you, Peter,” said he. “If I didn’t think and look ahead any more than you do, I’m afraid, very much afraid, that one of these fine days there would be no Bob White. If we lived here all the time how long do you suppose it would be before Reddy or Granny Fox found it out? Then we wouldn’t have a minute’s peace and sooner or later some of us would get caught. With this hard crust over everything this is very snug and safe, especially as no one else but you and Farmer Brown’s Boy knows yet that we are here. But when the snow is soft, or there is no snow, it is safer for us to change our sleeping place every night so that none of our enemies will know where to look for us.”

“But not one of them could get you if they knew you were here,” protested Peter. “Reddy Fox might be able to force his way in, but it would be hard work. If he did all you would have to do would be to slip out on the other side.”

“And perhaps find Granny Fox waiting there to pounce on us, or Roughleg the Hawk ready to swoop down before we could possibly fly. No, I thank you, Peter. This place is perfectly lovely at a time like this, and it was lovely of Farmer Brown’s Boy to make it for us, but it is for use only in time of need. Do you see?” Bob White cocked his head on one side and looked up at Peter.

“Yes,” said Peter, slowly. Then a sudden thought popped into his head. “O, Bob, I’ve such great news for you!” he cried. “You won’t be bothered by Reddy Fox anymore!” Talking as fast as his tongue could go Peter told all about what had happened over near the dear Old Brier Patch that day and how he had seen Farmer Brown’s Boy carry off Reddy over his shoulder. Bob White was almost as excited as Peter and kept interrupting with questions. Just as Peter finished telling of what he had seen there was a great noise from Farmer Brown’s hen yard, a great screaming of many biddies. What could it mean? Peter looked at Bob White and Bob White looked at Peter, and there was a question in the eyes of both.

STORY 1248. February 9, 1916

Peter Thinks He Sees a Red Ghost

You know the Old Orchard is adjoining Farmer Brown’s dooryard, and so even in the far corner, where Peter Rabbit and Bob White and his family were sitting in the shelter of poles and brush built by Farmer Brown’s Boy, they could hear very clearly the voices of the biddies in the hen yard.

“If those silly hens were not forever getting terribly excited about nothing at all I should think that something had happened over there,” said Peter, as he and all the Bob Whites listened. “I was over here in the Old Orchard once when Reddy Fox tried to catch a chicken and those hens made just such a noise then. If I hadn’t seen Farmer Brown’s Boy frighten Reddy to death and carry him off, I should suspect that Reddy was over there now. Perhaps it is Granny Fox. I believe I’ll go out and try to see what is going on.”

“You’ll do nothing of the kind, Peter,” Bob White’s voice was almost sharp.

"You'll stay right here with us until we are sure that no danger is near. Someone might see you come out of here and come over to see what you were doing here. Then our secret would be known."

"I didn't think of that," replied Peter.

"That's the trouble with you and a lot of other people," declared Bob White. "You don't stop to think how what you do may affect other people. It is all right for you to take any risks you please, but you haven't any right to risk the safety of your friends."

Peter looked quite crestfallen. "True, quite true, Bob White," he replied. "I am the last one in the world who would get my friends into trouble purposely. Anyway, we can peek through these openings. Perhaps we shall see something. Those silly hens have stopped their noise."

So Peter and the Bob Whites peeked out between the poles and sticks in the direction of Farmer Brown's. At first they saw nothing. Then Bob White gave a warning cluck. Trotting swiftly down through the Old Orchard came someone in a red coat.

"Granny Fox," muttered Peter, under his breath.

"No such thing! It is Reddy Fox!" whispered Bob White. "I can tell him by the way he runs. I thought you said he was dead."

"He is!" declared Peter. "Didn't I see him carried off over the shoulder of Farmer Brown's Boy? This must be his ghost, for you are right about it not being Granny."

Bob White fairly chuckled. "Then that must be the ghost of a chicken he is carrying," said he, "and probably all that racket we heard just now was made by ghost hens."

Peter was too much interested watching the red-coated rascal in approaching to heed what Bob White said. By this time the fox was very near and a minute later he passed close to their hiding place. In his mouth was a chicken. Peter said never a word until he was out of sight. Then Peter turned and stared at Bob White and on his face was such a funny look that Bob laughed right out.

"It WAS Reddy Fox," said Peter, slowly, as if he had to say it but couldn't believe it.

"Of course it was Reddy," replied Bob White. "I suspect that he has simply played one of his smart tricks on Farmer Brown's Boy and was just pretending that he was dead. Now you see what would have happened had you gone outside when you wanted to. Reddy would have seen where you came from and though he wouldn't have stopped now he would have remembered and come back later."

"That's true," Peter returned, looking very thoughtful. "It was very heedless of me and I'm glad you stopped me. Now I must hurry back to the dear Old Brier Patch to tell Mrs. Peter that Reddy isn't dead after all. Do you know I—I—well, I'm kind of glad he isn't dead and that that was himself and not his ghost that ran past just now."

STORY 1249. February 10, 1916

Tommy Tit Gets a Drink

When Peter Rabbit left the shelter in the far corner of the Old Orchard where Bob White and his family were so comfortable, the very first person he saw was little Tommy Tit the Chickadee. Now, Tommy is quite the liveliest of all the little feathered people who spend the Winter in the Old Orchard and the Green Forest, instead of hurrying away to the Sunny Southland at the first hint of cold weather. He is forever cutting up antics from sheer good spirits, is Tommy Tit the Chickadee. He is a great believer in the power of example. If he feels happy, and he does most of the time, he wants everybody to know it, because one of the surest ways of making other people happy is to be happy yourself and let your neighbors see that you are.

So Peter wasn't at all surprised to see Tommy Tit hanging upside down from a twig of an old apple tree and flitting about, and sometimes almost turning somersaults in the air. Presently Tommy's bright eyes saw Peter and he flitted over to speak to him.

"Cold day, isn't it?" said Tommy, picking at an ice-covered twig.

"It certainly is," replied Peter. "I wonder how you find enough to eat now that ice covers everything."

"It would be hard work but for Farmer Brown's Boy," returned Tommy. "I guess I would find enough to keep alive somehow, but it would be hard work. Ever since Farmer Brown's Boy has been thoughtful enough to put out fresh suet every once in a while, I've had nothing to worry about, so far as food is concerned. I tell you what: it is a little fellow like me appreciates it this weather. It must be hard work for you to get enough to fill that big stomach of yours, Peter."

"O, I can get enough, such as it is, but Farmer Brown's Boy didn't forget me this time, either. He brought some turnips and carrots to the Old Brier Patch and Mrs. Peter and I had a feast," replied Peter. "He scattered seeds for Bob White and his family too."

"Yes, and he put out nuts for Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, and corn for Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow," Tommy Tit broke in, eagerly. "I guess nobody will starve around here if he can help it. Getting enough to eat doesn't worry me anymore, but getting enough to drink is another matter, these bitter cold days. If it wasn't for jolly, bright Mr. Sun I don't know what I should do. Of course I could fly over to the Big River to the place that never freezes, but that is a long way to go for a drink."

Peter looked puzzled. Getting a drink is the least of Peter's worries. ln fact, it doesn't bother him if he has to go a long time without drinking. But he knew that it was very different with some of his neighbors and that they had to have water quite often. What puzzled him now was what jolly, bright Mr. Sun could have to do with getting Tommy Tit a drink. He said as much. Tommy's sharp little eyes twinkled.

"Phoebe! Phoebe! See me! See me!" he cried, gayly, and flew to a twig, from the tip of which a tiny icicle hung. On the very end of the icicle a drop of water glistened.

Jolly, bright Mr. Sun had been shining on that icicle until it had melted ever so little and so formed that tiny drop of water, Tommy Tit clung to the twig upside down and reached for the drop of water, but somehow he shook it off before he could get his mouth under it. He just laughed and flew to another little icicle with a glistening drop of water. This time he seemed to throw himself backward in the air right under the shining drop and in a flash, it was gone.

"That is what you were doing when I first saw you, and I thought you were just cutting antics for fun," cried Peter. "I never saw such a funny way of getting a drink before."

"I don't care how funny it is as long as I get the water," replied Tommy. "But let me tell you, Peter, it isn't everybody who can get a drink this way. It takes lots of practice to learn how."

"I'm glad I don't have to stand on my head to get a drink," said Peter, and both laughed at the very idea.

STORY 1250. February 11, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Learns Something

Learn a little every day
And thus to wisdom pave the way.

That is what Farmer Brown's Boy tries to do. It took him a long time to learn that there is ever so much more real pleasure in having the little people of the Green Forest and Forest and the Green Meadows for friends than in hunting them and in trying to trap them, but little by little he did learn it and today he loves every one of them and most of them love him. He hopes that someday every one of them will love him and trust him.

But winning this love and trust is not an easy matter. You see, the little people have long memories and they have not yet forgotten the terrible gun and the traps and the way in which he used to chase them and try to frighten them.

Besides, from the time they were born they were taught that the two-legged creatures who wore strange clothes that they could take off and put on when they pleased were the most terrible creatures in all the world, and because Farmer Brown's Boy was one of these, they distrusted him for a long time, even after he had tried his very best to show them that he was their very best friend.

At the time when the Meadows and all the Green Forest were covered with ice, Farmer Brown's Boy had quite won a great many of the little people. Tommy Tit the Chickadee would take a bit of nut-meat from his lips. Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack Squirrel would take nuts from his hand. Peter Rabbit would let him come very near without showing any fear, and even suspicious Sammy Jay would come right down into the dooryard when he was there. Then came the day when ice covered all of the trees and a hard, icy crust lay over all the ground. Farmer Brown's Boy knew that

that meant hard, hungry times for most of the little people, and his heart leaped with joy at the thought of how he could and would help them. So he strapped on his skates, for if there is one thing that Farmer Brown's Boy delights in it is skating, and started out with food for everybody.

He went first to the Old Orchard. For the first time in a long while Tommy Tit and all the other little people seemed afraid of him. Not one would come to eat from his hand, although he knew they must be very, very hungry. Indeed, they would not come near him. He couldn't understand it. He left the food for them and then swiftly skated down on the Meadows to the dear Old Brier Patch. The same thing happened there. Peter Rabbit was afraid of him and showed it. He thought about it and puzzled about it all the way home. It was then that he chased Reddy Fox and caught him, because with his skates he could go faster on that slippery crust than Reddy could. Sammy Jay saw that race and so did Peter Rabbit. They told all those who didn't see it.

For several days after that not one of his little friends would come near Farmer Brown's Boy or let him come near them. It hurt him. He couldn't understand it. Then the icy crust melted and he could no longer glide about on his skates. When he went out to see how Tommy Tit and the others were getting along, he had to walk just as he always had walked. He found his little friends still suspicious, but not nearly so much so as before. In a day or two they were once more quite friendly, though not quite so trusting as they had been.

He puzzled over these changes in the feelings of the little people and at last he understood.

"I do believe it was those skates," he exclaimed. "They never had seen me move so fast before and they were afraid of me. With those on my feet I wasn't myself, but a stranger. Before they had felt that they could get away from me any time they wanted to, but when they saw me moving so fast, they were afraid they couldn't. I've learned something. To hold the trust and love of the little wild folk I must be always the same and never make any quicker sudden moves."

Farmer Brown's Boy was exactly right.

STORY 1251. February 12, 1916

Reddy Fox Makes Plans

Who strives for success,
  Be he Quaddy or man,
To gain what he wants
  Must think out a plan.

Of course not all plans are successful. O, my, no! You see some plans, no matter how carefully thought out, are all wrong. And it is a lucky thing that it is so. You see, those who are seeking bad ends do just as much planning as those who are seeking good ends. And even those who are planning for good make mistakes in their plans. Sometimes success comes without any plans, quite by accident. But as a rule, we must

plan for what we want. When Reddy Fox starts out hunting, he is pretty sure to visit certain places first, places where he has been successful before, and where he knows there is a very good chance that he will be successful again. He plans to visit these places first before hunting in some new place.

In fact, almost everything Reddy does, he first plans. He has learned that in this way only can he hope to get enough to eat and at the same time keep out of trouble. So whenever he starts out hunting he has it all planned where he will go and what he will do. You see, he lives by his wits and if he didn't plan things, he would starve to death.

Now next to a fat chicken or duck there is nothing Reddy enjoys more for a dinner than a grouse. Many and many a time as he had trotted through the Green Forest his mouth had watered at the sight of Mrs. Grouse as she whirred on stout wings to the safety of a tree and looked down on him and laughed at him.

Now that it was Winter and food was hard to find he thought about Mrs. Grouse a great deal. Every time he ran across her tracks in the snow, he thought of what a good dinner she would make, and his mouth watered.

"She would be very filling, very filling indeed," he thought. "If I could catch her, I wouldn't mind if I didn't get anything more to eat for several days. She looks to me very plump in spite of these hard times. I suppose she is wearing an extra thick cloak this cold weather and that makes her look fatter than she really is, but cloak or no cloak she certainly would taste good to me. It is too bad that she is such a sharp, suspicious person. It certainly is."

Of course that was just Reddy's way of looking at the matter. If you could ask Mrs. Grouse, she would say that it is a very fortunate thing for her that her wits are sharp, and that anyone who isn't suspicious when Reddy Fox is around is not likely to stay around long himself. Her sharp eyes had noted the longing look in Reddy's eyes whenever he saw her, and she knew very well that all the time he was trying to think of some plan to catch her.

"He's planning to catch me, so I must plan not to be caught," said Mrs. Grouse to herself.

She was quite right about Reddy. He was planning to catch her. He knew that the only way he could ever hope to catch her was by the most careful planning.

"The first thing," thought Reddy, "is to find out all about her habits, when she eats, where she eats, where she goes to bed for the night, where she rests during the day, every single thing I can about her. Then I'll know just what to do to catch her napping. I learned long, long ago that any plan if it is to succeed must be founded on knowledge. He plans best who knows most. I don't know how or when, but someday I am going to catch Mrs. Grouse. My, but she will taste good!" Reddy smacked his lips.

STORY 1252. February 14, 1916

Reddy Fox Watches Mrs. Grouse

Illustrations. February 7 to February 12, 1916.

1246. Peter Relieves His Mind About Bob White
He wasn't sure, but it seemed to him that he had heard a little rustling from inside.

1247. Peter Makes a Call
"Oh, Bob, I've such great news for you," he cried.

1248. Peter Thinks He Sees a Red Ghost
"Granny Fox," muttered Peter under his breath.

1249. Tommy Tit Gets a Drink
"Cold day, isn't it?" said Tommy, picking at an ice-covered twig.

1250. Farmer Brown's Boy Learns Something
Peter Rabbit was afraid of him and showed it.

1251. Reddy Fox Makes Plans
Every time he ran across her tracks in the snow, he thought of what a good dinner she would make.

All the time he could spare from hunting, Reddy Fox spent in watching Mrs. Grouse. He was very crafty about it. Yes, sir, he was very, very crafty. He wouldn't for the world have had Mrs. Grouse suspect that he was watching her. That was the very last thing he wanted. You see he had made up his mind that he would catch Mrs. Grouse, but to do it he must lay some very clever plans, and to make very clever plans he must know all he possibly could about Mrs. Grouse and her habits. He knew that if she should see he was paying more than usual attention to her she would at once grow suspicious.

She was used to having him hunt her in quite the ordinary way. Ever since he could remember Reddy had tried to catch Mrs. Grouse. It was a sort of daily game. Whenever he happened to be near where she was likely to be he stole along as softly as he knew how, which is very softly indeed, hoping to surprise her. Several times he had almost succeeded, once actually getting a couple of her tail feathers. So it had come about that Mrs. Grouse expected these daily visits and Reddy was smart enough to know that if he should suddenly stop them that would make her quite as suspicious as it would if he was to be seen watching her too closely.

So he did just as he had been in the habit of doing. He hunted in the Green Forest just as he had done all Winter and tried to surprise Mrs. Grouse as she expected him to. Then when he had failed, he would trot on in the direction of the Green Meadows to look for fat meadow mice. He knew that Mrs. Grouse knew that this was his daily habit, and he knew, too, that because she lives almost wholly in the Green Forest, she couldn't watch him on the meadows. So he would hunt there a while and then steal back to the Green Forest to hide where he could watch Mrs. Grouse and see just where she went and what she did. He wanted to find out if she went to certain places every day and, if she did, at what time of day she went there and just how careful she was, and if there was any hiding place from which he might spring out and catch her.

Reddy was smart enough to know that it wouldn't do for her to get the least hint that she was being watched, so he took the greatest care not to go to near. He would hide at a distance where he could see and not be seen by Mrs. Grouse. Sometimes he would stretch out behind an old log and peep around the end of it. Sometimes would crawl under the low-hanging branches of a hemlock tree. Once or twice he boldly curled up right out in an open spot where the sun shone and pretended to be taking a nap, but all the time he was watching and all the time he was chuckling to himself.

"She will never in the wide world suspect I am watching her," he thought. "She will think I am just taking a sun nap."

It didn't take Reddy many days to learn all that he could learn about Mrs. Grouse and her Winter ways. He learned where her favorite feeding places were and at what time of day she usually visited each. He learned her favorite resting places and also that there wasn't a chance to hide near enough to one of them to catch her. He found this out by visiting each one when she was not about. He learned too, that Mrs. Grouse had just as sharp wits in that small pretty head of hers as he had in his, and that she never once forgot to watch out for danger.

"There isn't much chance for me to catch her while she is awake," thought he.

"I've got to catch her asleep."

So after that Reddy watched just at dark every night to find out just where Mrs. Grouse went to bed.

STORY 1253. February 15, 1916

Mrs. Grouse Goes to Bed

When you go to bed at night
  Without anything to fear,
Think of those who never sleep
  Without danger lurking near.

A few of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows can go to sleep without worrying. Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote and Buster Bear and Hooty the Owl and Roughleg the Hawk sleep without fear, but most of the other little people never know when they close their eyes whether they will ever open them again. It must be a dreadfully uncomfortable feeling to dread going to sleep for fear something awful will happen to you while your eyes are closed. Don't you think so? It is for this reason that most of the little people are very light sleepers. They are said to sleep with one eye open. Of course this isn't true. It means that they are such light sleepers that it sometimes seems as if they had one eye open.

Now Mrs. Grouse is one of those who is in constant danger when she is asleep. You see, while she is many, many times larger than many of the other little feathered people, she really has more to fear than they do. In the first place it is not so easy for her to hide. In the second place being so big she would make a much better dinner than one of the smaller birds, and so Reddy and Granny Fox and Hooty the Owl are on the watch for her more sharply than for any of the others.

Mrs. Grouse knows all this, and going to bed at night is a very serious matter with her, a matter which calls for all her knowledge and sharpest wits. She must be sure that no one sees her when she goes to bed. So as bedtime approaches, she is very wide awake indeed. Having made up her mind just where she will sleep, she approaches the place slowly and carefully, stopping often to look and listen to make sure that no one is near. Now while Mrs. Grouse has stout wings and can fly swiftly she is not at all fond of using them, excepting to escape from danger or to take her up into the trees when food is so scarce that she must live on the buds of trees. She never feels really comfortable in a tree. Her feet were made for walking on the ground and they get very tired and ache when she must cling to a branch for a long time. So she much prefers to sleep on the ground. But when there is a hard, icy crust, she sleeps in the thickest branched tree she can find. There she has nothing to fear from Reddy Fox, but she is always afraid that she may move and the keen ears of Hooty the Owl may hear her and his night-seeing eyes spy her out. You see Hooty flies so softly that there is nothing to warn of his presence.

But when she is sleeping on the ground, Mrs. Grouse can trust to her ears to catch

the sound of soft footsteps. The rustle of a dry leaf or the faintest snap of a tiny dry twig is enough to waken her and send her whirring up to the nearest tree. Reddy Fox found this out long ago. More than once he had happened close to where she was sleeping, not knowing that she was there, and had been startled almost out of his wits by the roar of her wings. So he had made up his mind that he had got to find out where she went to sleep, and then he would be ready to spring on her as soon as he was near enough.

So every night just about dusk Reddy was hiding where he could watch Mrs. Grouse. At first there was a hard crust, and for two or three nights, Mrs. Grouse slept in a hemlock tree.

Then the crust softened, and this was followed by a great snowstorm. When it was over, the snow lay soft and deep all through the Green Forest. That night Reddy was in hiding to watch Mrs. Grouse. He saw her come walking along on her snowshoes, and he wished that he had snowshoes, for it wasn't easy for him to get about, because he sank in at every point. As she walked, she looked this way and that way, but she didn't see Reddy, and he chuckled silently. Then she flew up to a tall tree and Reddy's heart sank with disappointment. But he kept watch. He wouldn't give up until he was quite sure that she had gone to sleep for the night. He was glad he waited. Suddenly Mrs. Grouse shot down from her perch head first into the snow and disappeared. Reddy grinned. He knew that she had gone to bed for the night.

STORY 1254. February 16, 1916

Reddy Fox is Sure of a Good Dinner

Reddy Fox, the clever sinner,
Smacked his lips and planned for dinner.

You see, Reddy had been hiding where he could watch Mrs. Grouse go to bed, in order that when she had gone to sleep he might, he just might, steal up on her and catch her. At least that is what he hoped. He had hoped the same thing for several nights, but each night she had gone to bed high up in a thickly branched hemlock tree. This night Reddy had hoped for better luck. The ground was covered deep with light, soft snow, and Reddy knew that Mrs. Grouse likes just such a nice warm blanket as this. He knew because more than once she had burst out right under his very nose and gave him a terrible fright.

So, as far from his hiding place he watched for Mrs. Grouse to go to bed, he was greatly disappointed to see her fly up in a tree. He felt as if somehow, he were being cheated. He felt just like going out and quarreling with her about it. Of course he didn't think of doing such a thing. Of course not. But that was the way he felt. He was just about to steal away very softly and quietly and hope for better luck the next night when something inside warned him to stay where he was.

"I may as well wait until I am sure she is asleep," thought Reddy. "She might change her mind and decide to sleep on the ground after all. There is nothing to lose by

waiting, and there may be something to gain.

So he kept to his hiding place, and peeping out watched Mrs. Grouse. “Now what is she doing?” he muttered. “She usually gets where the branches are so thick I can’t see her, but she is right in plain sight this time. If she goes to sleep there, Hooty the Owl will be sure to see her and cheat me out of that dinner. What is she stretching her foolish little neck like that for? If she will just give me half a chance, I’ll stretch it for her.” Reddy grinned at his own joke, and licked his lips.

As for Mrs. Grouse, she WAS stretching her neck. She was stretching it this way and that way and her eyes peering among the trees and under the low branches. She was looking to see if anyone was about.

Then for a while she sat with her head cocked first on one side and then on the other side. She was listening for the least suspicious sound. But sharp as her eyes are they did not see Reddy. He was too well hidden for that. And her ears did not catch a sound from him because he was too clever to make the least tiny sound. At last she made up her mind that all was well, and suddenly she shot down from the tree head-first into the snow.

It was so sudden and unexpected that Reddy fairly gasped. “So that is the way she does it!” he exclaimed under his breath. “I never knew before.”

His first impulse was to spring forward at once, but he knew that that would be foolish. He would wait for her to settle down and go to sleep. It was hard work, but he did it. He was so hungry that it seemed as if he just MUST spring. Instead he stole forward very slowly and carefully, putting each foot down with the greatest care.

There right in front of him was the hole Mrs. Grouse had made in the snow. It was partly filled again, for the snow was light and had fallen back in. Reddy sat down, put his head on one side and grinned. He felt sure now of that dinner he had dreamed about and planned for so long. Under the show just in front of him was Mrs. Grouse. He knew that she wasn’t just where she had entered the snow, but had worked ahead under it. If he sprang straight forward in the direction she had been headed he would be sure to catch her, for he knew that she could not have gone more than a couple of feet or so. So he sat and grinned, waiting for her to settle down and go to sleep in fancied safety.

STORY 1255. February 17, 1916

A Double Surprise

Reddy Fox sat close to the hole in the snow where Mrs. Grouse had disappeared. He was waiting until she should be asleep. He knew just how quick Mrs. Grouse is with those stout wings of hers. They had taken her out of Reddy’s reach more than once when he had been sure that he would catch her. So he didn’t mean to take any chances this time. If she were asleep, it was reasonable to suppose that she would be a little slower in trying to get away if he missed her the first time he tried.

Not that Reddy intended to waken her. No, indeed. He planned to catch her asleep.

But, he might not succeed. You see he didn't know the exact spot where she was. She had plunged head-first into the snow. Reddy had seen her do that. But he knew that she hadn't stopped right there. He knew her to be too smart for that. He knew that she had worked her way along under the snow for a little distance so that if any one prowling about in the night should find where she had entered the snow and think to catch her there they would be fooled. She had plunged into the snow from a tree, and he knew that the force with which she had taken the plunge had driven her along a little way, for she had not gone straight down but on a slant. He also knew that she couldn't have gone far.

He took careful note of the direction she had taken and then he made up his mind that if he sprang straight forward from the hole where she had gone in he would surely land on top of her. He had studied it out very carefully, and he didn't have a doubt. He even licked his lips as he thought of what a feast he was going to have. Then when he felt quite sure that she must be asleep, and because he just couldn't wait any longer, he gathered his hind legs under him, and with eyes eager with hunger and excitement, sprang straight ahead into the soft snow.

Now Mrs. Grouse is very clever herself. Her wits are quite as sharp as Reddy's in some ways. If they were not she never would have lived to be the fine, handsome bird she is. It takes just as sharp wits to keep from being caught as it does to catch others. That is why Mrs. Grouse likes to sleep under the snow when it is soft and there is no danger of a hard, thick crust forming on top in the night. She knows that then she is completely hidden and that she can neither be seen nor smelled.

Before taking that plunge into the snow she had looked and listened carefully, but she had neither seen nor heard anything to make her suspect an enemy was about. She felt quite sure that no one saw her make that plunge. But she was far too wise and clever to be content. She worked her way along under the snow some little distance from the place where she had entered. Then what do you think she did? Why, she turned and worked her way a few feet or more off to one side and made a cozy little chamber for herself down under the snow. Then she settled herself comfortably and with a little sigh of content closed her eyes and went to sleep quite sure that this night nothing would disturb her dreams.

Plunge! Reddy Fox landed at all length in the soft snow just where he intended, his black paws pressing down feeling for Mrs. Grouse. Whirr! Something burst out of the snow off at one side and showered it all over him.

It startled him so that he almost yelped. There was a roar of stout wings, and he blinked the snow out of his eyes just in time to catch a glimpse of something sailing over a treetop. It was the dinner he had been so sure of. It was Mrs. Grouse.

Very crestfallen and foolish looked Reddy Fox as he shook the snow from his coat. "I thought sure I had her this time. I never was so surprised in my life," he muttered.

And over in another part of the Green Forest, Mrs. Grouse, making a new bed under the snow, said to herself, "Now, how did Reddy Fox happen to come along just then? I was sure he was nowhere about. I never was more surprised in my life." Then

she chuckled. “I guess it was a double surprise. He thought he had me, but a miss is as good as a mile.”

STORY 1256. February 18, 1916

Reddy Fox and Mrs. Grouse Have a Talk

The very next day after Reddy Fox had so nearly caught Mrs. Grouse asleep under the snow he was trotting through the Green Forest when who should he see ahead of him but Mrs. Grouse herself. He stopped short to watch her, the hungry look in his eyes growing with every minute. As he looked, he studied how he could creep within jumping distance. After a little he sighed. He knew that there wasn’t the least chance in the world where she then was because she was taking the greatest care not to go too near any place where danger might be hiding.

“Perhaps,” thought Reddy, “she will grow careless after a little and walk over where I can have at least a little chance of surprising her. My, how nice it must be to have snowshoes! She doesn’t sink into the snow hardly at all, while I sink in at every step, and it is very tiresome. I wish Old Mother Nature had given me snowshoes.” Then he grinned at the idea, and added: “No, I don’t, either. If my feet were any bigger, I couldn’t run so fast when there isn’t any snow or when it is hard enough to walk on, and if I couldn’t run as fast as I do, I don’t know what would happen to me.”

Just then Mrs. Grouse upset all of Reddy’s hopes by flying up to the branch of a tree. It was a low branch, but it was beyond Reddy’s reach. “K’wit, k’wit. I see you, Reddy Fox. Isn’t this a fine morning, and isn’t this snow lovely?” said she.

Reddy knew then, of course that he might as well move on. He trotted along until he was right under Mrs. Grouse. “It is a fine day,” said he looking up at her with a great longing in his eyes “but I would enjoy it more if I had more in my stomach.”

“Me, for instance,” chuckled Mrs. Grouse.

“Well, Reddy grinned. “Well yes, since you mention it,” said he. “I am quite sure that were you in my stomach you would never have to worry about anything again.”

It was the turn of Mrs. Grouse to grin. “I think I prefer my worries to a resting place in your stomach, Reddy,” said she. “But if ever you are smart enough to get me into your stomach I will be the last one to complain. Gave you a little surprise last night, didn’t I?”

Reddy looked a wee bit foolish. “No more of a one than I gave you,” he retorted. “It is my guess that you didn’t sleep good the rest of the night.”

“O, yes I did. I slept finely because I knew that you wouldn’t find me again and I had a very comfortable bed.”

“Where?” asked Reddy craftily.

“That’s telling,” replied Mrs. Grouse. “It is for you to find out.”

“I hope you have no hard feelings because I gave you such a fright,” grinned

Reddy.

"Not the least hard feeling in the world," replied Mrs. Grouse. "I hope YOU bear me no ill will, Reddy, because I fooled you once more."

"Not a bit," replied Reddy promptly. "Of course it is disappointing to lose a fine dinner you are sure of, but there is some comfort in knowing that you will have it some other day."

"K'wit, k'wit! Don't be too sure about that," chuckled Mrs. Grouse. "My wits have proved quite as sharp as yours so far, Reddy, and I'm not aware that they are getting dull. After all, life is very much a game—a game of wits, isn't it?"

"That's just what it is," replied Reddy. "If I didn't have to eat to live, or if I could eat the same kind of food you do, you wouldn't have a thing in the world to fear from me.

"I never hunt anybody just for the fun of hunting, as do those two-legged creatures with terrible guns. I hope you bear me no ill for trying to catch you."

"Not a bit! Not a bit!" exclaimed Mrs. Grouse promptly. "I rather enjoy showing you that sharp as your wits are, mine are sharper. It is a very exciting game. If I were in your place I would do just as you do." Then she added slyly, "Only I think I would be a little smarter."

Once more Reddy grinned. "Look out," he warned. "You still look like a good dinner to me."

STORY 1257. February 19, 1916

Reddy Fox Discovers Something

Of all God's creatures, great and small,
  Who have a part in life's great plan,
"Tis sad indeed to often find
  The meanest of them all is man.

If you don't believe this, just ask Peter Rabbit, or any other of the little people of the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, the Old Orchard, and the Smiling Pool. They don't just THINK this is true—they KNOW it. Of course this doesn't mean every human being, because of course you and I are trying to show these little people that we love them, and in love there can be no meanness. What it does mean is that none of the little forest and meadow people ever do or ever would think of doing such mean and unfair things as some men and boys do. And because of what these do it is hard for the little people to have faith and trust in the rest of us. They feel that they are safer if they distrust all men.

It is too bad that it is so, but it IS so, and it is not to be wondered at that the little people feel this way. There, for instance, was what Reddy Fox discovered. He was trotting along through the Green Forest, his sharp eyes watching out for a breakfast. In

the snow were many little paths made by Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Grouse and others. Reddy took sharp note of each. Sometimes he followed one in the hope that he would surprise someone. He was doing this very thing when he came to a little fence made of brush. The little path, which happened to be one of Peter Rabbit's, led right through this little fence, for an opening just the width of the little path had been left by whoever had built the little fence. Reddy stopped. He sat down and studied the little fence with a very cunning and knowing air. He could see the little fence stretching for some distance among the trees.

"Ha!" said Reddy, and trotted along beside the little brush fence. Every little while he came to a little opening. There was always one where the fence crossed a path. It was just as if whoever had made that little fence had been thoughtful enough of those who might use the little paths to leave a place for them to go through instead of putting them to the trouble of jumping over the fence. Not that it was much of a jump. Reddy could leap over it without half trying. So could Peter Rabbit for that matter. But most people will do the easiest thing, and whoever had built that fence knew that any one coming along one of those little paths would go through the little opening if they were small enough to do so. Reddy Fox wasn't. But Reddy wouldn't have gone through had the opening been plenty big enough. That is because Reddy is naturally suspicious.

But Reddy knew just what that little fence meant. He had seen just such little fences before. He knew that terrible things happened to those who tried to get through those little openings. He knew, because he had seen them. So as he trotted along and carefully looked at each little opening he wondered if anyone would be careless enough to try to go through one.

"If they do and get into trouble it will serve them right. Anyone ought to know that this little fence was made by a man or a boy and that it is for no good purpose. I wonder if Farmer Brown's Boy built it. Anyway, I think I'll happen along this way early tomorrow morning. I'm sure I don't wish any one to get into this kind of trouble, but if any one does, their misfortune may be my good fortune."

With this Reddy hopped over the little brush fence and went on his way.

STORY 1258. February 21, 1916

Mrs. Grouse is in Dreadful Trouble

Mrs. Grouse is an early riser. She is an early riser for two or three reasons. In the first place, she goes to bed early. She goes to bed at about the same time jolly round Mr. Sun does, and in the Winter that is very early, as you know. That means that by the time the Black Shadows begin to disappear from the Green Forest, Mrs. Grouse has had all the sleep she needs, and not being given to laziness she is ready for the day's work. Does she work? Why, of course. All the little Meadow and Forest people work. They work for their food, and sometimes, especially in Winter when food is scarce, they work very hard. And this is another reason why Mrs. Grouse is an early riser. After sleeping all night her stomach is empty, and she wants to get her breakfast before too many enemies are abroad.

Illustrations. February 14 to February 19, 1916.

1252. Reddy Fox Watches Mrs. Grouse
"She will never in the wide world suspect I am watching her," he thought.

1253. Mrs. Grouse Goes to Bed
As she walked, she looked this way and that way.

1254. Reddy Fox is Sure of a Good Dinner
There right in front of him was the hole Mrs. Grouse had made in the snow.

1255. A Double Surprise
"I thought sure I had her this time."

1256. Reddy Fox and Mrs. Grouse Have a Talk
"Isn't this a fine morning and isn't this snow lovely?" said she.

1257. Reddy Fox Discovers Something
But Reddy knew what that little fence meant.

So just at the first hint of daylight the morning after Reddy Fox had discovered the queer little brush fence in the Green Forest, Mrs. Grouse burst out from under the snow where she had spent the night in warmth and comfort, shook the snow from her feathers, looked this way and that way, to make sure that no danger was near, and then started out to get something to eat. Now up on a certain hillside where the snow was not deep, were wintergreen berries and partridge berries to be found by patient scratching and straight to this hillside went Mrs. Grouse. Everywhere else food was scarce, and she had been saving this particular place for just such a time. She had not been near it for some time. Now when she reached it, the first thing she noticed was that little, low fence of brush. She stopped and looked at it.

"Now, where did that come from?" thought she. "It wasn't here the last time I was here. It goes right across my feeding ground. Queer, very queer, how it happens to be here. I think I'll take a closer look at it. It is nothing but brush and cannot possibly hurt me."

So Mrs. Grouse slowly walked toward the little brush fence, her bright eyes shining with curiosity. When she reached it, she found it quite as harmless as she had supposed. It was nothing but brush. Presently as she walked along, she came to a little opening in it. One of Peter Rabbit's little paths led right through it.

"That's very handy," thought Mrs. Grouse. "I believe I'll go through and see how it looks on the other side."

Just then she happened to notice a little loop like a very small vine hanging in the opening. And yet it wasn't like any vine she had ever seen. There was something queer about it,.

She was so curious about it that she had no eyes for anything else, and trying to get a good look through that little opening without putting her head through that queer little loop, she stepped right in another just such little loop spread out on the snow. Instantly a little bent tree which she had not noticed flew up straight. That little noose on the snow seemed to jump right up around one of her legs and drew so tight that it cut into the skin. Mrs. Grouse was in dreadful trouble! She was caught in a snare, which you know is a kind of trap. That little loop was of wire, and it was fastened to the little tree that had suddenly straightened up. She was a prisoner, hanging head down by one leg.

STORY 1259. February 22, 1916

Poor, Poor Mrs. Grouse

It's dreadful things that some people will do!
I can't see why anyone loves them; can you?

Poor, poor Mrs. Grouse! Was ever any one in worse trouble? There she hung by one leg from a wire fastened to a little tree. It was a snare, which, you know, is a kind of trap, and one of the meanest of all traps. Had she poked her head through the little opening in the brush fence she would have been caught by the neck. The little wire loop which had been carefully placed there would have slipped around her neck and

choked her to death, and by this time she would have been hanging cold and stiff from the little tree.

It would have been a dreadful way to have life end, but it would have been a quick ending. She would hardly have known what had happened. But she didn't poke her head through that little loop of wire. Instead, she stepped in another little loop cunningly spread on the snow and now she was hanging head down from that little tree which had been bent over and had snapped up straight when she had pulled that little wire around her leg. It had snatched her up in the air with it, the wire cutting into her leg cruelly.

But it wasn't the pain of this from which Mrs. Grouse suffered most. Indeed, she hardly felt it at all. It was the terror of being helpless and wondering what dreadful thing would happen to her. Many, many times had Mrs. Grouse been terribly frightened, for she had had many narrow escapes from those who had hunted her, but with her fright always had been the feeling that she could escape if only she used her wits.

Her wits, her legs and her stout wings she had been free to use excepting once when she was caught under an icy crust which had formed over her while she slept. That time she had felt something of the same helplessness until Farmer Brown's Boy had found her and set her free, and yet it had not been as bad then as now, for under that crust, starvation was all she had to fear. None of her enemies could find her there. But now supposing fierce Mr. Goshawk should happen along! Supposing she should hang there until night when Hooty the Owl began hunting! He would be sure to find her. If neither of them found her she might hang there until she starved to death or worse still, the terrible creature who had set that snare should find her.

Poor, Mrs. Grouse! She beat her stout wings until she was so tired that she could hardly move them, but all it did was to tighten that wire around her leg. Big tears filled her eyes as she hung head down panting for breath. The Jolly Little Sunbeams came stealing through the Green Forest, making it very beautiful in its cloak of pure white snow. But there was no beauty in it for Mrs. Grouse. They found her hanging there, and then they stole away from that place, for there was nothing they could do to help, and they couldn't, they just couldn't lend of their brightness to a place where such a terrible thing had happened. Mrs. Grouse closed her eyes. She couldn't bear to look out on this little part of her world where she had been so happy in spite of all its dangers.

"What can I do? What can I do?" she moaned.

"There is nothing you can do," replied a voice.

She opened her eyes. There, looking up at her, was Reddy Fox, and although there was hunger and longing in his eyes there was also sorrow and pity.

STORY 1260. February 23, 1916

Reddy Fox Proves His Heart is Right

When people shake their heads and say:
"He's bad all through: how very sad!"
Remember Reddy Fox and know
There's none with heart that's wholly bad.

Reddy Fox looked up at poor Mrs. Grouse hanging by one leg from the cruel snare in which she had been caught, and despite the fact that time and time again she had proved herself too smart for him, and had escaped just as he had been sure that she was going to furnish him with a good dinner, he did not rejoice to see her in real trouble at last. Not a bit of it. He was truly sorry to find her in such a terrible fix. He was sorry for two reasons. While she was free, he always had the feeling that someday he might catch her. Now he knew that it was very probable that one of those cruel two-legged creatures would come presently and take her away.

But he was still more sorry because he felt that Mrs. Grouse had been caught so unfairly. He knew that she hadn't known what that little brush fence meant, and so had walked right into danger without suspecting it. He had discovered that little brush fence the night before and had known right away what it meant because he had seen such things before. In fact he had come up there this morning to see if anyone had been caught, thinking that perhaps he might get a breakfast.

If Mrs. Grouse had been hanging a little lower I suspect he might, he just might, have been tempted to put her out of misery, and at the same time fill his empty stomach. But she was too high for him to reach even by jumping, and now as he saw the big tears in her eyes, he was truly sorry for her.

"I told you that you would have nothing to worry about if you were in my stomach," said he.

Mrs. Grouse smiled faintly through her tears. "If I have got to furnish someone a dinner I would rather it would be you, Reddy, than the one who set this terrible snare," she replied. "You always hunted me fairly, and if you had caught me, you would have put an end to me quickly and not left me to suffer like this. Quaddies always are fair. It's just a case of whose wits are sharpest. O, dear! O, dear! What shall I do?" A big tear dropped down right in front of Reddy.

Reddy didn't know what to say. He couldn't think of anything that he could do. Just then he heard the voice of Sammy Jay in the distance. Reddy is a scamp himself, and Sammy Jay is another. If there are any smarter wits in the Green Forest than these two have between them, I don't know where they are to be found. The instant he heard Sammy's voice Reddy hastily bade Mrs. Grouse good-by.

"Wait until I come back," he called over his shoulder, quite forgetting that poor Mrs. Grouse couldn't do anything but wait. As soon as he came in sight of Sammy he barked twice. Sammy knew that that meant that Reddy wanted to speak to him. He saw right away that Reddy was very much excited, so instead of flying away he waited impatiently for what Reddy had to say. Reddy told him all about poor Mrs. Grouse and the dreadful trouble she was in. "I don't know of anything we can do, but I thought that between us we might think of something," he concluded.

Sammy listened with eyes wide with excitement. “You wait here while I have a look for myself. I’ll come right back and we’ll see if we can find a way to help her,” said he as Reddy finished his story, and away he flew as fast as his wings would take him.

STORY 1261. February 24, 1916

Two Scamps Put Their Hearts Together

He finds the greatest joy in life
  Who answers to another’s need;
Who has each day a kindly thought
  And does each day a kindly deed.

Reddy Fox waited impatiently for Sammy Jay to come back. You know Sammy had gone to see for himself just how badly off Mrs. Grouse was. When he saw her hanging by one leg in the cruel snare, his heart went right out to her. He tried to say something to comfort her, but while he talked bravely enough, he felt in his heart there was very little hope for her. But he didn’t admit this to her. Oh, my, no!

“While there is life there is hope, Mrs. Grouse,” said he. “You might be worse off. If you had been caught by the neck instead of by the leg you would have been dead long ago.”

“I almost wish I had been,” sobbed Mrs. Grouse.

“No, you don’t,” declared Sammy. “Just you keep saying over and over to yourself, ‘I am going to get free. I am going to get free.’ Reddy Fox and I are going to find some way of getting you out of this. Just you be patient.” With this off flew Sammy to join Reddy, leaving poor Mrs. Grouse to be patient because there was nothing else for her to do.

“Well, what do you think about it?” demanded Reddy, as Sammy dropped on to a branch just over his head.

“I don’t know what to think,” confessed Sammy, who was quite out of breath from hurrying. “We’ve got to do something; I promised her we would. It has got to be done soon, too. If Mr. Goshawk happens along he will soon make an end of her. And then whoever set that snare will come to see if anyone has been caught.”

“Mr. Goshawk has gone to the Great Woods to hunt today. Anyway, he told me he was going, so I guess we needn’t worry about him,” said Reddy.

“I wish I had known that so I could have told Mrs. Grouse,” replied Sammy. “That leaves the one who set that snare to be watched out for. I guess that between us we can keep him away for a while. I’ll watch for him and if I see him coming, I’ll scream. Then you can let him see you, and the chances are that he will follow you and forget all about snares for a time.”

“That is all right as far as it goes, but it isn’t getting Mrs. Grouse free,” replied

Reddy. “We must put on our thinking caps.”

So Reddy and Sammy put on their thinking caps and for a few minutes neither said a word. Then a bright idea popped into Reddy’s head. “Do you know where Prickly Porky is?” he demanded, looking up at Sammy.

“Why?” asked Sammy.

“Perhaps we could get him to cut down that little tree,” replied Reddy.

Sammy shook his head. “That won’t do any good,” he declared, “unless he can cut that wire around her leg, and I don’t believe he can do that. Besides, he is a long way off, and I don’t believe he could wade through the snow. Anyway, it would take him all day to get there. I tell you, Reddy, there is only one person who can help Mrs. Grouse.”

“Who is that?” demanded Reddy suspiciously.

“Farmer Brown’s Boy,” declared Sammy.

“Probably he set that snare,” growled Reddy.

“I don’t believe it,” protested Sammy. “He has done too many kind things for us little people lately to do a thing as wicked as that. Are you afraid of him?”

Reddy grinned. “Not when he is without that terrible gun or when there is no crust, and he hasn’t those flashing things on his feet.” Reddy meant skates.

“Then we’ll get him to go help Mrs. Grouse,” declared Sammy. “Come on!”

STORY 1262. February 25, 1916

Reddy and Sammy Go for Farmer Brown’s Boy

“We mustn’t waste any time,” said Sammy Jay, “if we are to get Farmer Brown’s Boy before the one who set that snare gets around to look at it and finds poor Mrs. Grouse. We’ll go right over to Farmer Brown’s dooryard now.”

“You mean YOU will,” retorted Reddy Fox. “I will wait on the edge of the Green Forest. You remember I fooled Farmer Brown’s Boy not long ago, and got away with a chicken. If he sees me around there again, he may get out that terrible gun. I’m afraid he hasn’t forgotten that chicken yet.”

Sammy chuckled. “That was the cleverest thing you ever did, Reddy,” said he. “I saw it all, and I will admit that you fooled me as much as you did him, and you know it isn’t often that I will admit to being fooled. I certainly thought you were dead when he had you over his shoulder. If you can be as smart today, perhaps we can save Mrs. Grouse.”

Reddy looked pleased. Praise from Sammy Jay was praise indeed. Reddy is like most of the rest of us, and likes to be admired when he does a smart thing.

“If you’ll feel better about it, you can wait on the edge of the Green Forest while I try to get Farmer Brown’s Boy over there,” continued Sammy. “If he doesn’t have his

terrible gun, and I'm sure he won't, because he never takes it out these days, you can show yourself. He'll be likely to follow you just to scare you away from his chicken yard. Then you can lead him right over to where poor Mrs. Grouse is. Poor thing! I suppose she is wondering if we really are trying to help her and probably hasn't got the least bit of hope. Now I'll hurry ahead and see if I can find Farmer Brown's Boy."

So Sammy spread his beautiful wings and headed straight for the edge of the Old Orchard close by Farmer Brown's dooryard. There, just as he had hoped, he saw Farmer Brown's Boy. He was very busy at the woodpile, whistling as he worked.

Sammy went back to the middle of the Old Orchard and there he began to scream at the top of his lungs as if he had discovered something. In fact, he screamed just as he often had screamed to make trouble for Reddy Fox. Farmer Brown's Boy stopped work for just a minute and looked over toward the Old Orchard. Then he grinned. "Scream away, you rascal. I wonder if you are quarreling with Chatterer the Red Squirrel or if you are just making a big fuss over nothing for the fun of hearing your own voice. Anyway, I've got too much to do here to waste my time going over to see," said he, and went on with his work.

Sammy screamed until his throat was sore and brought everybody within hearing excepting Farmer Brown's Boy. Chatterer and his cousin, Happy Jack, scampered over to see what the trouble was. So did Black Pussy the Cat. But Sammy paid no attention to any of them. He didn't even get angry when they made unkind remarks and called him a meddlesome, noisy mischief-maker. When he found that Farmer Brown's Boy wouldn't come, he flew over to where Reddy was waiting on the edge of the Green Forest.

"It's no use," he panted. "He won't leave that woodpile. I guess I've fooled him too often. You'll have to come up to the edge of the Old Orchard where he can see you, Reddy. It's perfectly safe. He hasn't got his terrible gun and Bowser the Hound is chained up. I looked to see."

Reddy hesitated. Then he thought of poor Mrs. Grouse and decided to go. Besides, he knew that if he appeared afraid now that Sammy Jay would never let him hear the end of it. So he trotted up through the Old Orchard, keeping close to the old stone wall. Of course Happy Jack and Chatterer saw him and scampered up a tree, where they began to scold and call him all the bad names they could think of. Black Pussy saw him, too, and suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to drink her milk that morning. So she hurried back after it. Near the edge of the Old Orchard Reddy stopped and once more Sammy began to scream. Chatterer and Happy Jack added to the noise, and this time Farmer Brown's Boy just had to go see what all the fuss was about.

STORY 1263. February 26, 1916

Reddy Fox Does His Part

"Hey there, you red rascal!" shouted Farmer Brown's Boy as he looked down through the Old Orchard and saw Reddy Fox. "Do you think you are going to catch

another of my chickens? Well, I guess not!"

Reddy jumped at the sound of his voice and turned as if to run back to the Green Forest. He went a little way and then stopped to see if Farmer Brown's Boy was following. He wasn't, so Reddy sat down, and, as Farmer Brown's Boy insisted when he told about it afterward, actually grinned at him. Farmer Brown's Boy shouted again and again. Reddy trotted a little way and sat down. The sound of that voice made him nervous. It always does.

"Seems to me you are getting pretty bold, Mr. Fox," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. "I believe I'll follow you and see just how near you will let me get. But first I'll lock up my chickens." So he turned back and saw that every chicken was safe in the hen yard. Then he closed the gate. When he turned back for this Sammy Jay was in despair. He thought that Farmer Brown's Boy wasn't coming after all. But in a minute he saw his mistake.

"He's coming!" he shouted to Reddy Fox. "Now I'll hurry over to tell Mrs. Grouse that help is on the way."

"Don't tell her who it is that is coming, or she may be more frightened than ever. She probably thinks that Farmer Brown's Boy set that snare," warned Reddy.

"I won't," promised Sammy, and hurried away to the Green Forest. In a minute Farmer Brown's Boy appeared wading through the snow in the Old Orchard. Reddy turned and trotted toward the Green Forest, not hurrying at all.

"Aren't afraid of me at all, are you?" muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. "Know just as well as I do that I can't catch you this time. I suppose I ought to have turned Bowser loose on your tracks and stuck to that woodpile myself, but this is a splendid snow for following tracks, and I just want to see what sharp tricks you will try on me today."

So he followed Reddy and Reddy trotted on straight into the Green Forest, hiding behind piles of brush and clumps of young hemlock trees and allowing Farmer Brown's Boy to get very near before he would jump out and run as if frightened half to death. To tell the truth Reddy was enjoying it. So was Farmer Brown's Boy. He would try to guess where Reddy was hiding, and then do his best to steal up to it and surprise Reddy. He never did surprise Reddy, but he thought he did, and Reddy let him think so. It was like a game. All the time Reddy was leading the way over to where poor Mrs. Grouse was feebly trying to beat her wings as she hung by one leg from the cruel snare.

Reddy knew that she was still alive and that no harm had come to her because Sammy Jay had made no sound since he left the Old Orchard, and if anything had happened to Mrs. Grouse, Sammy would have been screaming it all through the Green Forest by this time. So he kept on straight for the hillside where Mrs. Grouse had been caught and all the time he wondered what would happen when he got there. You see there was just a wee bit of doubt in Reddy's mind—doubt of Farmer Brown's Boy. He couldn't forget how once upon a time Farmer Brown's Boy had hunted the little meadow and forest people with his terrible gun and had set traps for them. So he couldn't help having just a little suspicion that Farmer Brown's Boy MIGHT have set

Illustrations. February 21 to February 26, 1916.

1258. Mrs. Grouse is in Dreadful Trouble
"Now, where did that come from?" thought she.

1259. Poor, Poor Mrs. Grouse
It had snatched her up in the air with it, the wire cutting into her leg cruelly.

1260. Reddy Fox Proves His Heart is Right
"I told you that you would have nothing to worry about if you were in my stomach."

1261. Two Scamps Put Their Hearts Together
"Well, what do you think about it?" demanded Reddy.

1262. Reddy and Sammy Go for Farmer Brown's Boy
"Scream away, you rascal," said he.

1263. Reddy Fox Does His Part
So he followed Reddy, and Reddy trotted on straight into the Green Forest.

that cruel snare which had caused Mrs. Grouse so much pain and fright.

STORY 1264. February 28, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Finds Mrs. Grouse

"Help is coming! Help is coming!" cried Sammy Jay as soon as he was near enough for poor Mrs. Grouse to hear him. But Mrs. Grouse was too worn out by her struggles to be cheered even by such good news as this. Indeed, she hardly understood what Sammy was saying. You see she had hung head down for so long that it seemed as if her head would burst. She had given up all hope. She felt sure that she would hang there by one leg from the cruel snare in which she had been caught until she either starved to death or someone found her and killed her. So in spite of Sammy's effort to cheer her she wasn't cheered. She knew that Sammy meant well, but she couldn't see any way in which it was possible for any of her friends and neighbors to help her. She felt that she was quite beyond help.

Sammy Jay was much excited. He was so excited he couldn't keep still a minute. He kept flying from tree to tree, back and forth and round and round, all the time watching down the hill. Presently he caught a glimpse of a little spot of red. It was coming nearer and growing bigger every minute. He knew that it was Reddy Fox.

He grew more excited than ever. "Help IS coming and it is almost here!" he cried. Mrs. Grouse, swinging at the end of the wire which fastened her to the top of a little tree, was almost too weak to lift her head to look. But she did finally. All she saw was Reddy Fox running swiftly up the hill quite as if he intended to keep right on and not stop at all. The tiny bit of hope that Sammy had managed to arouse in her heart died right then and there. Of what possible help could Reddy be? She began to think that Sammy Jay was simply heartless and was trying to make her more miserable than she already was, if that were possible.

Then she heard a sound that made her shudder all over. It was a voice. She didn't know whose voice it was, but it was the voice of one of those two-legged creatures whom she had learned to fear from the time she first began to run about in the Green Forest. Of course it was the one who had set that dreadful snare, and he was coming to put an end to her misery and her life. She hadn't the least doubt of it. And she was almost glad. Almost anything would be better than this suffering.

Now if Mrs. Grouse could have understood what that voice was saying she might have felt differently. Of course it was the voice of Farmer Brown's Boy. He had just discovered the little brush fence which had led Mrs. Grouse into this dreadful trouble. He knew what it meant. Yes, sir, he knew! Once, upon a time he had built just such little brush fences himself. That was before he had learned to love his little wild neighbors and to understand them.

"Someone has been setting snares!" he exclaimed. "I'd just like to catch them at it! I'd give them a piece of my mind that they wouldn't forget in a hurry! My! I'm glad I came over here this morning. I hope no one has been caught."

He had quite forgotten Reddy Fox. He hurried along by the little brush fence, looking ahead anxiously. And so presently he saw poor Mrs. Grouse hanging from the little tree.

"O!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy, and there was a world of pity in his voice. He began to run. Mrs. Grouse fluttered her tired wings feebly.

STORY 1265. February 29, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy's Anger

Farmer Brown's Boy was angry. There was no doubt about that. He was scowling in a way that made his usually sunny face most unpleasant, O, most unpleasant! But as he ran forward to where poor Mrs. Grouse was hanging by one leg from the cruel snare, the angry lines all faded from his face and in their place came a look of sorrow and great pity. As he drew near, Mrs. Grouse struggled as best she could, for she did not know whether he was a friend or an enemy. But her struggles were very weak and feeble. You see she had hung there so long and had tried so hard to get free that she had very little strength left.

When Farmer Brown's Boy saw how frightened she was, he stopped running. He knew that he must look very frightful to her rushing at her that way. So he approached very slowly, all the time talking to her softly. Very gently he bent the little tree over until Mrs. Grouse lay on the snow. Then he unfastened the wire from the tree and gently picked Mrs. Grouse up. For a few minutes he held her close to him, lightly stroking her head and all the time talking to her very softly. He could feel her heart beating very fast with fright, but as he stroked her and talked it beat less rapidly. When at last Mrs. Grouse dared take a hasty look up in his face she saw only gentleness and pity there. She remembered how good he had been to her in the Winter before when he found her starving under the icy crust that had made her a prisoner[6], and right then fear left her.

Very tenderly Farmer Brown's Boy loosened the cruel wire around her leg until he could slip it off. Then with gentle fingers he felt of the little leg to see if the bone was broken. It wasn't. The skin was cut, but the wire had been high enough for the feathers to protect the poor little leg a little.

"I don't know whether I ought to take you home with me or leave you here," said Farmer Brown's Boy as he put her down on the snow. "I suppose you would a great deal rather stay here in the Green Forest, but I am afraid that with that bad leg you will have hard work to get enough to eat. And then there is that fox I was following. I'm afraid that scamp will catch you." Of course Farmer Brown's Boy didn't know that Reddy had led him there just so that he could help Mrs. Grouse. She tried to walk a few steps but couldn't, because the strength had not yet come back to that poor leg. Farmer Brown's Boy shook his head. "I really don't know what to do," said he.

Just then Mrs. Grouse settled the question for him. With a whirr of her stout wings, she was off, up over the tree tops. The strength had come back to her wings,

6 STORY 644, 1914.

if not to her leg. Farmer Brown's Boy watched her out of sight. Then he turned to the little brush fence and such a change as came over his face. All the anger which had been there when he first found it returned. Right down the length of that little fence he went tearing it down and tramping it in the snow. At each of the little openings in it he stopped to spring the snare set there and take off the wire. And all the time he kept muttering to himself.

"I'd like to know who set these," he growled. "I wish I had him under my feet instead of just this brush. I guess when I got through with him, he'd never want to set another snare. Any fellow that will set snares will—will—" He stopped because he couldn't think of anything bad enough. And right that very instant there flashed into his head the memory of how he used to do that very thing[7]. A little shamed look crept into his face. "I didn't know any better then," he murmured by way of excuse. "But I do now!" he added, and went on with his work of destroying those snares more vigorously than ever.

And all the time Reddy Fox was watching him, though he didn't know it. And so was Sammy Jay.

STORY 1266. March 1, 1916

Reddy Fox Gives Mrs. Grouse Warning

"What did I tell you? Didn't I say that Farmer Brown's Boy would help Mrs. Grouse out of her trouble? Didn't I?" demanded Sammy Jay as he and Reddy Fox watched Farmer Brown's Boy tramp off toward home after he had destroyed the last snare.

"You certainly did," replied Reddy. "That boy certainly is very different from what he used to be. Well, I'm glad we got Mrs. Grouse out of her trouble. My, but I'm hungry! I've got to go hunt for a breakfast! He looked longingly in the direction Mrs. Grouse had taken when she flew away.

Sammy Jay noticed it and chuckled. "I believe you tried to save her just for the sake of your own stomach," said he.

Reddy was indignant. "No such thing," he retorted. "I did it to save her, but now that she is free, I don't see any reason why I shouldn't catch her if I can. Of course I shall give her fair warning," he added.

It was a day or two later that Reddy saw Mrs. Grouse. He had seen her prints in the snow several times, and had noticed that one was much lighter than the other, and so he knew that she was lame. "How are you feeling, Mrs. Grouse?" he asked, looking up in the tree where she was sitting.

"Very well, thank you,' replied Mrs. Grouse. "I've been hoping that you would come around so that I might thank you for all you did for me the other day."

7 Burgess wrote a dramatization from the snare-setter's point of view: "Ted Waterman's Thanksgiving" (November 20, 1897) in *The Collected Writings of Thornton W. Burgess 1895-1911*.

"Don't mention it," replied Reddy, looking rather confused. The truth is it was a new experience to Reddy to have any one thank him for anything. He rather liked it.

"I suppose," continued Mrs. Grouse, with a twinkle in her eyes, "that to show just how grateful I am I should fly down and let you catch me."

"You should do nothing of the kind," declared Reddy indignantly. "I'm going to catch you all right someday, but when I do it isn't going to be because you are sick or lame or anything like that. It's going to be because I'm smarter than you are. I've come to give you fair warning, Mrs. Grouse, that you've got to watch out for me now just as sharply as if I had had nothing whatever to do with getting you free from that snare. I'm ever so glad that you are free, and I'm ever so glad that I helped you get free, but now that you are free everything is just as it was before. You are you and I am I, and you look to me just as much like a good dinner as ever you did." Reddy grinned and licked his lips in a hungry way.

Mrs. Grouse chuckled. "That is all right, Reddy," said she. "I shall never have any hard feeling, no matter how much you may hunt me. It is the law of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows that each one must look out for himself and get a good meal whenever and wherever he can. It is a good law because it keeps the wits of all of us sharp. So if it ever happens that I am that good meal for you I won't even cry when you catch me. But you'll never do it, Reddy. No, sir; you'll never do it."

"Don't boast, Mrs. Grouse. Don't boast," warned Reddy. "You are smart, but smart as you are, you were caught in that snare."

"That is true," replied Mrs. Grouse soberly. "But it was a danger of which I knew nothing. It was an unfair danger, a terribly unfair danger. But now that I've learned about it, I'll never be caught that way again. I shall keep away from that little brush fence here-after."

"You won't have to, because Farmer Brown's Boy has smashed, it all down," replied Reddy. "But you will have to watch out for me. You are looking very fine, Mrs. Grouse, and something tells me that you would taste even finer than you look." Reddy grinned and turned to trot away.

STORY 1267. March 2, 1916

Tries to Make the Green Forest Safe

As Farmer Brown's Boy trudged home through the snow after having set Mrs. Grouse free from the dreadful snare he was still angry, angry that any one should have dared to come into the Green Forest and set those snares; angry that any one should be so unfair as to try to catch his little friends in a way which gave them no chance at all, in a way that was as mean as it was cruel and heartless. And then little by little sorrow took the place of anger.

Yes, sir, Farmer Brown's Boy began to be sorry for the one who had set those snares. He didn't know who had set them, but he could guess. He guessed that it was a

boy who lived on a neighboring farm, and he began to be sorry for him.

Why was he sorry for him? Well, he was sorry for him because he was missing so much that is beautiful in life—the love and friendship of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. He was sorry for him because his heart was in the wrong place. It must be because otherwise he never could do such cruel things. He was sorry for him because he was without honor, and it is a very dreadful thing to be without honor. He was without honor because he had broken a law when he set those snares. Indeed, he had broken several laws—the law of love, the law of justice, the law of mercy and a law made by certain wise men and called the law of the State. This law says that no one shall set snares for the little people of the Green Forest because snares are so unfair that in a little while there would be no little people left in the Green Forest.

Now this law says that anyone who breaks it shall be punished, and at first Farmer Brown's Boy was so angry that he made up his mind that he would make sure who had set those snares and then have him punished as the law said he should be. Then he happened to think that perhaps the one who had set them didn't really understand what a wrong thing it was that he had done and that it would be better, very much better to try to show him how wrong it was and try to get him to see how much more fun there is in getting acquainted with the little people and trying to make life better and happier for them than in hunting them and killing them in traps and dreadful snares.

"I'll try it," said he right out loud. "I'll try it. But first of all, I must make sure that he sets no more snares in my Green Forest. He might catch some one while I am trying to teach him how wrong he is, and then it would be too late. Of course he will know that somebody has found him out when he finds his snares gone, but he may think that was just somebody who happened along and won't come again. I must put up some signs."

So when he reached home Farmer Brown's Boy first finished his work at the woodpile. Then he got some short smooth boards and on each of these he painted a warning that it would not be safe for anyone to set snares in the Green Forest. That afternoon he once more visited the Green Forest. He put one of the signs right where he had found the snares that morning. He put the rest of the signs at places he knew Peter Rabbit or Mrs. Grouse might visit, and where because of this somebody might set snares.

"There!" he exclaimed as he drove the last nail, "I've done all I can to make the Green Forest safe for those who live in it. Now I guess I will sleep better."

As for the little people of the Green Forest, I suspect that some of them would have slept better too that night if they could have known just what those signs meant, don't you?

STORY 1268. March 3, 1916

Peter Rabbit Has Spring Thoughts

Winsome Bluebird's on the way;
He is due 'most any day.

It was Old Mother West Wind's children, the Merry Little Breezes, that sang this softly as they danced over the Green Meadows and around the Old Brier Patch. Peter Rabbit pricked up his long ears.

"How do you know? Who told you so?" he demanded.

"Nobody told us so; we just FEEL it, Peter," cried the Merry Little Breezes and kept on singing as they danced.

"Huh!" said Peter. "Feeling isn't KNOWING. Perhaps Winsome is on his way, and perhaps he isn't. I hope he is, for that would mean Mistress Spring is on her way, too, and she can't get here too soon to suit me. But I would feel a lot more sure of it if I could see some signs."

"Use your eyes, Peter! Use your eyes! There are flowers in bloom already, for we've seen them. What better sign that Mistress Spring is coming do you want?" chanted the Merry Little Breezes.

Peter jumped a foot off the ground. "Say," he cried, "are you crazy? Look at this snow all over the Green Meadows! Do you expect me to believe any such story as that?"

"We don't care whether you believe it or not, it is so," cried the Merry Little Breezes, dancing around Peter and throwing snow in his face.

Welcome Robin's on the wing:
Very soon you'll hear him sing.

With this the Merry Little Breezes danced away across the Green Meadows toward the Green Forest, leaving Peter to stare after them as if quite sure that they really were as crazy as they seemed.

"Of course, it isn't true," muttered Peter. "The very idea of saying that they had seen flowers in bloom when the ground is still frozen and there is snow everywhere! I don't believe a word of it."

Nevertheless, Peter couldn't get it out of his head that the that the Merry Little Breezes had seen something that he hadn't. Thoughts of the glad Springtime began to chase each other through his funny little head. Two or three times he found himself listening for the soft voice of Winsome Bluebird. One after another his friends and neighbors who had been sleeping all Winter popped into his head, and he wondered when each would wake up, and if he would be the first to greet them. There were Striped Chipmunk and Johnny Chuck and Bobby Coon and Unc' Billy Possum and Old Mr. Toad and Grandfather Frog and Spotty the Turtle and Digger the Badger and Mr. Blacksnake and his cousins and Buster Bear. Which one would be the first to rub the sleepy sand out of his eyes and come out to see what had happened during the long months he had been asleep? Just thinking about them and of the joy and happiness which sweet Mistress Spring would bring with her gave Peter a funny feeling which

little by little he recognized as the very feeling that the Merry Little Breezes had spoken of—the feeling that Mistress Spring really and truly was on her way.

"Huh!" exclaimed Peter just as he had before, and shook himself. But he couldn't shake off that feeling. Then he remembered what the Merry Little Breezes had said about signs and about using his eyes. "Huh!" said he again. "I guess if there was anything to see I'd see it! There's nothing the matter with my eyes, and I haven't seen any signs of Spring yet. Flowers in bloom! The very idea!"

STORY 1269. March 4, 1916

Merry Little Breezes Tell the Truth

Peter Rabbit didn't believe that the Merry Little Breezes had told the truth when they said that they had found flowers in bloom. Not that he thought that they had deliberately told an untruth. No, indeed! He didn't think that. He thought that they were either just trying to tease him or that they had been mistaken. But he couldn't get rid of the thought that perhaps they had seen something that he hadn't seen, and nothing upsets Peter more than the thought that others know more than he does about what is going on in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows. The Merry Little Breezes had told Peter to use his eyes. Just as if Peter isn't forever using his eyes! You know how curious he is.

"If there are any signs of Spring which they have seen I'd like to know where they are," muttered Peter as he hopped all through the dear Old Briar Patch looking sharply at all the bushes and little trees and brambles to see if any of the sleeping buds of leaves showed any signs of waking. But they didn't, and Peter felt satisfied that there were no signs of Spring in the Old Briar Patch. And there certainly were none on the Green Meadows, for these were still covered with snow.

Then Peter made up his mind to visit the Green Forest just to make sure that he had missed nothing there. "They were just fooling or dreaming or simply crazy," he muttered as he scampered about through the Green Forest. Nowhere could he find the least sign of the coming of Mistress Spring. There was snow everywhere. Suddenly an idea popped into his head. "If they really saw any flowers it must be that they saw them through the window of Farmer Brown's house. I've seen them there myself," thought he. "Why didn't I think of that before? But flowers up there are no sign of Spring."

A few minutes later Peter came to that part of the Green Forest where Lightfoot the Deer had spent the Winter. It was quite sheltered there—one of the warmest places in all the Green Forest. In places it was swampy. You know a swampy place is where the ground is always very wet. In places the snow had disappeared, and in one of these places there was a very tiny stream of water coming from a place where it bubbled up out of the ground. It was a spring, and the tiny stream was the beginning of the Laughing Brook. Peter stopped on the edge of it. Just then along came the Merry Little Breezes, and one of them tickled his nose with a queer smell. Peter sniffed.

"Smells like the scent Jimmy Skunk carries around with him, but I haven't seen

Jimmy's tracks anywhere," thought Peter. Again he sniffed, and it seemed as if that smell came right out of the water in front of him. He stared at it a minute, and for the first time he noticed several queer brown things like pointed hoods sticking above the water. Peter leaned forward to look at one a little closer, and then he made a discovery. That smell like Jimmy Skunk's perfume came from that queer brown hood! Peter hopped a step nearer so that he might see better. On one side of that queer brown hood was an opening, a narrow opening. Peter was all curiosity now. He crept still nearer and held his nose while he peeped in at that narrow opening. You see he didn't like that smell, and so close to that little brown hood it was very strong.[8]

At first he couldn't see anything, but in a minute he discovered down in the bottom of that little hood a sort of thick stem all covered with something yellow. Peter's eyes popped right out and he looked harder than ever. Then he saw that that thick stem was covered with very, very tiny flowers, all yellow with the dust-like gold which most flowers have and which is called pollen.

Peter jumped a foot straight up in the air. "Why, the Merry Little Breezes did tell the truth!" he exclaimed.

"Of course, we did!" cried the Merry Little Breezes, who had been watching him. "We always tell the truth. Those are the first flowers of the year and are a sure sign that Mistress Spring is on the way."

STORY 1270. March 6, 1916

Peter Gains Knowledge

A little knowledge day by day
To wisdom surely paves the way.

Peter Rabbit probably never will be accounted wise, but every day sees him a little wiser than the day before, because every day he learns something. In part it is due to Peter's curiosity. If Peter were not curious about so many things he would not be forever learning something he didn't know before. If Peter could just remember all he learns he might someday become wise. The trouble is he forgets.

When he found those queer brown hoods in the warm, swampy place deep in the Green Forest, and was led by the smell like the perfume of Jimmy Skunk to peep into one of them, and there found tiny flowers in bloom, Peter knew that he had learned something. He had learned that the first flowers of all the year bloom before gentle Sister South Wind has melted away the snow and ice. The Green Meadows were still covered with snow and the Smiling Pool was still bound with ice, but here were flowers, real flowers, even if they were so tiny that it was hard work to believe that they were real. He had to believe his own eyes and his own nose. If they were hard to see, they were not at all hard to smell. It wasn't a pleasant smell, not to Peter, anyway, but it was too real to be doubted.

8 Burgess was accused of nature-faking because of this episode, a newspaper correspondent claiming that skunk cabbage emits no scent during this stage of its development. (*Fall River Daily Evening News*, March 29, 1916, page 6.)

Illustrations. February 28 to March 4, 1916.

1264. Farmer Brown's Boy Finds Mrs. Grouse
He hurried along by the little brush fence looking anxiously ahead.

1265. Farmer Brown's Boy's Anger
He could feel her heart beating fast with fright.

1266. Reddy Fox Gives Mrs. Grouse Warning
"How are you feeling, Mrs. Grouse?" he asked.

1267. Tries to Make the Green Forest Safe
"I've done all I can to make the Green Forest safe."

1268. Peter Rabbit Has Spring Thoughts
Peter jumped a foot off the ground.

1269. Merry Little Breezes Tell the Truth
It seemed that smell came right out of the water.

Peter made a face. “If I didn’t know better, I should say that Jimmy Skunk has been here,” said Peter. “I wonder what these things are, anyway.”

“Skunk cabbage or swamp cabbage, whichever you please to call them,” cried one of the Merry Little Breezes.

Peter remembered the big broad green leaves he had so often seen growing here and in other swampy places in the Summer. He looked for some now, but he didn’t see even one. He wrinkled his brows in a puzzled way. “I thought the skunk cabbage was a big green plant,” said he.

“So it is,” laughed one of the Merry Little Breezes. “These are its flowers. They bloom before the leaves show at all. Funny, isn’t it?”

“I should say so,” replied Peter. “I didn’t know it had any flowers. I’ve seen these things early in the Spring lots of times, but I didn’t know what they were. I never thought anything about them.”

“That comes of not using your eyes, Peter,” cried a Merry Little Breeze. “There are lots of wonderful things all about you every day that you never see at all.”

“What is there wonderful about these?” demanded Peter a little gruffly, for he felt a little put out that any one should think that he didn’t see all that was to be seen.

“Isn’t it wonderful that those little flowers can come up and are brave enough to bloom when Jack Frost is still making everybody shiver?” asked the Merry Little Breeze.

Peter nodded his head. “That’s so,” he said slowly. “I didn’t think of that. It IS wonderful. I don’t see how they do it.” He looked at the tiny flowers with new interest. He saw how thick was the little brown hood inside of which they were blooming, and how warm and cozy it was in there with only a little narrow opening for the light and air to enter, and he began to understand how Old Mother Nature was protecting them. It IS wonderful,” he repeated. “I certainly have learned something today. I’ve always watched for the coming of Winsome Bluebird as the first sure sign of the coming of sweet Mistress Spring, and never once thought that there might be other signs. Yes, sir, I certainly have learned something. Do you know I rather like that smell now. It is—why, it is a sort of promise that Winter will soon be over. Now I must hurry to tell Mrs. Peter the news.”

STORY 1751. March 7, 1916

Glad Time and a Hard Time

Peter Rabbit was so delighted with his discovery of the brave little skunk cabbage blossoms in the warm swampy place in the Green Forest that he had to tell everybody he met. You see, he knew that they were a sure sign that Winter would be over soon. In fact Peter began to feel as if Mistress Spring was very, very near, and the mere thought of that filled his heart with a great joy. Sammy Jay just laughed at Peter when he heard the story about the little blossoms and pretended not to believe a word of it, but secretly

he went to see for himself, and when he found it was true, he also spread the glad news.

Everybody who heard it was glad. Gentle Sister South Wind was melting the snow very fast. The Laughing Brook had burst its bonds of ice and was beginning to gurgle, and soon would be laughing for the joy of once more running free. Jack Frost still pinched when he got a chance, but the little people no longer had to fear the terrible cold. Some days were even almost too warm for comfort in their Winter suits. But with all the gladness it was a hard time. Yes, sir, it was a hard time. You see, it was one of the hardest times of all the year to get enough to eat.

Peter wasn't finding it so hard, though he was getting dreadfully tired of bark and dry grass and such things, and longed for something green and tender. But most of his neighbors were hungry all the time and spent every waking minute looking for enough to fill their stomachs.

Chatterer the Red Squirrel and his cousin, Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, would have found it hard work but for Farmer Brown's Boy. Once in a while he would forget to put out some corn and nuts for them, and on those days, they had to hunt for enough to eat. It made them short-tempered, so that, whenever they met they quarreled. You see, both had emptied their storehouses during the long Winter, and now they had to depend on finding stray nuts hidden under the leaves. These were not easy to find, because, you know, they had picked up most of them in the Fall. Then, too, all during the Winter whenever the snow was not too deep, they had hunted for such nuts as they had overlooked, or those that Happy Jack had buried, and now it took 10 times as long to find one nut as it had taken to find a dozen in the Fall.

So whenever Chatterer and Happy Jack met they were almost sure to quarrel because each was afraid the other would get more than his share. It wasn't at all nice to hear them scolding at each other. Mrs. Grouse was living almost wholly on buds of trees. You see, she had eaten most of the berries and such things. Even Tommy Tit and Drummer the Woodpecker were finding it harder than at any other time of the year to get enough to eat, because they had so faithfully searched all the trees so many times already that there were very few grubs and eggs hidden under the bark which their bright eyes had not found. They were very thankful, indeed, that Farmer Brown's Boy was thoughtful enough to still keep a supply of suet hanging out for them. It was just the same way with Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow, and most of the other little people. There was gladness in their hearts because Mistress Spring was coming, but a great emptiness in their stomachs most of the time. They knew that good times were coming, but sometimes it was hard work to be cheerful because of what was coming when what they had was the hardest of hard times. It is very apt to be that way in life. But all the time Peter Rabbit did his best to spread good cheer by telling of the brave little flowers blooming in the swampy place in the Green Forest. Somehow the thought of them helped a lot and gave courage to those who were becoming discouraged.

So each of us, however small,
Who bravely does his best
Will find by his example he
Is helping all the rest.

STORY 1752. March 8, 1916

Winsome Bluebird is Back

A sweetly soft evasive voice
A tiny bit of azure sky:
'Tis bonny, Winsome Bluebird come
To tell us Mistress Spring is nigh.

"He's back! He's back! He's back!" Peter Rabbit raced around through the dear Old Brier Patch as if he were quite out of his head. Little Mrs. Peter began to think that he was, and she was sure of it when he tried to walk on his hands, which of course he couldn't do, and fell sprawling, quite out of breath. Mrs. Peter caught hold of one of his long ears.

"Are you crazy, Peter?" she demanded sharply.

"Yep!" replied Peter, which was neither a nice nor a correct way of answering. "I'm crazy. I'm crazy with joy. He's here! He's back!"

Mrs. Peter pulled his ear until Peter squealed. "Who's here? Who's back?" she demanded, and gave the ear another pull that brought an "Ouch!" from Peter.

"Listen, my dear," said he by way of answer.

Mrs. Peter listened. At first she heard nothing but the distant voice of Dandycock the Rooster, boasting as usual to his admiring followers in Farmer Brown's hen yard. Then just as she was opening her mouth to ask Peter what he meant she heard the softest, sweetest whistle, full of gladness, with just a wee bit of sadness, and seeming to come from nowhere and everywhere at the same time. Mrs. Peter let go of Peter's ear and began to dance up and down and clap her hands. "It's Winsome Bluebird!" she cried joyfully.

"Of course," replied Peter, rubbing his ear. "Who did you suppose it was?"

Mrs. Peter made no reply, but put her hand on Peter's lips. Then they both listened so intently they almost forgot to breathe. In a minute they heard that sweet, gentle whistle just seeming to float out of the air. Then Peter and Mrs. Peter danced together the funniest dance that ever was. It was a dance of happiness.

"O, but I do so want to see him!" cried Mrs. Peter when they stopped for breath. "Where do you suppose he is? You go peep out of that side of the Brier Patch and I'll peep out of this side. His voice sounded to me as if he must be some ways off, but his coat is so blue that we may be able to see him if he is."

So Peter went one way and Mrs. Peter went the other way and both looked and looked. But though they heard his whistle again and again they saw nothing of Winsome Bluebird. Both looked disappointed as they returned to the heart of the Brier Patch.

"His voice is lovely, but it is such a provoking voice because you never can tell

where it comes from," said Peter. "Listen! There it is again, but it may come from up in the clouds, or it may come from the Big Hickory Tree over by the Smiling Pool, or it may come from the Old Orchard for all I can tell."

"Or it may come from right over your head, Peter," said a voice that sounded very much like Winsome's own.

Peter and Mrs. Peter looked up in a hurry, you may be sure. There in the top of a little tree right over their heads sat Winsome Bluebird!

"Oh, Winsome, we're so glad to see you!" they cried together.

Then a sudden suspicion flashed into Peter's head. "How long have you been sitting there?" he demanded.

"Quite some time. It is a very pleasant place to rest," replied Winsome. Then, looking very innocent, he added, "What were you and Mrs. Peter looking for over on the Green Meadows?"

Then Peter knew that Winsome knew just what he and Mrs. Peter had been doing, and that he had been sitting right there all the time. "Winsome," he cried, shaking a fist at him, "if we didn't love you so we'd never speak to you again, so there! The idea of playing such a joke on old friends you haven't seen for so long! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But I'm not," replied Winsome, and then all three laughed happily.

STORY 1273. March 9, 1916

Mrs. Peter Admires Winsome's Coat

The first thing Peter Rabbit asked Winsome Bluebird after inquiring for his health was if sweet Mistress Spring would soon arrive.

"Of course she will," replied Winsome. "You will never find me very far ahead of her. Of course she can't travel quite so fast as I can, because she has to stop all along the way to waken all the sleepers. So I stay a little while in each place until she nearly catches up with me."

"Aren't you going to stay more than a little while here?" asked Peter, looking quite worried.

"All Summer," declared Winsome. "From here on I'll let Honker the Goose be her herald. You know he spends the Summer in the Far North, so he is just the one to take the news up there."

"I'm so glad," said Peter with a little sigh of relief. "It wouldn't seem at all right not to have you with us all Summer."

All the time little Mrs. Peter hadn't said a word. She had been too busy admiring Winsome's beautiful coat. "It's perfectly lovely," she said at last.

"Of course, it's lovely," retorted Peter. "A Summer without Winsome here would

be all wrong."

"I didn't mean that. Of course that's lovely, too, but I meant Winsome's coat," said little Mrs. Peter. "I wish I had one like it," she added wistfully.

"O!" exclaimed Peter. Then he burst out laughing. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!" he roared. "I can just see you, Fuzzy, running around in a sky-blue coat! Perhaps you'd like a red cap like Drummer the Woodpecker's to go with it. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Little Mrs. Peter looked hurt and Winsome saw it. He didn't laugh. "It is a beautiful coat," he said, spreading his wings so that Mrs. Peter could see just how beautiful it was, but there wasn't a particle of pride in the way that, he said it. You know Winsome Bluebird isn't the least bit vain, although he has one of the loveliest coats of all the little feathered folks. He picked out a beautiful blue feather and dropped it at Mrs. Peter's feet, where she could see just how lovely it was.

"I guess I know how you feel," he continued. "It is nice to have beautiful clothes, but they are a great care: And—and—well, sometimes I wish I had just a little plain brown coat like yours, Mrs. Peter." There was just a little sadness in his voice.

"O, Winsome, how can you say that?" cried Mrs. Peter. "Why, I should think such a beautiful coat as yours would make you perfectly happy, just perfectly happy."

"I guess you've never stopped to think how hard it must be to keep from being seen," replied Winsome.

"But I should think you would want to be seen! I would if I had a coat like that," cried Mrs. Peter.

"When you were among friends you might, but when you wanted to keep out of sight of enemies, what then?" asked Winsome.

"I hadn't thought of that," said Mrs. Peter, looking very sober and thoughtful.

"But I have to think of it all the time," continued Winsome, and again there was just a wee bit of sadness in his voice. "I suppose I have this lovely coat because I am the herald of Mistress Spring, and heralds, you know, are most always brightly dressed, so that they can be seen and thus give the message they bring. But enemies have just as good eyes as friends, and these days before there are any leaves it is sometimes pretty hard work to hide from them. Do you know there are some places I came through on my way here where men hunted me with terrible guns just for the sake of my blue coat. I lost some of my best feathers that way. It's a mercy I got here at all."

"Do you mean to say that men tried to shoot you?" exclaimed Peter, as if he couldn't believe what he had heard.

Winsome nodded. "But let's talk about something else," he said brightly. "How is every single thing in the dear Old Brier Patch."

STORY 1274. March 10, 1916

Good News and Bad News

Peter Rabbit had told Winsome Bluebird all the news of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest—how Mrs. Grouse had nearly lost her life in a cruel snare, how Reddy Fox had been caught by Farmer Brown's boy and then had fooled him and run away with a chicken, how Farmer Brown's boy had been very good to everybody, and all the things he could think of that had happened while Winsome had been in the sunny Southland. When he had told all the news he could think of, and that little Mrs. Peter could remind him of, he began to ask questions himself.

"How was everybody when you started away from the sunny Southland?" asked Peter.

"Fine, but anxious to get back home here and get to housekeeping," replied Winsome. "You know, this is really home up here. We only visit down there and visiting gets rather tiresome after a while. So everybody is anxious to get back here. Besides it isn't as safe down there as it is up here."

Peter pricked up his ears. "Why not?" he demanded. This was news indeed.

"Men," replied Winsome sadly. "In some places down there we are never safe from men with terrible guns. Up here we are safe. Any way we are fairly safe. There is only a short hunting season and that is after most of us have gone away. And then it is only a few like Bob White and Mrs. Grouse and Quacker the Duck who are hunted. But down there nobody is ever safe unless it is Mistah Mocker the Mocking Bird. Down there he is the best loved of all the birds. So they don't bother him much. Ol' Mistah Buzzard has been perfectly safe until recently. In fact it has been the habit of Ol' Mistah and his relatives to warm their toes on the chimney tops for ever so long, and men have seemed to like having them around. But this last Winter Ol' Mistah Buzzard has been pretty much worried. Yes, sir, he certainly has. I don't know how be heard it, but somehow, somewhere, he found out that these men folks whom he has all along looked on as friends have about decided he has lived long enough and that there shall be no more Buzzards in the sunny Southland. It hard to believe, but Ol' Mistah Buzzard says it is so, and he was planning to leave down there earlier than usual because he said he wouldn't feel safe until he got back up here."

Peter's eyes were wide with something very like unbelief. It was very plain to see that he was having hard work to accept as true what Winsome Bluebird had said. "That would be dreadful," he gasped. "I like Ol' Mistah Buzzard. He never harms any one, and he tells the nicest stories. I——I hope he will get here all right."

"He'll get here, I am sure," replied Winsome. The question is will it be safe for him to go back next Fall? I saw Welcome Robin a few days ago and Little Friend the Song Sparrow. Both told me to tell you that they will be along in a few days."

"Hurrah!" cried Peter. "It will be good to hear and see them again. I suppose they are well."

"Middling so," replied Winsome. "Welcome Robin has had a hard time ever since he started on the long journey. He has had to watch out for those terrible guns even more than some of the rest of us."

Peter threw up both hands in horror "What do they hunt him for?" he demanded. "Is it for his coat? It's a nice coat, but it isn't nearly as handsome as yours, Winsome."

"No, it isn't for his coat," Winsome replied. "They hunt him to eat! I don't know what this world is coming to when great big men hunt a little fellow like Welcome Robin to eat. But they do it. And they don't hunt him fairly, either. It is perfectly dreadful, some of the things they do. Just ask him about it when he gets here."

"I will. I certainly will," said Peter. And anyone who know Peter knows that there wasn't the least doubt in the world that he would.

STORY 1275. March 11, 1916

Welcome Robin's Long Journey

Welcome Robin's on the wing!
Swiftly he is drawing near.
How we long to hear him sing.
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer ups Cheer!"

Peter Rabbit always feels that way, too, when it is about time for Welcome to arrive. Peter knew that now that Winsome Bluebird had arrived, Welcome was likely to come almost any day, and so every day he listened for the sound of that cheery voice. At last one sunny morning he heard it. Peter knew in an instant where Welcome Robin was. He was up in the Old Orchard. You see, Welcome's voice is very different from the voice of Winsome Bluebird. It is loud and clear and cheerful and you can always tell just where it comes from. Winsome's voice is soft and sweet and gentle and seems to come from nowhere in particular.

As soon as Peter heard Welcome Robin's voice, he started for the Old Orchard in spite of timid little Mrs. Peter's protest that it wasn't safe for Peter to be so far from the dear Old Brier Patch at that time of day. Lipperty-lipperty-lipperty-lip ran Peter as fast as ever he could until he reached the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard close by Johnny Chuck's house.

Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!
Lovely Mistress Spring is here!

So sang Welcome Robin from the topmost branch of an old apple tree right over Peter's head.

"O, Welcome, I'm so glad you have got here!" cried Peter. "Hello, Peter! I didn't see you coming. I'm glad you're glad I'm here and I'm glad I'm here, too," replied Welcome, cutting his song off right in the middle. "It has been a long journey and it is good to feel that I have got to the end of it."

"How long a journey has it been?" asked Peter, who, you know, really knows nothing about journeys. Welcome Robin looked across to the Old Pasture. It was perhaps half a mile away. Of course, Peter and Welcome Robin and the other little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows don't know anything about miles

or such things.

"Of course, you go over to the Old Pasture once in a while," said Welcome Robin. "Yes," replied Peter, "but not often. It is too far away."

Welcome Robin laughed right out. "Do you call that far?" he exclaimed. "Now, listen, Peter. If you should run over to the Old Pasture and back 10 times every day for 100 days you wouldn't have traveled as far as I have just come."

Peter blinked his eyes very fast and then stared at Welcome Robin as if he thought that Welcome was trying to fool him.

"My stars!" he exclaimed. Do you expect me to believe that?"

Welcome Robin chuckled. "It doesn't make a bit of difference to me, Peter, whether you believe it or not. It's true, and more than that there are some who travel three times as far," he said.

"What?" Peter fairly shouted it and jumped a foot in the air. "How big do you expect me to think the Great World is, anyway?"

"So big that it has thousands of Green Forests and Green Meadows and Old Orchards and Smiling Pools and Laughing Brooks. So big that, though I have seen a great deal, I have really seen only a little bit of it," replied Welcome Robin.

Peter thought this over for a few minutes. Then he said: "Of course, I don't doubt your word, Welcome, but I wish you would tell me how, if you have been such a long, long journey, you ever found the way back."

STORY 1276. March 13, 1916

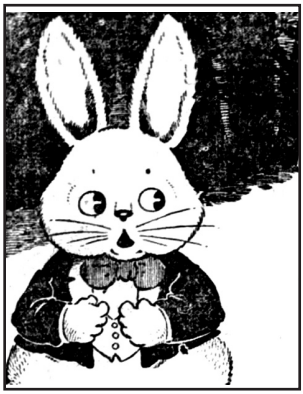
Welcome Robin Tells of His Journey

Do you ever think of Welcome Robin as having strange adventures and narrow escapes? Peter Rabbit never did, Welcome Robin is such a cheery fellow, always singing "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!" and making everybody glad by the sound of his voice, that somehow Peter never once thought that Welcome could possibly have much to worry him. A great many people are just that way. They are so much taken up with their own troubles that they never think that their cheerful neighbors may have just as great troubles and perhaps worse.

When Welcome Robin told Peter what a long journey he had made to get back there to the Old Orchard, it was hard work for Peter to believe that anyone could possibly travel so far, and it was still harder for him to believe that anyone who had been so far away could find their way back again. And yet he never had known Welcome Robin to tell an untruth, so he just HAD to believe. But he just had to as how Welcome found his way back.

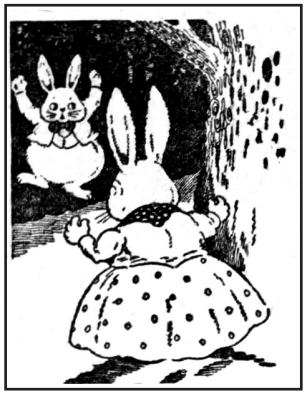
"O," replied Welcome, "that is easy enough. We birds, when we take the long journey to the sunny Southland and back, have regular paths through the air which we follow."

Illustrations. March 6 to March 11, 1916.



1270. Peter Gains Knowledge
"It is wonderful," he repeated.

1271. Glad Time and a Hard Time
Sammy just laughed at Peter when he heard the story about the little blossoms.



1272. Winsome Bluebird is Back
"Are you crazy, Peter?" she demanded sharply.

1273. Mrs. Peter Admires Winsome's Coat
"Aren't you going to stay more than a little while?" asked Peter.

1274. Good News and Bad News
"How was everybody when you started away from the Sunny Southland?" asked Peter.

1275. Welcome Robin's Long Journey
"O, Welcome, I'm so glad you have got here!" cried Peter.

"Paths through the air!" exclaimed Peter as if this was quite too much for him to believe. "How can there be paths through the air?"

"I am simply telling you what is so," replied Welcome, as if he were a little put out by Peter's seeming doubt. "When I go back next Fall, I shall go just the same way that I did last Fall. All the birds do. There is a great deal that you folks who live on the ground do not know and cannot understand."

"I beg your pardon," returned Peter humbly. "I didn't mean to doubt your word. Only it seems so funny to think of paths in the air. You must have a great many adventures on such a long journey."

Welcome Robin sighed. "Yes," said he. "I do."

"As exciting as the adventures we have right here in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows?" asked Peter.

"Goodness, yes!" exclaimed Welcome Robin. "You see we never know what we may be flying right into. That is one reason we fly very high and mostly by night."

Peter looked more surprised than ever. "I didn't know you could see at night," said he. "What do you fly at night for?"

"It's safer," replied Welcome Robin. "We don't have to worry about hawks then. They are always hanging around when we make our long journey. Then we have to eat, and we have to do that in the daytime, so as to be able to find the food. It is safer and better to eat and rest during the day and fly during the night, so that is the way most of us do. If you'll use those big ears of yours, you will hear birds calling to each other almost any night from now on as the birds pass on to the North. They will be coming soon, for Mistress Spring is really here, and most of the birds follow her pretty closely. These long journeys are very exciting, and we have some very narrow escapes. I nearly lost my life on the way back here."

"Tell me about it!" begged Peter.

STORY 1277. March 14, 1916

How Welcome Robin Nearly Lost His Life

When Welcome Robin said that he had nearly lost his life on the long journey from the sunny Southland back to the Green Meadows and the Green Forest and the Old Orchard Peter Rabbit was at once all ears and attention. That sounded like an exciting story, and Peter loved stories as well as any one I know. Welcome Robin looked down at Peter and saw the eagerness in Peter's face and he just couldn't refuse when Peter begged to be told about it.

"You see, it was this way," he began. "When we birds make the long journey we sometimes have to cross great bodies of water."

"As big of the Smiling Pool?" interrupted Peter.

Welcome Robin laughed until he nearly choked. When he could stop laughing, he

asked a question himself. “Did you ever see a drop of water, Peter? Just a single little raindrop?”

“Of course, thousands of ‘em. Why?” returned Peter.

“Well,” replied Welcome gravely, “beside some of those bodies of water we cross the Smiling Pool would look just about as big as one of those raindrops does beside the Smiling Pool. That’s why.”

Peter’s eyes looked as if they were going to pop right out of his head. He looked very hard at Welcome Robin to see if he were joking, but Welcome looked as if he meant just what he said, so Peter swallowed hard and replied meekly, “I didn’t suppose there was so much water in all the Great World.”

“That is because you haven’t traveled and really know nothing about the Great World,” returned Welcome Robin. “As I was saying, when you interrupted, we birds sometimes have to cross great bodies of water. Near the shores of some of these men have built queer houses with tall towers, and in the tops of these they keep very bright lights at night. When you get close to them those lights are as bright as the sun. Yes, sir, they are as bright as the sun. I don’t know what they are for. Sometimes I wonder if they are put there just to kill us birds. You know you never can tell what men will do.”

Welcome Robin paused with a very faraway look in his eyes as if he were trying to understand what those lights might mean. Of course he couldn’t know that they were lighthouses to warn ships of dangerous places. He was silent for so long that Peter grew impatient.

“I don’t see,” said he, “how lights could possibly hurt you. I should think that they would help you when you are flying at night.”

“Have you ever looked straight in the face of jolly, bright Mr. Sun?” asked Welcome.

Peter nodded. “I’ve tried it more than once,” said he, “but I’ll never do it again. Why, for a few minutes after I couldn’t see a thing!”

“It is just the same way with those bright lights at night,” replied Welcome Robin. “On my way up here a lot of us were flying together one dark, foggy night, and started to cross one of those, bodies of water. It was so foggy that we couldn’t be sure whether we were on the right air path or not. Then we saw one of those lights and, because it was so foggy, the light wasn’t very bright. It had a queer way of winking. It would go out and then it would shine again. It was right in our path. As we got nearer to it, it grew brighter, but still wasn’t too bright. We were flying very fast, and a minute before we reached it, it winked out and everything was dark, then flashed out again right in our faces. It was dreadful. We couldn’t see a thing—at least I couldn’t. All we could do was to keep flying. We couldn’t see the tower it was in at all, and didn’t know which way to turn. The first thing I knew I hit that tower with the tip of one wing. It broke the feathers a little, that was all; but it gave me such a fright that I haven’t got over it yet. If I had flown straight into it, I would have broken my neck. A great many birds do every year.”

"My, that was a narrow escape!" exclaimed Peter. "I'm so glad you didn't hit it."

"So am I," replied Welcome Robin. "You ought to be thankful, Peter, that you don't have any greater dangers than you have to watch out for. I don't like to think of what might have happened, so let's talk of something else. Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!"

STORY 1278. March 15, 1916

Peter Rabbit is Scared and Glad

Peter Rabbit had been so interested in Welcome Robin's story of his long journey from the sunny Southland that he quite forgot everything else. He just sat with his eyes fixed on Welcome Robin in the tree over his head and never once thought about watching out for danger. Peter is careless. He certainly is. It is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Peter worries every minute he is away from the dear Old Brier Patch. The idea of sitting up there on the edge of the Old Orchard board in broad daylight and forgetting to watch out. No wonder Peter is forever getting into trouble. The wonder is that he doesn't get into worse scrapes than he does.

The place where Peter was sitting was down in the far corner of the Old Orchard, very near the doorstep of an old friend. He was back of it and so of course he couldn't see it. Now the owner of that doorstep had been asleep ever since the first cold day of last Fall curled up in his bed in his snug, warm, little bedroom deep down in the ground he had known nothing about what had been going on all those months. He had known nothing of snow and ice, of Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind. He had slept through it all. But that morning sweet Mistress Spring had stopped at his doorway long enough to call gently down his long hallway until she had wakened him. When she heard him stretching and yawning and grumbling to himself she went on to waken other sleepers.

For a long time after she had gone he lay there trying to make up his mind whether to go to sleep again or to get up and have a peep outside. "I don't believe it is time to get up yet," he grumbled. "I don't believe I've been asleep any time at, all."

How Peter Rabbit would have shouted if he could have heard that, but no one heard it because, you know, that little grumbler was way down in his snug bedroom underground. So he kept on grumbling all to himself until right into the midst of his grumbling there broke a sound which caused him to sit very still and listen with all his might. In a minute he heard it again. It was the voice of Welcome Robin singing:

Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!
Mistress Spring is surely here.

That settled the matter. There was no doubt now about it being time to get up. Still muttering, the little grumbler crawled up his long hall. His legs were stiff from lack of use. When he reached his doorway, he sat for a few minutes blinking stupidly. The light was too much for his eyes, which had been so long in darkness. When they got used to the light so that he could see he discovered Peter Rabbit sitting back of him. His eyes

twinkled with mischief. Taking the greatest care not to make the teeniest, weeniest sound, he crept up behind Peter, just as Welcome Robin ended the story of how he nearly lost his life. Peter was still thinking about that story when the ugliest sounding of ugly growls right at his very back made him jump as only he can jump.

With a little scream of sheer fright, he started for the old stonewall, without even looking to see who had frightened him. Peter knows that safety first is the important thing. When he reached the old stonewall, where he could dive in between the great stones, he turned to see whether it was Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Bowser the Hound who had so nearly caught him. His heart was going pit-a-pat with fright. What he saw made him blink hard. Over where he had just come from was someone rolling over and over with laughter. Peter's heart gave a great leap of gladness.

"Johnny Chuck!" he shouted, and started back as fast as he had come. "I'll get even with you some day, see if I don't, Johnny Chuck!" he cried, as Johnny scrambled to his feet, grinning broadly. "O, I'm so glad to see you again, Johnny. When did you wake up? How do you feel? Are you going to stay awake now?"

And goodness knows how many more questions Peter would have asked if just then Welcome Robin hadn't warned them that Redtail the Hawk was coming that way, which sent both scrambling into Johnny Chuck's house.

STORY 1279. March 16, 1916

Peter Rabbit Tells Johnny Chuck the News

"My, how thin you are!" exclaimed Peter Rabbit, as he and Johnny Chuck sat on the latter's doorstep in the far corner of the Old Orchard and watched Redtail the Hawk sailing up in the blue, blue sky over the Green Forest.

"What did you expect?" grunted Johnny Chuck. "Did you expect me to be fat after sleeping all Winter with nothing to eat?"

"No," replied Peter. "But you were so dreadfully fat the last time I saw you that you looked as if a long breath would burst your coat right open, and now your coat looks as if you might feel lost inside of it. I suppose it's very nice to sleep all Winter, but think of all you have missed."

"Br-r-r-. I haven't missed much if it has been any colder than it is this morning," replied Johnny Chuck with a shiver.

Peter's eyes opened wide. "You don't call this cold, do you?" he exclaimed. "Why, bless your heart, this is warm. It isn't Winter any longer, for sweet Mistress Spring is here. If you call this cold, I wonder what you would call real Winter weather."

"If it was any colder than this, I'm glad I slept through it," retorted Johnny. "Has anything happened since I went to bed last Fall?"

"Has anything happened!" Peter exclaimed. "Why, something happens every day in Winter just as in Summer. So many things have happened that if I should try to

tell you all it would take me a week. The most astonishing thing was the way Farmer Brown's Boy caught Reddy Fox."

Johnny Chuck's face brightened up right away. "You don't say so! You don't mean to tell me that Reddy Fox actually was caught!" he cried.

Peter nodded. "I certainly do," said he.

"That's good news, Peter," replied Johnny. "Either Reddy Fox must have grown stupid or Farmer Brown's Boy must be getting very smart. That's news worth waking up to up to hear. It takes a great load off my mind to know that I haven't got to be everlastingly watching out for that red-coated scamp. I wish it had been old Granny Fox instead of Reddy, because she is smarter and more to be feared than he is, but with one of them out of the way it will be a lot easier to keep a whole skin. I'm glad you happened along to tell me this this morning. You see, when a fellow has slept all Winter and doesn't know what has been going on he doesn't know just what he has got to look out for when he does wake up. My, but it certainly is a relief to know that Reddy Fox has been caught at last!"

Peter's eyes twinkled and twinkled as Johnny Chuck talked. "Yes," said he, "Reddy was caught, and Mrs. Peter and I saw him caught and carried off by Farmer Brown's Boy. As nearly as we could make out Reddy was frightened to death. The last we saw of him he hung stiff and still over the shoulder of Farmer Brown's Boy. Poor Reddy! It did seem too bad." Peter paused and then he began to chuckle.

"What are you laughing about?" demanded Johnny Chuck.

"I was thinking of the way Reddy celebrated that night with a feast on one of Farmer Brown's chickens," replied Peter.

Johnny Chuck's face fell. "What's that?" he cried so sharply that Peter laughed right out.

"I said that Reddy celebrated that night with a feast on one of Farmer Brown's chickens," repeated Peter.

"But I thought you said that Reddy was dead!" cried Johnny.

"I didn't say anything of the kind,' retorted Peter. "I said that he was caught." Then he told Johnny the whole story. When he had finished Johnny Chuck sighed.

"I thought," said he, "that I should have one less worry this Summer, but if Reddy Fox was as smart as all that I guess I shall have to keep a sharper eye on him than ever. But I'm rather glad after all that Reddy wasn't killed. It wouldn't seem quite the same without him about. Now tell me the rest of the news."

So Peter told him how Mrs. Grouse was caught in a snare and set free again, and all about the hard times and everything else he could think of. When he could think of nothing more, he bade Johnny goodby and started for the Green Forest to see if any of the other sleepers were awake, while Johnny hustled around to try to find a bite to eat.

STORY 1280. March 17, 1916

Unc' Billy Possum is Peevish

"Good nature needs to be well fed."
Is what Unc' Billy Possum said.

What he meant was that it was hard work to be good-natured and hungry at the same time. Sometimes it seems very much as if the seat of one's temper is in one's stomach. It is ever so much easier to be good tempered on a full stomach than on an empty one. Unc' Billy's stomach was empty when Peter Rabbit found him, and it was this and nothing else that made him peevish.

To be peevish is to be cross over little things or over nothing at all, and Unc' Billy Possum was certainly this when Peter discovered him just climbing down from his hollow tree that Spring morning. Peter had just come from the far corner of the Old Orchard, where he had told all the news of the Winter to Johnny Chuck, who had just awakened from his long, long sleep. Peter had been so delighted at seeing Johnny once more that he had started out to see if any other sleepers had been wakened by sweet Mistress Spring, and here, almost the very first thing, was Unc' Billy. Peter kicked up his long heels and hurried forward.

"Hello, Unc' Billy! I'm awfully glad to see you!" he cried.

"Huh!" grunted Unc' Billy.

Peter stopped short and stared. This wasn't at all like Unc' Billy.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" asked Peter.

"A'd be more glad to see something to eat," grumbled Unc' Billy.

Peter didn't know just what to say until he thought of the weather. That is one thing that is usually safe to talk about. "Isn't it a lovely day?" ventured Peter.

"Ah don' see anything lovely," grumbled Unc' Billy.

"Why, just see the beautiful warm sunshine!" cried Peter.

"Ah can't eat it, can Ah?" whined Unc' Billy. "Ah don' see what fo' Mistress Spring wanted to wake me up now, anyway. Ah was just dreaming Ah had found a million nice fresh aiggs an' was going to eat 'em when along she comes an' wakes me up to find Ah don' got nothing but an empty stomach an' can't sleep no mo'. Ouch!" Unc' Billy made a face as he started to walk. You see he was stiff from having slept so long.

For the first time Peter noticed that Unc' Billy looked very thin. His coat was even more rumpled up than usual, and his sharp, pointed face looked sharper and more pointed than ever. In fact, Unc' Billy looked old and forlorn.

"Ah never did like cold weather an' Ah wish Ah was right back in ol' Virginny right now," he grumbled. "Ah don' know what Ah was thinking of to ever come up here. Ah hasn't got anything to eat an' Ah doesn't know whar Ah's goin' to get anything to eat an'—

"Yo' won't get anything to eat unless yo' move faster than yo' are moving now," cried a sharp voice from overhead.

Peter looked up to see the sharp face of old Mrs. Possum looking down from the doorway of Unc' Billy's house. "Yes'm, Ah knows it. Ah's gwine to move right along," replied Unc' Billy meekly. He limped along for a few steps to where the sunshine made a warm golden spot on the carpet of brown leaves, and then he seemed to forget all about moving on, for he sat down and once more began to whine.

It was so unlike Unc' Billy that Peter didn't know what to do or say or say. You see, Peter himself was feeling particularly glad and happy because Mistress Spring had arrived and he couldn't understand how anyone could feel any other way. He was just about to say so when a beetle ran out from under a piece of bark right in front of Unc' Billy.

There was no stiffness about Unc' Billy then. No, sir, there wasn't even a hint of stiffness. In two jumps he had that beetle and in the wink of eye that beetle had disappeared. Where? Well, that I cannot say, but Unc' Billy was smacking his lips and patting his stomach and a surprising change had come over him.

"I didn't know that you ate beetles!" exclaimed Peter.

"Ah eats anything when Ah am as hungry as Ah am now, Brer Rabbit. Ah have a notion Ah could eat yo'," replied Unc' Billy with a wink and an old-time grin.

"And I have a notion that you can't because you can't catch me," retorted Peter. "That beetle seems to have made you feel a great deal better."

"It has. It sho'ly has," replied Unc' Billy. "Isn't this nice Spring weather?"

STORY 1281. March 18, 1916

More Old Friends Greet Peter

Peter Rabbit chuckled to himself as he left Unc' Billy Possum and scampered on down the Lone Little Path through the Green Forest toward Bobby Coon's house. "A stomach is a funny thing," thought Peter. "Yes, sir, a stomach is a funny thing. People say that this one or that one is good hearted or hard hearted when half the time I don't believe the heart has anything to do with it. It's the stomach. That's what it is—the stomach. If a fellow's stomach is just comfortably full, he is good-natured, and if it is uncomfortably empty he is cross. It's surely funny how differently things look when you've got something in your stomach. Now this is certainly a beautiful Spring morning, but Unc' Billy Possum couldn't see it until he got that beetle in his stomach. Then he was his old, good-natured self all in a wink. Why, if it wasn't for stomachs we wouldn't have much of anything to worry about!"

Peter stopped running to think this new idea over. He can always think better sitting still. "It's a fact," continued Peter, talking out loud to himself. "If it wasn't for our stomachs we would never have to worry about food and we wouldn't have to worry about enemies because we wouldn't have any!" At this amazing thought Peter's eyes

opened very wide. He felt that he had made a discovery.

"I don't know about that," said a voice. "You seem to forget about men with their terrible guns and traps. They hunt us for fun more than they do for food, though I must say I can't see where the fun comes in."

Peter whirled about. There was Jimmy Skunk. "Hello, Jimmy!" he cried. "I'm ever so glad to see you. When did you wake up? You are looking pretty well for one who has had nothing to eat since last Fall."

"Who said I had had nothing to eat since last Fall?" demanded Jimmy.

"Well, haven't you been asleep all Winter?" asked Peter.

"I should say not!" returned Jimmy Skunk, with something like scorn in his voice. "It is a wonder to me, Peter, that with all your own curiosity you know so little about your neighbors. I only sleep when the weather is too bad to get about comfortably. That is the time to sleep, as anyone with common sense knows. But when the snow isn't too deep, I come out in Winter just for a little exercise and to get a bite to eat. I'm not so foolish as to sleep all the time, nor am I so foolish as to come out when the weather is bad. I believe in being comfortable."

"There's no doubt about that," said another voice. Peter and Jimmy looked up to see Bobby Coon coming up the Lone Little Path. Bobby yawned and rubbed his eyes.

"Hello, old sleepyhead!" cried Peter. "When did you wake up?"

"This morning," replied Bobby. "Drummer the Woodpecker hammered on the side of my house until I couldn't sleep another wink. I had to get up to drive him away. Funny how inconsiderate of others some people are. Now that I'm up I guess I'll get something to eat. I feel hollow clear to my toes. I think I'll go over to the Laughing Brook and see if I can't catch a fish or two."

"That reminds me. Have either of you fellows seen any fat beetles this morning?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

"If I had they would be where they would be doing the most good now," replied Bobby Coon, patting his stomach.

"I've seen one," said Peter.

"Where?" demanded Jimmy Skunk eagerly.

"Disappearing down the throat of Unc' Billy Possum," chuckled Peter.

"Huh," grunted Jimmy, with a disappointed air. "If that old sinner is abroad, I guess I better be moving if I want to get my share of fat beetles."

So Jimmy Skunk started on down the Lone Little Path, Bobby Coon ambled off toward the Laughing Brook and Peter Rabbit headed for the Smiling Pool to see if Grandfather Frog was awake yet.

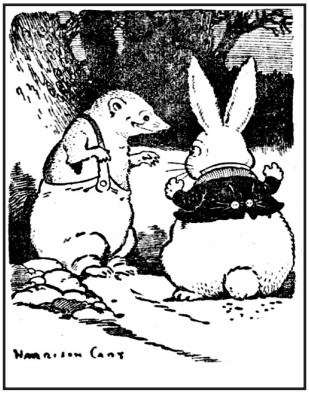
Illustrations. March 13 to March 18, 1916.

1276. Welcome Robin Tells of His Journey
"I didn't know you could see at night," said he.

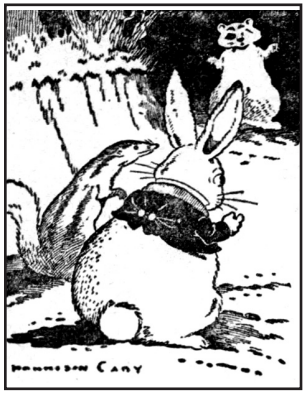
1277. How Welcome Robin Nearly Lost His Life
"The first thing I knew I hit that tower with the tip of one wing."

1278. Peter Rabbit is Scared and Glad
With a little scream of fright he started for the Old Stone Wall.

1279. Peter Rabbit Tells Johnny Chuck the News
"My, how thin you are!" exclaimed Peter Rabbit.



1280. Unc' Billy Possum is Peevish
For the first time Peter noticed Unc' Billy looked very thin.



1281. More Old Friends Greet Peter
Peter and Jimmy looked up to see Bobby Coon coming up the Lone Little Path.

STORY 1282. March 20, 1916

Peter Becomes Acquainted with Mrs. Quack

Make a new acquaintance every time you can;
You'll find it interesting and a very helpful plan.

It means more knowledge. You cannot meet any one without learning something from him, if you keep your ears open and your eyes open. Everyone is at least a little different from every one else, and the more people you know, the more you may learn. Peter Rabbit knows this, and that is one reason he always is so eager to find out about other people. He had left Jimmy Skunk and Bobby Coon in the Green Forest and had headed for the Smiling Pool to see if Grandfather Frog was awake yet he had no idea of meeting a stranger there, and so you can imagine just how surprised he was when he got in sight of the Smiling Pool to see someone whom he never had seen before swimming about there. He knew right away who it was. He knew that it was Mrs. Quack the Duck, because he had often heard about her.[9] And then, too, it was very clear from her looks that she was a cousin of the ducks he had seen in Farmer Brown's dooryard. The difference was that while they were big and white and stupid-looking, Mrs. Quack was smaller, brown, very trim, and looked anything but stupid.

Peter was so surprised to see her in the Smiling Pool that he almost forgot to be polite. I am afraid he stared in a very impolite way as he hurried to the edge of the bank. "I suppose," said Peter, "that you are Mrs. Quack, but I never expected to see you unless I should go over to the Big River, and that is a place I never have visited and hardly expect to because it is too far from the dear Old Briar-patch. You are Mrs. Quack, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Quack, "and you must be Peter Rabbit. I've heard of you very often." All the time Mrs. Quack was swimming back and forth and in little circles in the most uneasy way.

"I hope you've heard nothing but good of me," replied Peter.

Mrs. Quack stopped her uneasy swimming for a minute and almost smiled as she looked at Peter, "The worst I have heard is that you are very curious about other people's affairs," said she.

Peter looked a wee, wee bit foolish, and then he laughed right out. "I guess that is true enough," said he. "I like to learn all I can, and how can I learn without being curious? I'm curious right now. I'm wondering what brings you to the Smiling Pool when you never have been here before. It is the last place in the world I ever expected to find you."

"That's why I'm here," replied Mrs. Quack. "I hope others feel the same way. I came here because I just HAD to find some place where people wouldn't expect to find

9 STORY 280, 1913. Peter Rabbit has seen Mrs. Quack's tracks but not Mrs. Quack herself. Note: Mrs. Quack is definitely a Mallard, not a Black Duck, as conjectured in previous volumes.

me and so wouldn't come looking for me. Little Joe Otter saw me yesterday on the Big River and told me of this place, and so, because I just had to go somewhere, I came here."

Peter's eyes opened very wide with surprise. "Why," he exclaimed, "I should think you would be perfectly safe on the Big River! I don't see how any harm can possibly come to you out there."

The words were no sooner out of Peter's mouth than a faint bang sounded from way off towards the Big River. Mrs. Quack gave a great start and half lifted her wings as if to fly. But she thought better of it, and then Peter saw that she was trembling all over. "Did you hear that?" she asked in a faint voice.

Peter nodded. "That was a gun, a terrible gun, but it was a long way from here," said he.

"It was over on the Big River," said Mrs. Quack. "That's why it isn't safe for me over there. That's why I just had to find some other place. Oh, dear, the very sound of a gun sets me to shaking and makes my heart feel as if it would stop beating. Are you sure I am perfectly safe here?"

"Perfectly," spoke up Jerry Muskrat, who had been listening from the top of the Big Rock, where he was lunching on a clam, "unless you are not smart enough to keep out of the clutches of Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Hooty the Owl or Redtail the Hawk."

"I'm not afraid of them," declared Mrs. Quack. "It's those two-legged creatures with terrible guns I'm afraid of," and she began to swim about more uneasily than ever.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 1, "Peter Rabbit Becomes Acquainted with Mrs. Quack)

STORY 1283. March 21, 1916

Mrs. Quack is Distrustful

Jerry Muskrat thinks there is no place in the world like the Smiling Pool. So, for the matter of that, does Grandfather Frog and also Spotty the Turtle. You see, they have spent their lives there and know little about the rest of the Great World. Jerry had told Mrs. Quack, who was visiting the Smiling Pool for the first time, that she was perfectly safe there if she was smart enough not to let Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Hooty the Owl or Redtail the Hawk catch her. At the mere mention of them, Mrs. Quack would have turned up her nose had it been the kind of noise that could be turned up. As it was, she said rather scornfully that she wasn't afraid of them. What she was afraid of, she explained was that a two-legged creature with a terrible gun might find her there.

Jerry Muskrat hastened to tell her that she had nothing to worry about on that account.

"No one hunts here now that Farmer Brown's boy has put away his terrible gun,"

explained Jerry. “There was a time when he used to hunt here and set traps, which are worse than terrible guns, but that was long ago, before he knew any better.”

“Who is Farmer Brown’s boy?” demanded Mrs. Quack, looking more anxious than ever. “Is he one of those two-legged creatures?”

“Yes,” said Peter Rabbit, who had been listening with all his ears, “but he is the best friend we Quaddies[10] have got. He is such a good friend that he ought to be a Quaddy himself. Why, this last winter he fed some of us when food was scarce, and he saved Mrs. Grouse when she was caught in a snare, which you know is a kind of trap. He won’t let any harm come to you here, Mrs. Quack.”

“I wouldn’t trust him, not for one single little minute,” declared Mrs. Quack, swimming around uneasily. “I wouldn’t trust one of those two-legged creatures, not one. You say he fed some of you last winter, but that doesn’t mean anything good. Do you know what I’ve known these two-legged creatures to do?”

“What?” demanded Peter and Jerry together.

“I’ve known them to scatter food where we ducks would be sure to find it and to take the greatest care that nothing should frighten us while we were eating. And then, after we had got in the habit of feeding in that particular place and had grown to feel perfectly safe there, they have hidden close by until a lot of us were feeding together and then fired their terrible guns and killed a lot of my friends and dreadfully hurt a lot more. I wouldn’t trust one of them, not one!”

“Oh, how dreadful!” cried Peter, looking quite as shocked as he felt. Then he added eagerly, “But our Farmer Brown’s boy wouldn’t do anything like that. You haven’t the least thing to fear from him.”

“Perhaps not,” said Mrs. Quack, shaking her head doubtfully, “but I wouldn’t trust him. I wouldn’t trust him as far off as I could see him. The Smiling Pool is a very nice place, although it is dreadfully small, but if Farmer Brown’s boy is likely to come over here, I guess I better look for some other place, though goodness knows where I will find one where I will feel perfectly safe.”

“You are safe right here, if you have sense enough to stay here,” declared Jerry Muskrat rather testily. “Don’t you suppose Peter and I know what we are talking about?”

“I wish I could believe so,” returned Mrs. Quack sadly, “but if you had been through what I’ve been through, and suffered what I’ve suffered, you wouldn’t believe any place safe, and you certainly wouldn’t trust one of those two-legged creatures. Why, for weeks they haven’t given me a chance to get a square meal, and—and—I don’t know what has become of Mr. Quack, and I’m all alone!” There was a little sob in her voice and tears in her eyes.

“Tell us all about it,” begged Peter. “Perhaps we can help you.”

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 2)

10 “Quaddies” was omitted from the book version.

STORY 1284. March 22, 1916

Mrs. Quack Tells About Her Home

"It's a long story," said Mrs. Quack, shaking the tears from her eyes, "and I hardly know where to begin." You remember Peter Rabbit had asked her to tell all about the things she had suffered which made her so timid and distrustful.

"Begin at the beginning," said Jerry Muskrat. "Your home is somewhere way up in the Northland where Honker the Goose lives, isn't it?"

Mrs. Quack nodded. "I wish I were there this very minute," she replied, the tears coming again. "But sometimes I doubt if ever I'll get there again. You folks who don't have to leave your homes every year don't know how well off you are or how much you have to be thankful for."

"I never could understand what people want to leave their homes for, anyway," declared Peter.

"We don't leave because we want to, but because we have to," replied Mrs. Quack, "and we go back just as soon as we can. What would you do if you couldn't find a single thing to eat?"

"I guess I'd starve," replied Peter simply.

"I guess you would, and that is just what we would do, if we didn't take the long journey south when Jack Frost freezes everything tight up there where my home is," returned Mrs. Quack. "He comes earlier up there and stays twice as long as he does here, and makes ten times as much ice and snow. We get most of our food in the water or in the mud under the water, as of course you know, and when the water is frozen, there isn't a scrap of anything we can get to eat. We just have to come south. It isn't because we want to, but because we must!

"Then I don't see what you want to make your home in such a place for," said practical Peter. "I should think you would make it where you can live all the year around."

"I was born up there, and I love it just as you love the dear Old Briar-patch," replied Mrs. Quack simply. "It is home, and there is no place like home. Besides, it is a very beautiful and a very wonderful place in summer. There is everything that ducks and geese love there. There is all we want of the food we love best. Everywhere is shallow water with tall grass growing in it."

"Huh!" interrupted Peter, "I wouldn't think much of a place like that."

"That's because you don't know what is good," snapped Jerry Muskrat. "It would suit me," he added, with shining eyes.

"There are the dearest little islands just made for safe nesting-places," continued Mrs. Quack, without heeding the interruptions. "And the days are long, and it is easy to hide, and there is nothing to fear, for two-legged creatures with terrible guns never

come there."

"If there is nothing to fear, why do you care about places to hide?" demanded Peter.

"Well, of course, we have enemies, just as you do here, but they are natural enemies, foxes and minks and hawks and owls," explained Mrs. Quack. "Of course, we have to watch out for them and have places where we can hide from them, but it is our wits against their wits, and it is our own fault if we get caught. That is perfectly fair, so we don't mind that. It is only men who are not fair.

Peter nodded that he understood, and Mrs. Quack went on. "Last summer Mr. Quack and I had our nest on the dearest little island, and no one found it. First we had twelve eggs, and then twelve of the dearest babies you ever saw."

"Maybe," said Peter doubtfully, thinking of his own babies.

"They grew so fast that by the time the cold weather came, they were as big as their father and mother," continued Mrs. Quack. "And they were smart, too. They had learned how to take care of themselves just as well as I could. I certainly was proud of that family. But now I don't know where one of them is."

Mrs. Quack suddenly choked up with grief, and Peter Rabbit politely turned his head away.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 3)

STORY 1285. March 23, 1916

Mrs. Quack Continues Her Story

When Mrs. Quack told of her twelve children and how she didn't know where one of them was, Peter Rabbit and Jerry Muskrat knew just how badly she was feeling, and they turned their heads away and pretended that they didn't see her tears. In a few minutes she bravely went on with her story.

"When Jack Frost came and we knew it was time to begin the long journey, Mr. Quack and myself and our twelve children joined with some other duck families, and with Mr. Quack in the lead, we started for our winter home, which really isn't a home but just a place to stay. For a while we had nothing much to fear. We would fly by day and at night rest in some quiet lake or pond or on some river, with the Great Woods all about us or sometimes great marshes. Perhaps you don't know what marshes are. If the Green Meadows here had little streams of water through them every which way, and the ground was all soft and muddy and full of water, and the grass grew tall, they would be marshes."

Jerry Muskrat's eyes sparkled. "I would like a place like that!" he exclaimed.

"You certainly would," replied Mrs. Quack. "We always find lots of your relatives in such places."

"Marshes must be something like swamps," ventured Peter Rabbit, who had been

thinking the matter over.

"Very much the same, only with grass and rushes in place of trees and bushes," replied Mrs. Quack. "There is plenty to eat and the loveliest hiding-places. In some of these we stayed days at a time. In fact, we stayed until Jack Frost came to drive us out. Then as we flew, we began to see the homes of these terrible two-legged creatures called men, and from that time on we never knew a minute of peace, excepting when we were flying high in the air or far out over the water. If we could have just kept flying all the time or never had to go near the shore, we would have been all right. But we had to eat."

"Of course," said Peter. "Everybody has to eat."

"And we had to rest," said Mrs. Quack.

"Certainly," said Peter. "Everybody has to do that."

"And to eat we had to go in close to shore where the water was not at all deep, because it is only in such places that we can get food," continued Mrs. Quack. "It takes a lot of strength to fly as we fly, and strength requires plenty of food. Mr. Quack knew all the best feeding-places, for he had made the long journey several times, so every day he would lead the way to one of these. He always chose the wildest and most lonely looking places he could find, as far as possible from the homes of men, but even then, he was never careless. He would lead us around back and forth over the place he had chosen, and we would all look with all our might for signs of danger. If we saw none, we would drop down a little nearer and a little nearer. But with all our watchfulness, we never could be sure, absolutely sure, that all was safe. Sometimes those terrible two-legged creatures would be hiding in the very middle of the wildest, most lonely looking marshes. They would be covered with grass so that we couldn't see them. Then, as we flew over them, would come the bang, bang, bang, bang of terrible guns, and always some of our flock would drop and we would have to leave them behind, for we knew if we wanted to live we must get beyond the reach of those terrible guns. So we would fly our hardest. It was awful, just simply awful!"

Mrs. Quack paused and shuddered, and Peter Rabbit and Jerry Muskrat shuddered in sympathy.

"Sometimes we would have to try three or four feeding-places before we found one where there were no terrible guns. And when we did find one, we would be so tired and frightened that we couldn't enjoy our food, and we didn't dare to sleep without someone on watch all the time. It was like that every day. The farther we got, the worse it became. Our flock grew smaller and smaller. Those who escaped the terrible guns would be so frightened that they would forget to follow their leader and would fly in different directions and later join other flocks. So it was that when at last we reached the place in the sunny Southland for which we had started, Mr. Quack and I were alone. What became of our twelve children I don't know. I am afraid the terrible guns got some. I hope some joined other flocks and escaped, but I don't know."

"I hope they did too," said Peter.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 4)

STORY 1286. March 24, 1916

Peter Learns More of Mrs. Quack's Troubles

It often happens when we know
The troubles that our friends pass through,
Our own seem very small indeed;
You'll always find that this is true.

"My, you must have felt glad when you reached your winter home!" exclaimed Peter Rabbit when Mrs. Quack finished the account of her long, terrible journey from her summer home in the far Northland to her winter home in the far Southland.

"I did," replied Mrs. Quack, "but all the time I couldn't forget those to whom terrible things had happened on the way down, and then, too, I kept dreading the long journey back."

"I don't see why you didn't stay right there. I would have," said Peter, nodding his head with an air of great wisdom.

"Not if you were me," replied Mrs. Quack. "In the first place it isn't a proper place in which to bring up young ducks and make them strong and healthy. In the second place there are more dangers down there for young ducks than up in the far Northland. In the third place there isn't room for all the ducks to nest properly. And lastly there is a great longing for our real home, which Old Mother Nature has put in our hearts and which just makes us go. We couldn't be happy if we didn't."

"Is the journey back as bad as the journey down?" asked Peter.

"Worse, very much worse," replied Mrs. Quack sadly. "You can see for yourself just how bad it is, for here I am all alone." Tears filled Mrs. Quack's eyes. "It is almost too terrible to talk about," she continued after a minute. "You see, for one thing, food isn't as plentiful as it is in the fall, and we just have to go wherever it is. Those two-legged creatures called men know where those feeding-grounds are just as well as we do, and they hide there with their terrible guns just as they did when we were coming south. But it is much worse now, very much worse. You see, when we were going the other way, if we found them at one place we could go on to another, but when we are going north we cannot always do that. We cannot go any faster than Jack Frost does. Sometimes we are driven out of a place by the bang, bang of the terrible guns and go on, only to find that we have caught up with Jack Frost, and that the ponds and the rivers are still covered with ice. Then there is nothing to do but to turn back to where those terrible guns are waiting for us. We just have to do it."

Mrs. Quack stopped and shivered. "It seems to me I have heard nothing but the noise of those terrible guns ever since we started," said she. "I haven't had a good square meal for days and days, nor a good rest. That is what makes me so dreadfully nervous. Sometimes, when we had been driven from place to place until we had caught up with Jack Frost, there would be nothing but ice excepting in small places in a river where the water runs too swiftly to freeze. We would just have to drop into one of

these to rest a little, because we had flown so far that our wings ached as if they would drop off. Then just as we would think we were safe for a little while, there would come the bang of a terrible gun. Then we would have to fly again as long as we could, and finally come back to the same place because there was no other place where we could go. Then we would have to do it all over again until night came. Sometimes I think that those men with terrible guns must hate us and want to kill every one of us. If they didn't, they would have a little bit of pity. They simply haven't any hearts at all."

"It does seem so," agreed Peter. "But wait until you know Farmer Brown's boy! He's got a heart!" he added brightly.

"I don't want to know him," retorted Mrs. Quack. "If he comes near here, you'll see me leave in a hurry. I wouldn't trust him, not one minute. You don't think he will come, do you?"

Peter sat up and looked across the Green Meadows, and his heart sank. "He's coming now, but I'm sure he won't hurt you, Mrs. Quack," said he.

But Mrs. Quack wouldn't wait to see. With a hasty promise to come back when the way was clear, she jumped into the air and on swift wings disappeared towards the Big River.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 5)

STORY 1287. March 25, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Visits Smiling Pool

Farmer Brown's boy had heard Welcome Robin singing in the Old Orchard quite as soon as Peter Rabbit had, and that song of "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!" had awakened quite as much gladness in his heart as it had in Peter's heart. It meant that Mistress Spring really had arrived, and that meant that over in the Green Forest and down on the Green Meadows there would soon be sky blue, and just as sky white violets to look for, and other flowers almost if not quite as sweet and lovely. It meant that his feathered friends would soon be busy house-hunting and building. It meant that his little friends in fur would also be doing something very similar, if they had not already done so. It meant that soon there would be a million lovely things to see and a million joyous sounds to hear.

So the sound of Welcome Robin's voice made the heart of Farmer Brown's boy even more happy than it was before, and as Welcome Robin just had to sing, so Farmer Brown's boy just had to whistle. When his work was finished, it seemed to Farmer Brown's boy that something was calling him, calling him to get out on the Green Meadows or over in the Green Forest and share in the happiness of all the little people there. So presently he decided that he would go down to the Smiling Pool to find out how Jerry Muskrat was, and if Grandfather Frog was awake yet, and if the sweet singers of the Smiling Pool had begun their wonderful spring chorus yet.

Down the Crooked Little Path cross the Green Meadows he tramped, and as he

drew near the Smiling Pool, he stopped whistling lest the sound should frighten some of the little people there. He was still some distance from the Smiling Pool when out of it sprang a big bird and on swift, whistling wings flew away in the direction of the Big River. Farmer Brown's boy stopped and watched until the bird had disappeared, and on his face was a look of great surprise.

"As I live, that was a duck!" he exclaimed. "That is the first time I've ever known a wild duck to be in the Smiling Pool. I wonder what under the sun could have brought her over here."

Just then there was a distant bang in the direction of the Big River. Farmer Brown's boy scowled, and it made his face very angry-looking. "That's it," he muttered. "Hunters are shooting the ducks on their way north and have driven the poor things to look for any little mudhole where they can get a little rest. Probably that duck has been shot at so many times on the Big River that she felt safer over here in the Smiling Pool, little as it is."

Farmer Brown's boy had guessed exactly right, as you and I know, and as Peter Rabbit and Jerry Muskrat knew. "It's a shame, a downright shame that any one should want to shoot birds on their way to their nesting-grounds and that the law should let them if they do want to. Some people haven't any hearts; they're all stomachs. I hope that fellow who shot just now over there on the Big River didn't hit anything, and I wish that gun of his might have kicked a little sense of what is right and fair into his head, but of course it didn't."

He grinned at the idea, and then he continued his way towards the Smiling Pool. He hoped he might find another duck there, and he approached the Smiling Pool very, very carefully.

But when he reached a point where he could see all over the Smiling Pool, there was no one to be seen save Jerry Muskrat sitting on the Big Rock and Peter Rabbit on the bank on the other side. Farmer Brown's boy smiled when he saw them.

"Hello, Jerry Muskrat!" said he. "I wonder how a bite of carrot would taste to you."

He felt in his pocket and brought out a couple of carrots. One he put on a little tussock in the water where he knew Jerry would find it. The other he tossed across the Smiling Pool where he felt sure Peter would find it.

Presently he noticed two or three feathers on the water close to the edge of the bank. Mrs. Quack had left them there. "I believe that was a Mallard Duck," said he, as he studied them. "I know what I'll do. I'll go straight back home and get some wheat and corn and put it here on the edge of the Smiling Pool. Perhaps she will come back and find it."

And this is just what Farmer Brown's boy did.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack,* Chapter 6, "Farmer Brown's Boy Visits the Smiling Pool"

Illustrations. March 20 to March 25, 1916.

1282. Peter Becomes Acquainted with Mrs. Quack
Peter was surprised to see her in the Smiling Pond.

1283. Mrs. Quack is Distrustful
Jerry Muskrat hastened to tell her that she had nothing to worry about on that account.

1284. Mrs. Quack Tells About Her Home
Peter nodded that he understood and Mrs. Quack went on.

1285. Mrs. Quack Continues Her Story
There would come the Bang, Bang, Bang of terrible guns.

1286. Peter Learns More of Mrs. Quack's Troubles
"I don't see why you didn't stay right there," cried Peter.

1287. Farmer Brown's Boy Visits Smiling Pool
"Hello, Jerry Muskrat!" said he.

STORY 1288. March 27, 1916

Mrs. Quack Returns

Peter Rabbit just couldn't go back to the dear Old Briar-patch. He just had to know if Mrs. Quack would come back to the Smiling Pool. He had seen Farmer Brown's boy come there a second time and scatter wheat and corn among the brown stalks of last summer's rushes, and he had guessed why Farmer Brown's boy had done this. He had guessed that they had been put there especially for Mrs. Quack, and if she should come back as she had promised to do, he wanted to be on hand when she found those good things to eat and hear what she would say.

So Peter stayed over near the Smiling Pool and hoped with all his might that Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote would not take it into his head to come hunting over there. As luck would have it, neither of them did, and Peter had a very pleasant time gossiping with Jerry Muskrat, listening to the sweet voices of unseen singers in the Smiling Pool, the hylas, which some people call frogs, and eating the carrot which Farmer Brown's boy had left for him.

Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was just getting ready to go to bed behind the Purple Hills when Mrs. Quack returned. The first Peter knew of her coming was the whistle of her wings as she passed over him. Several times she circled around, high over the Smiling Pool, and Peter simply stared in open-mouthed admiration at the speed with which she flew. It didn't seem possible that one so big could move through the air so fast. Twice she set her wings and seemed to just slide down almost to the surface of the Smiling Pool, only to start her stout wings in motion once more and circle around again. It was very clear that she was terribly nervous and suspicious. The third time she landed in the water with a splash and sat perfectly still with her head stretched up, looking and listening with all her might.

"It's all right. There's nothing to be afraid of," said Jerry Muskrat.

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Quack anxiously. "I've been fooled too often by men with their terrible guns to ever feel absolutely sure that one isn't hiding and waiting to shoot me." As she spoke, she swam about nervously.

"Peter Rabbit and I have been here ever since you left, and I guess we ought to know," replied Jerry Muskrat rather shortly. "There hasn't been anybody near here excepting Farmer Brown's boy, and we told you he wouldn't hurt you."

"He brought us each a carrot," Peter Rabbit broke in eagerly.

"Just the same, I wouldn't trust him," replied Mrs. Quack. "Where is he now?"

"He left ever so long ago, and he won't be back to-night," declared Peter confidently.

"I hope not," said Mrs. Quack, with a sigh. "Did you hear the bang of that terrible gun just after I left here?"

"Yes," replied Jerry Muskrat. "Was it fired at you?"

Mrs. Quack nodded and held up one wing. Peter and Jerry could see that one of the long feathers was missing. “I thought I was flying high enough to be safe,” said she, “but when I reached the Big River there was a bang from the bushes on the bank, and something cut that feather out of my wing, and I felt a sharp pain in my side. It made me feel quite ill for a while, and the place is very sore now, but I guess I’m lucky that it was no worse. It is very hard work to know just how far those terrible guns can throw things at you. Next time I will fly higher.”

“Where have you been since you left us?” asked Peter.

“Right in the middle of the Big River,” replied Mrs. Quack. “It was the only safe place. I didn’t dare go near either shore, and I’m nearly starved. I haven’t had a mouthful to eat to-day.”

Peter opened his mouth to tell her of the wheat and corn left by Farmer Brown’s boy and then closed it again. He would let her find it for herself. If he told her about it, she might suspect a trick and refuse to go near the place. He never had seen any one so suspicious, not even Old Man Coyote. But he couldn’t blame her, after all she had been through. So he kept still and waited. He was learning, was Peter Rabbit. He was learning a great deal about Mrs. Quack.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 7)

STORY 1289. March 28, 1916

Mrs. Quack Has a Good Meal and a Rest

There’s nothing like a stomach full
To make the heart feel light;
To chase away the clouds of care
And make the world seem bright.

That’s a fact. A full stomach makes the whole world seem different, brighter, better, and more worth living in. It is the hardest kind of hard work to be cheerful and see only the bright side of things when your stomach is empty. But once fill that empty stomach, and everything is changed. It was just that way with Mrs. Quack. For days at a time she hadn’t had a full stomach because of the hunters with their terrible guns, and when just before dark that night she returned to the Smiling Pool, her stomach was quite empty.

“I don’t suppose I’ll find much to eat here, but a little in peace and safety is better than a feast with worry and danger,” said she, swimming over to the brown, broken-down bulrushes on one side of the Smiling Pool and appearing to stand on her head as she plunged it under water and searched in the mud on the bottom for food. Peter Rabbit looked over at Jerry Muskrat sitting on the Big Rock, and Jerry winked. In a minute up bobbed the head of Mrs. Quack, and there was both a pleased and a worried look on her face. She had found some of the corn left there by Farmer Brown’s boy. At once she swam out to the middle of the Smiling Pool, looking suspiciously this way and that way.

"There is corn over there," said she. "Do you know how it came there?"

"I saw Farmer Brown's boy throwing something over there," replied Peter. "Didn't we tell you that he would be good to you?"

"Quack, quack, quack! I've seen that kind of kindness too often to be fooled by it," snapped Mrs. Quack. "He probably saw me leave in a hurry and put this corn here, hoping that I would come back and find it and make up my mind to stay here a while. He thinks that if I do, he'll have a chance to hide near enough to shoot me. I didn't believe this could be a safe place for me, and now I know it. I'll stay here to-night, but to-morrow I'll try to find some other place. Oh, dear, it's dreadful not to have any place at all to feel safe in." There were tears in her eyes.

Peter thought of the dear Old Briar-patch and how safe he always felt there, and he felt a great pity for poor Mrs. Quack, who couldn't feel safe anywhere. And then right away he grew indignant that she should be so distrustful of Farmer Brown's boy, though if he had stopped to think, he would have remembered that once he was just as distrustful.

"I should think," said Peter with a great deal of dignity, "that you might at least believe what Jerry Muskrat and I, who live here all the time, tell you. We ought to know Farmer Brown's boy if any one does, and we tell you that he won't harm a feather of you."

"He won't get the chance!" snapped Mrs. Quack.

Jerry Muskrat sniffed in disgust. "I don't doubt you have suffered a lot from men with terrible guns," said he, "but you don't suppose Peter and I have lived as long as we have without learning a little, do you? I wouldn't trust many of those two-legged creatures myself, but Farmer Brown's boy is different. If all of them were like him, we wouldn't have a thing to fear from them. He has a heart. Yes, indeed, he has a heart. Now you take my advice and eat whatever he has put there for you, be thankful, and stop worrying. Peter and I will keep watch and warn you if there is any danger."

I don't know as even this would have overcome Mrs. Quack's fears if it hadn't been for the taste of that good corn in her mouth, and her empty stomach. She couldn't, she just couldn't resist these, and presently she was back among the rushes, hunting out the corn and wheat as fast as ever she could. When at last she could eat no more, she felt so comfortable that somehow the Smiling Pool didn't seem such a dangerous place after all, and she quite forgot Farmer Brown's boy. She found a snug hiding-place among the rushes too far out from the bank for Reddy Fox to surprise her, and then with a sleepy "Good night" to Jerry and Peter, she tucked her head under her wing and soon was fast asleep.

Peter Rabbit tiptoed away, and then he hurried lipperty-lipperty-lip to the dear Old Briar-patch to tell Mrs. Peter all about Mrs. Quack.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 8)

STORY 1290. March 29, 1916

Peter Rabbit Makes an Early Call

Peter Rabbit was so full of interest in Mrs. Quack and her troubles that he was back at the Smiling Pool before Mr. Sun had kicked off his rosy blankets and begun his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky. You see, he felt that he had heard only a part of Mrs. Quack's story, and he was dreadfully afraid that she would get away before he could hear the rest. With the first bit of daylight, Mrs. Quack swam out from her hiding-place among the brown rushes. It looked to Peter as if she sat up on the end of her tail as she stretched her neck and wings just as far as she could, and he wanted to laugh right out. Then she quickly ducked her head under water two or three times so that the water rolled down over her back, and again Peter wanted to laugh. But he didn't. He kept perfectly still. Mrs. Quack shook herself and then began to carefully dress her feathers. That is, she carefully put back in place every feather that had been rumpled up. She took a great deal of time for this, for Mrs. Quack is very neat and tidy and takes the greatest pride in looking as fine as she can.

Of course it was very impolite of Peter to watch her make her toilet, but he didn't think of that. He didn't mean to be impolite, and then it was so interesting. "Huh!" said he to himself, "I don't see what any one wants to waste so much time on their clothes for."

You know Peter doesn't waste any time on his clothes. In fact, he doesn't seem to care a bit how he looks. He hasn't learned yet that it always pays to be as neat and clean as possible and that you must think well of yourself if you want others to think well of you.

When at last Mrs. Quack had taken a final shower bath and appeared satisfied that she was looking her best, Peter opened his mouth to ask her the questions he was so full of, but closed it again as he remembered people are usually better natured when their stomachs are full, and Mrs. Quack had not yet breakfasted. So he waited as patiently as he could, which wasn't patiently at all. At last Mrs. Quack finished her breakfast, and then she had to make her toilet all over again. Then Peter hopped to the edge of the bank where she would see him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Quack," said he very politely. "I hope you had a good rest and are feeling very well this morning."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Quack. "I'm feeling as well as could be expected. In fact, I'm feeling better than I have felt for some time in spite of the sore place made by that terrible gun yesterday. You see, I have had a good rest and two square meals, and that is something I haven't had since goodness knows when. This is a very nice place. Let me see, what is it you call it?"

"The Smiling Pool," said Peter.

"That's a good name for it," returned Mrs. Quack. "If only I could be sure that none of those hunters would find me here, and if only Mr. Quack were here, I would be

content to stay a while." At the mention of Mr. Quack, the eyes of Mrs. Quack suddenly filled with tears. Peter felt tears of sympathy in his own eyes.

"Where is Mr. Quack?" he asked.

"I don't know," sobbed Mrs. Quack. "I wish I did. I haven't seen him since one of those terrible guns was fired at us over on the Big River yesterday morning a little while before Little Joe Otter told me about the Smiling Pool. Ever since we started for our home in the far North, I have been fearing that something of this kind might happen. I ought to be on my way there now, but what is the use without Mr. Quack? Without him, I would be all alone up there and wouldn't have any home."

"Won't you tell me all that has happened since you started on your long journey?" asked Peter. "Perhaps some of us can help you."

"I'm afraid you can't," replied Mrs. Quack sadly, "but I'll tell you all about it so that you may know just how thankful you ought to feel that you do not have to suffer what some of us do."

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 9)

STORY 1291. March 30, 1916

How Mr. and Mrs. Quack Started North

Peter Rabbit was eager to help Mrs. Quack in her trouble, though he hadn't the least idea how he could help and neither had she. How anyone who dislikes water as Peter does could help one who lives on the water all the time was more than either one of them could see. And yet without knowing it, Peter was helping Mrs. Quack. He was giving her his sympathy, and sympathy often helps others a great deal more than we even guess. It sometimes is a very good plan to tell your troubles to someone who will listen with sympathy. It was so with Mrs. Quack. She had kept her troubles locked in her own heart so long that it did her good to pour them all out to Peter.

"Mr. Quack and I spent a very comfortable winter way down in the sunny Southland," said she with a far-away look. "It was very warm and nice down there, and there were a great many other ducks spending the winter with us. The place where we were was far from the homes of men, and it was only once in a long while that we had to watch out for terrible guns. Of course, we had to have our wits with us all the time, because there are hawks and owls and minks down there just as there are up here, but any duck who can't keep out of their way deserves to furnish one of them a dinner.

"Then there was another fellow we had to watch out for, a queer fellow whom we never see anywhere but down there. It was never safe to swim too near an old log floating in the water or lying on the bank, because it might suddenly open a great mouth and swallow one of us whole."

"What's that?" Peter Rabbit leaned forward and stared at Mrs. Quack with his eyes popping right out. "What's that?" he repeated. "How can an old log have a mouth?"

Mrs. Quack just had to smile, Peter was so in earnest and looked so astonished.

"Of course," said she, "no really truly log has a mouth or is alive, but this queer fellow I was speaking of looks so much like an old log floating in the water unless you look at him very sharply, that many a heedless young duck has discovered the difference when it was too late. Then, too, he will swim under water and come up underneath and seize you without any warning. He has the biggest mouth I've ever seen, with terrible-looking teeth, and could swallow me whole."

By this time Peter's eyes looked as if they would fall out of his head. "What is his name?" whispered Peter.

"It's Old Ally the Gator," replied Mrs. Quack. "Some folks call him Alligator and some just 'Gator, but we call him Old Ally. He's a very interesting old fellow. Sometime perhaps I'll tell you more about him. Mr. Quack and I kept out of his reach, you may be sure. We lived quietly and tried to get in as good condition as possible for the long journey back to our home in the North. When it was time to start, a lot of us got together, just as we did when we came down from the North, only this time the young ducks felt themselves quite grown up. In fact, before we started there was a great deal of love-making, and each one chose a mate. That was a very happy time, a very happy time indeed, but it was a sad time too for us older ducks, because we knew what dreadful things were likely to happen on the long journey. It is hard enough to lose father or mother or brother or sister, but it is worse to lose a dear mate."

Mrs. Quack's eyes suddenly filled with tears again. "Oh, dear," she sobbed, "I wish I knew what became of Mr. Quack."

Peter said nothing, but looked the sympathy he felt. Presently Mrs. Quack went on with her story. "We had a splendid big flock when we started, made up wholly of pairs, each pair dreaming of the home they would build when they reached the far North. Mr. Quack was the leader as usual, and I flew right behind him. We hadn't gone far before we began to hear the terrible guns, and the farther we went, the worse they got. Mr. Quack led us to the safest feeding and resting grounds he knew of, and for a time our flock escaped the terrible guns. But the farther we went, the more guns there were." Mrs. Quack paused and Peter waited.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 10)

STORY 1292. March 31, 1916

The Terrible, Terrible Guns

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Not a feather spare!
Kill! Kill! Kill! Wound and rip and tear!"

That is what the terrible guns roar from morning to night at Mrs. Quack and her friends as they fly on their long journey to their home in the far North. I don't wonder that she was terribly uneasy and nervous as she sat in the Smiling Pool talking to Peter Rabbit; do you?

"Yes," said she, continuing her story of her long journey from the sunny Southland where she had spent the winter, "the farther we got, the more there were of those terrible guns. It got so bad that as well as Mr. Quack knew the places where we could find food, and no duck that ever flew knew them better, he couldn't find one where we could feel perfectly sure that we were safe. The very safest-looking places sometimes were the most dangerous. If you saw a lot of rabbits playing together on the Green Meadows, you would feel perfectly safe in joining them, wouldn't you?"

Peter nodded. "I certainly would," said he. "If it was safe for them, it certainly would be safe for me."

"Well, that is just the way we felt when we saw a lot of ducks swimming about on the edge of one of those feeding-places. We were tired, for we had flown a long distance, and we were hungry. It was still and peaceful there and not a thing to be seen that looked the least bit like danger. So we went straight in to join those ducks, and then, just as we set our wings to drop down on the water among them, there was a terrible bang, bang, bang, bang! My heart almost stopped beating. Then how we did fly! When we were far out over the water where we could see that nothing was near us, we stopped to rest, and there we found only half as many in our flock as there had been."

"Where were the others?" asked Peter, although he guessed.

"Killed or hurt by those terrible guns," replied Mrs. Quack sadly. "And that wasn't the worst of it. I told you that when we started each of us had a mate. Now we found that of those who had escaped, four had lost their mates. They were heartbroken. When it came time for us to move on, they wouldn't go. They said that it was of no use, for if they did reach the nesting-place in the far North, they couldn't have nests or eggs or young because they had no mates, so what was the use? Besides, they hoped that if they waited around, they might find their mates. They thought they might not have been killed, but just hurt, and might be able to get away from those hunters. So they left us and swam back towards that terrible place, calling for their lost mates, and it was the saddest sound. I know now just how they felt, for I have lost Mr. Quack, and that's why I'm here."

Mrs. Quack drew a wing across her eyes to wipe away the tears.

"But what happened to those ducks that were swimming about there and made you think it was safe?" asked Peter, with a puzzled look on his face.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Quack. "They had been fastened out there in the water by the hunters so as to make us think it safe, and the terrible guns were fired at us and not at them. The hunters were hidden under grass, and that is why we didn't see them."

Peter blinked his eyes rapidly as if he were having hard work to believe what he had been told. "Why," said he at last, "I never heard of anything so dreadfully unfair in all my life! Do you mean to tell me that those hunters actually made other ducks lead you into danger?"

"That's just what I mean," returned Mrs. Quack. "Those two-legged creatures

don't know what fairness is. Why, some of them have learned our language and actually call us in where they can shoot us. Just think of that! They tell us in our own language that there is plenty to eat and all is safe, so that we will think that other ducks are hidden and feeding there, and then when we go to join them, we are shot at! You ought to be mighty thankful, Peter Rabbit, that you are not a duck."

"I am," replied Peter.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 11, first half)

STORY 1293. April 1, 1916

Mrs. Quack's Name for Hunters[11]

The more Peter Rabbit heard about the dreadful things that happened on Mr. Quack's long journey, the more glad he was that he was a rabbit and not a duck. Mrs. Quack had told him of how the hunters with terrible guns had used other ducks to make Mr. and Mrs. Quack and their friends think a feeding place was perfectly safe, and it had seemed to him so unfair that if Mrs. Quack hadn't been so very much in earnest he wouldn't have believed it. Not one of the meadow and forest people who were always trying to catch him would do a thing like that.

"It's all true," said Mrs. Quack, "and those hunters do other things just as unfair. Sometimes awful storms will come up, and we just have to find places where we can rest. Those hunters will hide near those places and shoot at us when we are so tired that we can hardly move a wing. It wouldn't be so bad if a hunter would be satisfied to kill just one duck, just as Reddy Fox is, but he seems to want to kill every duck. I've seen the most awful sights.

Mrs. Quack paused to shudder. After a moment she continued: "I've looked down into one of the hiding places of a hunter and seen a great pile of my friends which he had killed, ever so many of them, and yet he would be trying to kill more. Foxes and hawks and owls catch a good many young ducks, just as they do young rabbits, but you know how we feel about that. They only hunt when they are hungry, and they hunt fairly. When they have got enough to make a dinner they stop. They keep our wits sharp. If we do not keep out of their way, it is our own fault. It is a kind of game—the game of life. I guess it is Old Mother Nature's way of keeping us wide-awake and sharpening our wits, and so making us better fitted to live.

"With these two-legged creatures with terrible guns, it is all different. We don't have any chance at all. If they hunted us as Reddy Fox does, tried to catch us themselves, it would be different. But their terrible guns kill when we are a long way off, and there isn't any way for us to know of the danger. And then, when one of them does kill a duck, he isn't satisfied, but keeps on killing and killing and killing. I'm sure one would make him a dinner, if that is what he wants. Do you know what I call those creatures?"

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11 This story was heavily edited for the book, the passage about "two-legged weasels omitted.

"What?" asked Peter eagerly.

"Two-legged weasels," replied Mrs. Quack. "Yes, sir, I call them two-legged weasels. Do you know why?"

Peter thought for a minute. "I guess because they kill just for the love of killing," said he. "I know Shadow the Weasel does. He hunts and kills just as long as he can find anything that he can kill, and seems to find pleasure in just killing. That is why everybody on the Green Meadow and in the Green Forest hates him, even his own relatives." Peter shivered a little at the very thought of Shadow the Weasel.

Mrs. Quack nodded. "You've guessed right," said she. "These two-legged weasels are worse than Shadow, because he hunts fairly and they don't, and because he always kills those he catches, and they often simply break the wings or otherwise terribly hurt the ones they shoot at, and then leave them to suffer, unable to take care of themselves. Oh, dear, I'm afraid that is what has happened to Mr. Quack."

Once more, poor Mrs. Quack was quite overcome with her troubles and sorrows. Peter wished with all his heart that he could do something to comfort her, but of course he couldn't, so he just sat still and waited until she could tell him just what did happen to Mr. Quack.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 11, "The Terrible, Terrible Guns," second half, significantly edited)

STORY 1294. April 3, 1916

What Did Happen to Mr. Quack

"When did you last see Mr. Quack?" asked Jerry Muskrat, who had been listening while Mrs. Quack told Peter Rabbit about her terrible journey.

"Early yesterday morning," replied Mrs. Quack, the tears once more filling her eyes. "We had reached the Big River over there, just six of us out of the big flock that had started from the sunny Southland. How we got as far as that I don't know. But we did, and neither Mr. Quack nor I had lost a feather from those terrible guns that had banged at us all the way up and that had killed so many of our friends.

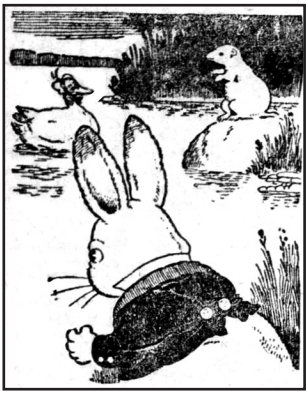
"We were flying up the Big River, and everything seemed perfectly safe. We were in a hurry, and when we came to a bend in the Big River, we flew quite close to shore, so as not to have to go way out and around. That was where Mr. Quack made a mistake. Even the smartest people will make mistakes sometimes, you know."

Peter Rabbit nodded, "I know," said he. "I've made them myself." And then he wondered why Jerry Muskrat laughed right out.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Quack, "that is where Mr. Quack made a mistake, a great mistake. I suppose that because not a single gun had been fired at us that morning, he thought perhaps there were no hunters on the Big River. So to save time he led us close to shore. And then it happened. There was a bang, bang of a terrible gun, and down fell

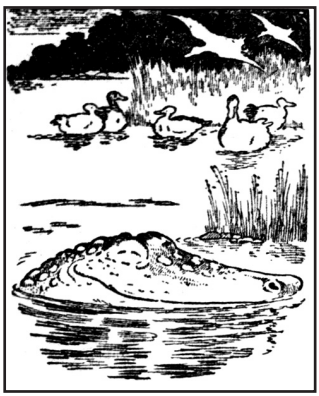
Illustrations. March 27 to April 1, 1916.

1288. Mrs. Quack Returns
"Peter Rabbit and I have been here ever since you left and I guess we ought to know," replied Jerry Muskrat.

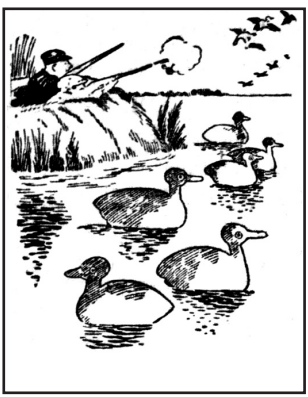


1289. Mrs. Quack Has a Good Meal and a Rest
"I've seen that kind of kindness too often to be fooled," snapped Mrs. Quack.

1290. Peter Rabbit Makes an Early Call
"Good Morning, Mrs. Quack," said he, politely.



1291. How Mr. and Mrs. Quack Started North
"Some folks call him Alligator and some just 'Gator, but we call him Old Ally."



1292. The Terrible, Terrible Guns
"Just as we set our wings to drop down there was a Bang, Bang, Bang."

1293. Mrs. Quack's Name for Hunters
"Two-legged weasels," replied Mrs. Quack.

Mr. Quack just as we had seen so many fall before. It was awful. There was Mr. Quack flying in front of me on swift, strong wings, and there never was a swifter, stronger flier or a handsomer duck than Mr. Quack, and then all in the wink of an eye he was tumbling helplessly down, down to the water below, and I was flying on alone, for the other ducks turned off, and I don't know what became of them.

I couldn't stop to see what became of Mr. Quack, because if I had, that terrible gun would have killed me. So I kept on a little way and then turned and went back, only I kept out in the middle of the Big River. I dropped down on the water and swam about, calling and calling, but I didn't get any answer, and so I don't know what has become of Mr. Quack. I am afraid he was killed, and if he was, I wish I had been killed myself."

Here Mrs. Quack choked up so that she couldn't say another word. Peter's own eyes were full of tears as he tried to comfort her. "Perhaps," said he, "Mr. Quack wasn't killed and is hiding somewhere along the Big River. I don't know why I feel so, but I feel sure that he wasn't killed, and that you will find him yet."

"That's why I've waited instead of going on," replied Mrs. Quack between sobs, "though it wouldn't have been of any use to go on without my dear mate. I'm going back to the Big River now to look for him. The trouble is, I don't dare go near the shore, and if he is alive, he probably is hiding somewhere among the rushes along the banks. I think I'll be going along now, but I'll be back to-night if nothing happens to me. You folks who can always stay at home have a great deal to be thankful for."

"It's lucky for me that Mrs. Peter wasn't here to hear her say that," said Peter, as he and Jerry Muskrat watched Mrs. Quack fly swiftly towards the Big River. "Mrs. Peter is forever worrying and scolding because I don't stay in the dear Old Briar-patch. If she had heard Mrs. Quack say that, I never would have heard the last of it. I wish there was something we could do for Mrs. Quack. I'm going back to the dear Old Briar-patch to think it over, and I guess the sooner I start the better, for that looks to me like Reddy Fox over there, and he's headed this way."

So off for home started Peter, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go, and all the way there he was turning over in his mind what Mrs. Quack had told him and trying to think of some way to help her.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 12)

STORY 1295. April 4, 1916

Peter Tells About Mrs. Quack

To get things done, if you'll but try,
You'll always find there is a way.
What you yourself can't do alone
The chances are another may.

When Peter Rabbit was once more safely back in the dear Old Briar-patch, he told Mrs. Peter all about poor Mrs. Quack and her troubles. Then for a long, long time he

sat in a brown study. A brown study, you know, is sitting perfectly still and thinking very hard. That was what Peter did. He sat so still that if you had happened along, you probably would have thought him asleep. But he wasn't asleep. No, indeed! He was just thinking and thinking. He was trying to think of some way to help Mrs. Quack. At last he gave a little sigh of disappointment.

"It can't be done," said he. "There isn't any way."

"What can't be done?" demanded a voice right over his head.

Peter looked up. There sat Sammy Jay. Peter had been thinking so hard that he hadn't seen Sammy arrive.

"What can't be done?" repeated Sammy. "There isn't anything that can't be done. There are plenty of things that you can't do, but what you can't do someone else can. Just tuck that fact away in that empty head of yours and never say can't." You know Sammy dearly loves to tease Peter.

Peter made a good-natured face at Sammy. "Which means, I suppose, that what I can't do you can. You always did have a pretty good opinion of yourself, Sammy," said he.

"Nothing of the kind," retorted Sammy. "I simply mean that nobody can do everything, and that very often two heads are better than one. It struck me that you had something on your mind, and I thought I might be able to help you get rid of it. But of course, if you don't want my help, supposing I could and would give it to you, that is an end of the matter, and I guess I'll be on my way. The Old Briar-patch is rather a dull place anyway."

Peter started to make a sharp retort, but thought better of it. Instead he replied mildly: "I was just trying to think of some way to help poor Mrs. Quack."

"Help Mrs. Quack!" exclaimed Sammy in surprise. "Where under the sun did you get acquainted with Mrs. Quack? What's the matter with her? She always has looked to me quite able to help herself."

"Well, she isn't. That is, she needs others to help her just now," replied Peter, "and I've been most thinking my head off trying to find a way to help her." Then he told Sammy how he had met Mrs. Quack at the Smiling Pool and how terrible her long journey up from the sunny Southland had been, and how Mr. Quack had been shot by a hunter with a terrible gun, and how poor Mrs. Quack was quite heartbroken, and how she had gone over to the Big River to look for him but didn't dare go near the places where he might be hiding if he were still alive and hurt so that he couldn't fly, and how cruel and terribly unfair were the men with terrible guns, and all the other things he had learned from Mrs. Quack.

Sammy listened with his head cocked on one side, and for once he didn't interrupt Peter or try to tease him or make fun of him. In fact, as Peter looked up at him, he could see that Sammy was very serious and thoughtful, and that the more he heard of Mrs. Quack's story the more thoughtful he looked. When Peter finished, Sammy flew down a little nearer to Peter.

"I beg your pardon for saying your head is empty, Peter," said he. "Your heart is right, anyway. Of course, there isn't anything you can do to help Mrs. Quack, but as I told you in the beginning, what you can't do others can. Now I don't say that I can help Mrs. Quack, but I can try. I believe I'll do a little thinking myself."

So Sammy Jay in his turn went into a brown study, and Peter watched him anxiously and a little hopefully.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 13)

STORY 1296. April 5, 1916

Sammy Jay's Plan to Help Mrs. Quack

Sammy Jay sat on the lowest branch of a little tree in the dear Old Briar-patch just over Peter Rabbit's head, thinking as hard as ever he could. Peter watched him and wondered if Sammy would be able to think of any plan for helping poor Mrs. Quack. He hoped so. He himself had thought and thought until he felt as if his brains were all mixed up and he couldn't think any more. So he watched Sammy and waited and hoped.

Presently Sammy flirted his wings in a way which Peter knew meant that he had made up his mind. "Did I understand you to say that Mrs. Quack said that if Mr. Quack is alive, he probably is hiding among the rushes along the banks of the Big River?" he asked.

Peter nodded.

"And that she said that she doesn't dare go near the banks because of fear of the terrible guns?"

Again Peter nodded.

"Well, if that's the case, what is the matter with some of us who are not afraid of the terrible guns looking for Mr. Quack for her?" said Sammy. "I will, for one, and I'm quite sure that my cousin, Blacky the Crow, will, for another. He surely will if he thinks it will spoil the plans of any hunters. Blacky would go a long distance to do that. He hates terrible guns and the men who use them. And he knows all about them. He has very sharp eyes, has Blacky, and he knows when a man has got a gun and when he hasn't. More than that, he can tell better than anyone I know of just how near he can safely go to one of those terrible guns. He is smart, my cousin Blacky is, and if he will help me look for Mr. Quack, we'll find him if he is alive."

"That will be splendid!" cried Peter, clapping his hands. "But aren't you afraid of those terrible guns, Sammy?"

"Not when the hunters are trying for ducks," replied Sammy. "If there is a duck anywhere in sight, they won't shoot at poor little me or even at Blacky, though they would shoot at him any other time. You see, they know that shooting at us would frighten the ducks. Blacky knows all about the Big River. You know in the winter he

often gets considerable of his food along the banks of it. I've been over there a number of times, but I don't know so much about it as he does.

Now here is my plan. I'll go find Blacky and tell him all about what we want to do for Mrs. Quack. Then, when Mrs. Quack comes back to the Smiling Pool, if she hasn't found Mr. Quack, we'll tell her what we are going to do and what she must do. She must swim right up the Big River, keeping out in the middle where she will be safe. If there are any hunters hiding along the bank, they will see her, and then they won't shoot at Blacky or me because they will keep hoping that Mrs. Quack will swim in near enough for them to shoot her. Blacky will fly along over one bank of the Big River, and I will do the same over the other bank, keeping as nearly opposite Mrs. Quack as we can. Being up in the air that way and looking down, we will be able to see the hunters and also Mr. Quack, if he is hiding among the rushes. Are you quite sure that Mrs. Quack will come back to the Smiling Pool to-night?"

"She said she would," replied Peter. "Last night she came just a little while before dark, and I think she will do the same thing to-night, to see if any more corn has been left for her. You know Farmer Brown's boy put some there yesterday, and it tasted so good to her that I don't believe she will be able to stay away, even if she wants to. I think your plan is perfectly splendid, Sammy Jay. I do hope Blacky the Crow will help."

"He will. Don't worry about that," replied Sammy. "Hello! There goes Farmer Brown's boy over to the Smiling Pool now."

"Then there will be some more corn for Mrs. Quack. I just know it!" cried Peter. "He is going to see if Mrs. Quack is there, and I just know he has his pockets full of corn."

"I wouldn't mind a little of it myself," said Sammy. "Well, I must go along to hunt up Blacky. Good-by, Peter."

"Good-by and good luck," replied Peter. "I've always said you are not half such a bad fellow as you try to make folks think you are, Sammy Jay."

"Thanks," said Sammy, and started for the Green Forest to look for his cousin, Blacky the Crow.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 14)

STORY 1297. April 6, 1916

Mrs. Quack is Quite Hopeless[12]

Late in the afternoon Peter Rabbit hurried over to the Smiling Pool, lippety-lippety-lip. As he drew near, he could see that Sammy Jay was already there, sitting in the Big Hickory Tree.

"It's all right!" shouted Sammy as soon as Peter was near enough to hear. "I found

12 This chapter was not used in the book.

Blacky the Crow, and he says he will do his part."

"Is Mrs. Quack here yet?" asked Peter, quite out of breath with running. "No," replied Sammy. "I hope nothing has happened to her."

"Farmer Brown's Boy has been here and scattered some more corn among the rushes," spoke up Jerry Muskrat, who was sitting on the Big Rock. "Have you thought of any plan to help Mrs. Quack?"

"Yes," replied Peter. Then he hastened to add, "I mean Sammy Jay has."

"Huh!" replied Jerry Muskrat. "Whenever did Sammy Jay plan anything but mischief? If Mrs. Quack has got to trust to him she is more likely to get into trouble than out of it."

Sammy started to scream angrily at Jerry, but just then he saw Mrs. Quack coming from the direction of the Big River and forgot his anger. Mrs. Quack came swiftly, for she is very strong of wing. She saw Peter sitting on the bank of the Smiling Pool, and she felt sure that the way was safe. But she had suffered too much in the past to trust anything but her own eyes, and so she circled around high in the air once or twice just as she had the night before. At last sure that there was no danger she flew down and splashed into the Smiling Pool.

"Have you found Mr. Quack?" asked Peter eagerly.

Mrs. Quack shook her head sorrowfully. "No," said she, and her voice was very sad. "There have been hunters with terrible guns hiding on the banks of the Big River all day, and I've about given up hope. I'm sure Mr. Quack was killed by those terrible guns. O, dear! O, dear! What shall I do, What shall I do?"

Poor Mrs. Quack was so heart-broken that even Sammy Jay, who pretends that he isn't the least bit soft- hearted, turned away his head to hide a suspicious moisture in his eyes. Then Mrs. Quack began to talk again.

"One thing I did do, even if I didn't find Mr. Quack," said she. "I saved some other ducks from those terrible guns. I saw them flying up the Big River and I called to them and warned them not to go near the banks. If I hadn't, they would have gone right where we did when Mr. Quack was shot. They wanted me to go on with them, but I couldn't without my dear mate."

"Farmer Brown's Boy has left some more corn for you," Jerry Muskrat broke in.

Instantly Mrs. Quack was all suspicion. She swam about nervously and seemed ready to fly at the least strange sound. "He has put it there to try to fool me. He thinks I'll stay around here if I find plenty to eat, and one of these times when I come back, he will be hiding to shoot me," said she.

"You're wrong, Mrs. Quack," spoke up Sammy Jay, who had kept still an unusually long time for him. "You're dead wrong. If Farmer Brown's Boy has put corn over there for you, he has done it out of the goodness of his heart. You take my word for it. You know the Jay family well enough to know we are naturally suspicious and not easily fooled. You take it from me as a fact that Farmer Brown's Boy won't hurt

a feather of you. It took me a long time to feel sure, but now I KNOW that Farmer Brown's Boy is all right. You take my advice and eat that corn and stop worrying."

"And Sammy Jay is going to help you find Mr. Quack. He's got the most splendid plan!" cried Peter.

Mrs. Quack shook her head sadly. "It's very kind of him to want to help, but I don't believe it's a bit of use. I'm sure I shall never see Mr. Quack again," said she.

STORY 1298. April 7, 1916

The Hunt for Mr. Quack

In spite of her hopelessness in regard to Mr. Quack, there is no doubt that Mrs. Quack felt better that night after she had eaten the corn left among the rushes of the Smiling Pool by Farmer Brown's boy. Now that her stomach was full and she had that very comfortable feeling that goes with a full stomach, she could think better. As the Black Shadows crept across the Smiling Pool, she turned over in her mind Sammy Jay's plan for helping her the next day. The more she thought about it, the better it seemed, and she began to feel a little ashamed that she had not appeared more grateful to Sammy when he told her. At the time she had been tired and hungry and discouraged. Now she was beginning to feel rested, and she had a full stomach. These things made all the difference in the world. As she thought over Sammy's plan, she began to feel a little hope, and when at last she put her head under her wing to go to sleep, she had made up her mind that the plan was worth trying, and that she would do her part.

Bright and early the next morning, Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow were in the Big Hickory tree near the Smiling Pool ready to start for the Big River to hunt for Mr. Quack. Peter Rabbit had been so afraid that he would miss something that he had stayed near the Smiling Pool all night, so he was on hand to see the start.

It had been agreed that Mrs. Quack was to go to a certain place on the Big River and then swim up as far as she thought it would be of any use. She was to stay in the middle of the river, where she would be quite safe from hunters with terrible guns, and where also these same hunters would be sure to see her and so not be tempted to shoot at Blacky the Crow if he happened to fly over them. You see, they would hope that Mrs. Quack would swim in near enough to be shot and so would not risk frightening her by shooting at Blacky.

When Mrs. Quack had finished her breakfast, she started for the Big River, and her stout wings moved so swiftly that they made a whistling sound. Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow followed her, but though they flew as fast as they could, Mrs. Quack had reached the Big River before they had gone half the way. When they did get there, they saw Mrs. Quack out in the middle, swimming about and watching for them. Blacky flew across the river and pretended to be hunting for food along the farther bank, just as every hunter knows he often does. Sammy Jay did the same thing on the other bank.

Mrs. Quack swam slowly up the Big River, keeping in the middle, and Blacky

and Sammy followed along up the two banks, all the time using their sharp eyes for all they were worth to find Mr. Quack hiding among the broken-down rushes or under the bushes in the water, for the Big River had overflowed its banks, and in some places bushes and trees were in the water.

Now Sammy Jay dearly loves to hunt for things. Whenever he knows that one of his neighbors in the Green Forest has hidden something, he likes to hunt for it. It isn't so much that he wants what has been hidden, as it is that he wants to feel he is smart enough to find it. When he does find it, he usually steals it, I'm sorry to say. But it is the fun of hunting that Sammy enjoys most. So now Sammy thoroughly enjoyed hunting for Mr. Quack. He peered into every likely hiding-place and became so interested that he quite forgot about the hunters who might be waiting along the bank.

So it happened that he didn't see a boat drawn in among the bushes until he was right over it. Sitting in it was a man with a terrible gun, very intently watching Mrs. Quack out in the middle of the Big River. Sammy was so startled that before he thought he opened his mouth and screamed "Thief! thief! thief!" at the top of his lungs, and flew away with all his might. Mrs. Quack heard his scream and understood just what it meant.

A little later Blacky the Crow discovered another hunter hiding behind the bushes on his side. "Caw! caw! caw!" shouted Blacky, flying out over the water far enough to be safe from that terrible gun he could see.

"Quack! quack!" replied Mrs. Quack, which meant that she understood. And so the hunt went on without a sign of poor Mr. Quack.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 15)

STORY 1299. April 8, 1916

Sammy Jay Sees Something Green

For all their peeking and peering among the broken-down rushes and under the bushes along the banks of the Big River, and no sharper eyes ever peeked and peered, Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow had found no sign of the missing Mr. Quack.

"I guess Mrs. Quack was right and that Mr. Quack was killed when he was shot," muttered Sammy to himself. "Probably one of those hunters had him for dinner long ago. Hello! There's another hunter up where the Laughing Brook joins the Big River! I guess I won't take any chances. I'd like to find Mr. Quack, but Sammy Jay is a lot more important to me than Mr. Quack, and that fellow just might happen to take it into his head to shoot at me."

So Sammy silently flew around back of the hunter and stopped in a tree where he could watch all that the man did. For some time Sammy sat there watching. The hunter was sitting behind a sort of fence of bushes which quite hid him from anyone who might happen to be out on the Big River. But of course Sammy could see him perfectly, because he was behind him. Out in front of that little fence, which was on the very edge

of the water, were a number of what Sammy at first took to be some of Mrs. Quack's relatives. "Why doesn't he shoot them?" thought Sammy. He puzzled over this as he watched them until suddenly it came into his head that he hadn't seen one of them move since he began watching them. The hunter changed his position, and still those ducks didn't move, although some of them were so near that they simply couldn't have helped knowing when the hunter moved unless they were more stupid than any one of Sammy's acquaintance.

This was very curious, very curious indeed. Sammy flew a little nearer and then a little nearer, taking the greatest care not to make a sound. Pretty soon he was so near that he could see those ducks very plainly, and he stared with all his might. He couldn't see any feathers! No, Sir, he couldn't see any feathers! Then he understood.

"Huh!" said he to himself. "Those are not ducks at all. They are just pieces of wood made to look like ducks. Now I wonder what they are for."

In a few minutes he found out. He saw the hunter crouch down a little lower and look down the Big River. Sammy looked too. He saw a flock of real ducks flying swiftly just above the middle of the Big River. Suddenly the leader turned straight towards the place where the hunter was hiding, and the others followed him. He could hear Mrs. Quack calling excitedly out in the middle of the Big River, but the strangers did not heed her. They had their eyes on those wooden ducks and were coming straight in to join them.

"They think they are real ducks and so this place is perfectly safe!" thought Sammy. He saw the hunter make ready to shoot with his terrible gun and then, without stopping to think what might happen to him, he opened his mouth and screamed at the top of his voice. He saw the ducks suddenly swing out towards the middle of the Big River and knew that they had heard his warning. He saw the hunter suddenly rise and point his gun at the flying ducks. He heard the bang, bang of the terrible gun, but not one of the flock was hit. The distance was too great. Sammy chuckled happily. Then he remembered that he himself was within easy reach of that terrible gun, and probably the hunter was very angry. In great fright Sammy turned and flew, dodging behind trees and every second expecting to hear again the roar of that terrible gun.

But he didn't, and so when he thought he was safe, he stopped. Now in flying away from the hunter he had followed the Laughing Brook where it winds through a sort of swamp before it joins the Big River. Because there was more water than could be kept between the banks of the Big River, it had crept over the banks, and all the trees of the swamp were standing in water. Just beyond where Sammy was sitting was a pile of brush in the water. A Jolly Little Sunbeam, dancing down through the tree tops, touched something under the edge of the brush, and Sammy's sharp eyes caught a flash of green. Idly he watched it, and presently it moved. Instantly Sammy was all curiosity. He flew over where he could see better.

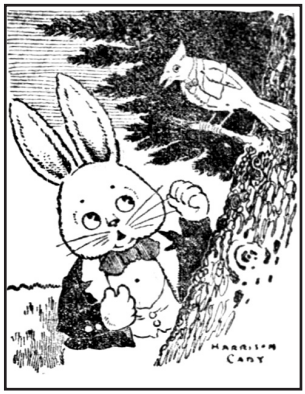
"Now what can that be?" thought Sammy, as he peered down at the pile of brush and tried to see under it.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 16)

Illustrations. April 3 to April 8, 1916.

1294. What Did Happen to Mr. Quack
"We were flying up the Big River and everything seemed perfectly safe."

1295. Peter Tells About Mrs. Quack
"What can't be done?" repeated Sammy.



1296. Sammy Jay's Plan to Help Mrs. Quack
"But aren't you afraid of those terrible guns, Sammy?"

1297. Mrs. Quack is Quite Hopeless
"Have you found Mr. Quack?" asked Peter eagerly.

1298. The Hunt for Mr. Quack
Early the next morning Sammy Jay and Blacky were in the Big Hickory Tree near the Smiling Pool.

1299. Sammy Jay Sees Something Green
"Why doesn't he shoot them?" thought Sammy.

STORY 1300. April 10, 1916

Mr. Quack is Found at Last

Sammy Jay's eyes sparkled as he watched that spot of green he had discovered under the pile of brush in the swamp through which the Laughing Brook finds its way to join the Big River. All around was water, for you know it was spring, and the melting snows on the hills way up where the Big River has its beginning were pouring more water into the Big River than its banks would hold as it hurried down to the Great Ocean. It just couldn't hurry fast enough to take all that water as fast as the water ran into it, and so the water had crept over the banks in places. It had done this right here in the little swamp where Sammy was.

Sammy sat perfectly still, for he learned long ago that only by keeping perfectly still may one see all that is to be seen. That green spot had moved. He was sure of that. And if it moved, it must be something alive. If it was alive, it must be somebody, and Sammy wanted to know who it was. Try as he would he couldn't remember any one who wore such glossy green as that. So he sat perfectly still, for he knew that if whoever was hiding under that brush should even guess that he was being watched, he would not come out.

His eyes sparkling with excitement, Sammy watched. He was impatiently patient. Did you know that it is possible to be impatiently patient? Well, it is. Sammy was just boiling with impatience inside, but he didn't let that impatience spoil the patience of his waiting. He sat there just as still as still, with his eyes fixed on that green spot, and you would never have guessed that he was fairly bursting with impatience to know who it was he was watching. That is what is called self-control. It means the power to make yourself do a certain thing, no matter how much you may want to do something else. It is a splendid thing to have, is self-control.

After what seemed to Sammy a very long time, the green spot moved again. Little by little something reached out from under the pile of brush. It was a head, a very beautiful green head, and it was exactly like Mrs. Quack's head, only hers was a sober brown instead of green. Sammy choked back a little gasp of surprise as a sudden thought popped into his head. Could this be the lost Mr. Quack? He had forgotten that probably Mr. Quack dressed differently from Mrs. Quack, and so of course he had been looking for someone all in brown. There was the bang of a gun somewhere over on the Big River, and the green head was hastily withdrawn under the bush, but not before Sammy had seen a look of terrible fear in his eyes. "I believe it is Mr. Quack!" thought Sammy. "If it is, I'll have the best news ever to tell Mrs. Quack. Just trust Sammy Jay to find anything he goes looking for."

This was just plain boasting, and Sammy knew it. But Sammy always does have a good opinion of himself. It is one of his faults. He quite lost sight of the fact that it was entirely by accident that he had come over to this swamp. Now that he had guessed who this might be, he was less impatient. He waited as still as you please, and at last the green head was slowly stretched out again, and Sammy could see that the neck was green, too, and that around the neck was a white collar. Sammy could keep still no

longer.

"Are you Mr. Quack?" he asked eagerly.

The beautiful head disappeared like a flash. Sammy waited a minute or two, before he repeated his question, adding: "You needn't be afraid. There isn't anybody here but me, and I'm your friend. I just want to know if you are Mr. Quack because I've been looking for you for Mrs. Quack. Are you?"

Slowly, looking this way and that way with fear and suspicion in his eyes, a handsome duck came out from under the pile of brush. "Yes," said he in a low voice, "I am Mr. Quack. Where is Mrs. Quack?"

"Safe and sound over on the Big River," replied Sammy joyfully. "Oh, I'm so glad I've found you!"

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 17)

STORY 1301. April 11, 1916

Sammy Jay Talks with Mr. Quack[13]

When Sammy Jay exclaimed so joyfully that he was so glad that he had found Mr. Quack, a funny look passed over Mr. Quack's face. You see he wasn't at all sure about Sammy. He knew what mischief makers all the Jay family are, and he felt uncertain as to just why Sammy was so glad. He was suspicious of Sammy. Yes, sir, he was suspicious of Sammy Jay. That is what comes of getting a bad name. If you get a bad rep-u-ta-tion, which means being known as doing bad things, people doubt you when you are trying to do something good.

"Quack, quack," said Mr. Quack in a low voice. "Why are you so glad to have found me? Is it to get me into more trouble by letting trouble by letting the hunters know where I am?"

For just a second Sammy's quick temper flared up. "No, it isn't!" he snapped. "I may have done some mean things in my life, but I never have done a thing like that. I'm glad I've found you because Mrs. Quack will be glad. I have been looking for you for her, and so has my cousin, Blacky the Crow."

"Why hasn't she been looking for me herself instead of leaving it for you to do?" inquired Mr. Quack, still a little suspicious.

"How could she?" inquired Sammy scornfully. "You ought to know if anybody does that it wouldn't be safe for her to come anywhere near the banks of the Big River because of the hunters with their terrible guns."

"That is true," admitted Mr. Quack. "Of course she couldn't come looking for me while the hunters are about. But, if you will excuse me, Sammy, just why were you looking for me?"

"Didn't I just tell you it was for the sake of Mrs. Quack?" Sammy's voice was still

13 This and the next story were not used in the book.

sharp. You see he felt that Mr. Quick still doubted him. No one likes to be doubted, especially when trying to do a kindness for another.

Mr. Quack sighed. “I suppose you will stick to it,” said he. “You must excuse me for seeming to doubt you, Mr. Jay, but I cannot remember that any of your family ever tried to help me before, while I do remember very many times when members of the Jay family have made a great deal of trouble for members of my family. Now if you will tell me where the nearest hunter is, you will take a great load from my mind, and I will be ready to believe anything you tell me.”

“Did you hear me scream a little while ago and right afterwards the bang of a terrible gun?” asked Sammy.

Mr. Quack nodded his handsome green head. “Well, that was right over where the Laughing Brook joins the Big River, “and I screamed to warn some ducks who were flying straight in where he was hiding. I think I saved their lives, for when I screamed, they turned at once back to the middle of the Big River where Mrs. Quack was calling to them. But I didn’t wait to see because I was afraid that that hunter might be so angry that he would shoot me. So I flew over here to get out of his sight, and that is how I happened to find you. You look rather thin and poor, Mr. Quack.”

“Why shouldn’t I look thin and poor?” replied Mr. Quack. “Don’t you think you would look thin and poor if you were almost starved?”

“I certainly would,” returned Sammy Jay. “Haven’t you been able to find anything to eat?”

“Not much,” said Mr. Quack. “You see this is a very good hiding place in here, but it is no place at all to find food. I haven’t dared to leave here for fear one of those dreadful hunters would find me, and I would rather starve to death than be killed by one of them. If I could fly it would be different.”

“Can’t you fly? O, Mr. Quack, I’m so sorry,” cried Sammy, who could think of nothing that could possibly be worse than not being able to fly.

“No,” replied Mr. Quack, “I can’t fly. That is why I am here. You see, one of my wings was broken by a shot from a terrible gun, and you know nobody can fly with a broken wing. It—it is a terrible feeling. I hope you never, never, never will know what it is like.”

“I hope I never, never will,” replied Sammy very earnestly. “Tell me, Mr. Quack, how you escaped from the hunter. You must have been very smart to do that with a broken wing.”

STORY 1302. April 12, 1916

Mr. Quack Tells How He Escaped

Mr. Quack looked pleased when Sammy Jay said that he must have been smart to have escaped with a broken wing after having been shot down out of the air by a

hunter with a terrible gun. Sammy saw that Mr. Quack looked pleased. “He is just like everybody else—likes to be thought smart,” said Sammy to himself, but aloud he said nothing at all. He just waited. Mr. Quack looked this way and looked that way to make sure that they were alone. When he was quite sure that they really were alone he began speaking in a low voice, such a low voice that Sammy had to lean forward to make sure of hearing every word.

“When that terrible gun roared, I felt something knock the breath from my body, and at the same time an awful pain in one wing,” said he. “Then I fell, because that hurt wing was quite useless. I couldn’t even flap it, and you know nobody can fly with only one wing. I struck the water so hard that that nearly made me lose what little senses I had left, but didn’t quite, for I did know enough to dive.”

“What is diving?” asked Sammy.

“Going under water, of course, replied Mr. Quack. “I dived under water so that the hunter wouldn’t be able to shoot me again. You see, I fell very close to some broken-down rushes, and I had to swim only a little way to get among them. Then I hid with only my head out of water. The hunter came splashing about among the rushes and I thought surely he would find me. Once he almost stepped on me. But he didn’t see me, and after a while he went back to his hiding place. I don’t know where I suffered most—in my mind or in my body. You see in my mind all the time was a terrible fear that I would be found. At the same time the pain in my broken wing was awful.

“I stayed right where I was until night came, and then I swam out and down the Big River looking for a safer hiding place. I was too sick to eat anything that night. At last, I came to a place where the water was running over the bank among the trees and bushes, and I knew that this would be one of the safest places I could get into. So I swam in among the trees and at last I reached this place. I knew by the sounds that a hunter was not very far away, and so I have kept hidden right here. You are the very first one to find me, although a mink very nearly found me last night. He gave me a great fright. I guess he was in a hurry, for he swam straight past the pile of brush under which I was hiding.”

That must have been Billy Mink, who lives up the Laughing Brook,” said Sammy. “I don’t believe Billy would have harmed you.”

“Huh!” exclaimed Mr. Quack, “I never knew a mink yet who wouldn’t think himself lucky to catch a duck! If Billy Mink had found me then I know well enough that I wouldn’t be here now. But he didn’t, and here I am. The question is, how am I to get away from here? I am starving to death here and yet there is no place to go where I will be safe.”

“I know!” cried Sammy Jay. “You come up to the Smiling Pool. That is the place for you. There is plenty to eat there, for Farmer Brown’s Boy sees to that. He puts corn there for—”

“Who and what is Farmer Brown’s Boy?” demanded Mr. Quack. “Is he one of those two-legged creatures called men?”

Sammy nodded and hastened to explain that Farmer Brown's Boy was different from the cruel hunters. But Mr. Quack would not believe. Really Mr. Quack could hardly be blamed for that, considering all that he had suffered from men. He was just like Mrs. Quack—suspicious of every two-legged creature in the shape of a man. Sammy saw that Mr. Quack wouldn't believe, so he wasted no more time trying to make him believe.

"You stay here and I'll send Mrs. Quack to you," said he as he prepared to fly away.

"Mr. Quack smiled a little sadly. "You needn't fear but that I'll stay here," said he. "I don't quite see how I can do anything else. Do you?"

And Sammy had to admit that he didn't.

STORY 1303. April 13, 1916

Sammy Jay Sends Mrs. Quack to the Swamp

When Sammy Jay left Mr. Quack in the swamp over by the bank of the Big River, he flew straight back to the Smiling Pool. At first he thought of flying out over the Big River and screaming the news to Mrs. Quack, who, you know, was swimming about out there. But he knew that if he did, she would very likely fly right over where Mr. Quack was, and that wouldn't do at all. No, indeed, that wouldn't do at all. One of the hunters would be sure to see her. So Sammy wisely flew back to the Smiling Pool to wait until Mrs. Quack should come back there for the night.

Of course he told Peter Rabbit all about Mr. Quack, and Peter was so delighted at the thought that Mr. Quack was alive that he capered about in quite the craziest way. "Does Mrs. Quack know yet?" asked Peter.

Sammy shook his head. "I'm going to tell her when she comes back here tonight," he explained. "I was afraid if I told her before then she would fly straight to him and perhaps get them both in trouble."

"Quite right, Sammy! Quite right!" Peter exclaimed. "I wouldn't have thought of that. My, won't she be happy when you do tell her! I wonder what she'll say and what she'll do. I'm going to stay right here so as to see her when she hears the good news. Here comes your cousin, Blacky the Crow. Does he know yet?"

"No," replied Sammy, "but I'm going to tell him as soon as he gets here."

They watched Blacky draw nearer and nearer, and as soon as he was within hearing Sammy shouted the news.

"Caw, caw, caw," replied Blacky, hurrying a little faster.

As soon as he reached the Big Hickory Tree, Sammy told the whole story over again, and Blacky was quite as glad as the others. While they waited for Mrs. Quack, he told how he had hunted and hunted along the farther bank of the Big River and how he had seen the hunters with their terrible guns hiding and had warned Mrs. Quack just

where each one was.

Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was getting ready to go to bed behind the Purple Hills and the Black Shadows were beginning to creep out over the Green Meadows before Mrs. Quack came. In fact, Sammy Jay and Blacky were getting very uneasy. It was almost bed-time for them, for neither of them dared stay out after dark. They had almost made up their minds to leave Peter to tell the news when they saw Mrs. Quack coming swiftly from the direction of the Big River. She looked so sad and discouraged that even Blacky the Crow was sorry for her, and you know Blacky isn't much given to such feelings.

"What's the news, Mrs. Quack?" asked Peter, his eyes dancing.

"There isn't any," replied Mrs. Quack.

"Oh, yes, there is!" cried Sammy Jay, who couldn't possibly keep still any longer.

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Quack eagerly, and it seemed to Peter that there was a wee bit of hope in her voice.

"Did you happen to notice that just before the Laughing Brook joins the Big River it flows through a little swamp?" asked Sammy.

Mrs. Quack nodded her head rapidly. "What of it?" she demanded.

"Nothing much, only if I were you, I would go down there after dark," replied Sammy.

Mrs. Quack looked up at Sammy sharply. "Why should I go down there?" she asked.

"If I tell you, will you wait until I get quite through?" asked Sammy in his turn.

Mrs. Quack promised that she would.

"Well, then," replied Sammy, "this afternoon I found a stranger hiding in there, a stranger with a beautiful green head and neck and a white collar."

"Mr. Quack! Oh, it was Mr. Quack!" cried Mrs. Quack joyfully and lifted her wings as if she would start for the swamp at once.

"Stop!" cried Sammy sharply. "You said you would wait until I am through. It won't do for you to go there until after dark, because there is a hunter hiding very near Mr. Quack's hiding-place. Wait until it is dark and he has gone home. Then take my advice, and when you have found Mr. Quack, bring him right up here to the Smiling Pool. He can't fly, but he can swim up the Laughing Brook, and this is the safest place for both of you. Now good night and good luck." With this Sammy spread his blue wings and started for home.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 18)

STORY 1304. April 14, 1916

What Reddy Fox Saw[14]

It was night. Sweet Mistress Moon was pouring her silvery light over the Green Meadows, the Green Forest and the Smiling Pool. And because it was the beautiful springtime the sweet singers of the Smiling Pool were doing their very best to tell all the Great World how happy they were. Trotting across the Green Meadows came Reddy Fox. He heard the great chorus from the Smiling Pool. Of course. He couldn't help but hear it. At first he gave it no heed. But presently he stopped to listen. He just had to.

Peep, peep. peep, peep! Now no longer may we sleep.
Sing, sing, sing, sing! Welcome lovely Mistress Spring.

Reddy smiled. "I believe," said he, "I'll run over there. I haven't been over for some time, and it won't do to let people over there think I have forgotten them." Reddy smiled again, a crafty smile. Then he once more began to trot across the Green Meadows, but this time he was headed straight for the Smiling Pool.

Now Reddy learned when he was very young that it always pays to be prepared even when you don't expect anything. There is one reason it is so hard to surprise him. So now as he drew near the Smiling Pool he took just as much care not to make a sound as if he were sure that a good dinner would reward him for his efforts, when all the time he didn't have the least idea that he would find anything there. The nearer he got to the Smiling Pool the more careful he became. He began to creep forward, stopping every few steps to cock his sharp ears and listen, and to test the air with his keen nose. He had almost reached the Smiling Pool when he heard just the faintest sound. It was so faint that you or I wouldn't have heard it at all. No sir, we wouldn't have heard it if we had been there in Reddy's place. That is because our ears are not as sharp as Reddy's.

Instantly Reddy stopped and lay flat down, listening with all his might, a pleased look on his sharp face. Once or twice he licked his lips as he listened "Ducks!" he exclaimed under his breath. "As I live there are ducks somewhere down the Laughing Brook and they are coming up toward the Smiling Pool. I guess this is my lucky night. I can't think of anything in the world that would taste better than a duck." He licked his lips again and then swiftly but noiselessly crept forward to the bank of the Smiling Pool and peeped over.

No one was to be seen but Jerry Muskrat swimming over to the Big Rock From all parts of the Smiling Pool rose the chorus of the sweet singers, the hylas, which are, you know, a kind of little tree toad. Their voices seemed to come right out of the water, as indeed they did, but not one of the sweet singers was to be seen.

Peep, peep, peep, peep! Now no longer may we sleep.

The great chorus was very loud now that Reddy was so near the singers. But he

14 This and the next six stories were not used in the book.

took no notice of them. In fact, he didn't hear them at all. At least he didn't know that he heard them. You see his sharp ears were set to catch another sound, the sound of voices a great deal more interesting and to Reddy a great deal sweeter, though you and I wouldn't have called them sweet at all.

"Quack, quack." The voices were very low and still some distance away. Reddy strained his ears. Every few minutes he would catch the sound, and it was coming nearer and nearer. Reddy made himself just as flat as he possibly could behind a little bunch of withered grass and with eyes shining with hunger and hope watched the place where the Laughing Brook runt out of the Smiling Pool. Every time he heard those voices a little thrill ran over him from the root of his tall to the tip of his nose.

He was so eager that it was hard to be patient, but Reddy knows that a hunter without patience seldom gets anything, and so he lay without moving, his eyes fixed on the Black Shadows that lay across the place where the Laughing Brook runs out of the Smiling Pool. It seemed to him that he had been there hours, though of course he hadn't, when he saw a little silvery line in the middle of the Black Shadows, and then another. Nearer and nearer came those silvery lines, and then at last out into the Smiling Pool and into the moonlight swam two big birds. One was in sober brown, but the other was very handsome. They were Mrs. Quack and Mr. Quack. Reddy wriggled all over with excitement.

STORY 1305. April 15, 1916

A Dinner Just Out of Reach

Reddy Fox. the crafty sinner,
Thinks of nothing but a dinner.

At least that is the way it often seems. When he saw Mr. Quack and Mrs. Quack swim into the moonlight in the Smiling Pool he didn't once think of how handsome they looked, but of what a fine dinner they would make. In this respect he was very much like the hunters with terrible guns who had made life so hard for Mr. and Mrs. Quack ever since they had started up from the sunny Southland. But there was some excuse for Reddy; he really was hungry.

So as he lay there behind the little bunch of withered grass on the bank of the Smiling Pool watching Mr. and Mrs. Quack, his mouth watered and his stomach fairly ached with longing as well as emptiness. Mrs. Quack had been leading the way, and now that they were fairly in the Smiling Pool, she swam about in a way that told Reddy as plainly as words could have that she knew all about the Smiling Pool.

"She acts as if she had been here before," though Reddy. "I guess I made a mistake in staying away from here so long. But he is a stranger here. I can tell that by the way he acts. He doesn't feel at home here. My gracious, I wish I could swim like Billy Mink or Little Joe Otter! I would have one of them in no time. But I can't swim, so I must see just how clever I can be to catch one of them."

Mrs. Quack was making a great fuss about Mr. Quack, swimming around him and

now and then touching him ever so gently, all the time talking to him in a low voice. Little by little Reddy began to understand that something was the matter with Mr. Quack. As soon as he suspected this, he kept his eyes mostly on Mr. Quack, and so he discovered that while Mr. Quack sometimes lifted one wing, he never lifted the other.

"That wing is hurt," thought Reddy. "I don't believe he can fly. That is why they swam up the Laughing Brook instead of flying here. If he can't fly, so much the better for me. He will be easier to catch than Mrs. Quack. He looks a little thin, and he doesn't act very strong. He, would taste better if he were fat, but if he isn't strong, he will be easier to catch."

Now this wasn't hard-heartedness on the part of Reddy. It sounds so, but it wasn't. You see he didn't once think of Mr. Quack's feelings. He wasn't looking on Mr. Quack as a person, but as a dinner, and that made all the difference in the world. You see he didn't know anything about Mrs. Quack's story, as did Peter Rabbit, Jerry Muskrat, Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow.

After a little Mrs. Quack led the way over to the part of the Smiling Pool where the bulrushes grow. They were brown and broken down, for you know they had been, standing there all Winter. Mr. and Mrs. Quack swam in among them and began to stand on their heads. Anyway that is what it looked like. You see they were searching in the mud at the bottom for something to eat. And they found, it, too. Farmer Brown's Boy had been over and scattered corn there that very afternoon. How good it did taste to Mr. Quack! You know he had had hardly a thing to eat since he was shot over on the Big River. It seemed as if he couldn't stand on his head fast enough. He would bring his head up just long enough to get a breath of air, and then down he would plunge it again.

This was Reddy's chance to get a little nearer. While the heads of both Mr. and Mrs. Quack were under water, he crept up to the very edge of broken-down bulrushes, and there he once more made himself as flat as possible. If they would swim in just a little nearer, he would be able to reach one of them with a single spring and still not get into deep water. He wouldn't mind getting his feet wet if only he could get one of those ducks.

But Mrs. Quack was too wise a person, and had been through too much, to run any risks. As they drew nearer to the shore she would wait until Mr. Quack brought his head up before she would plunge hers under. So, turn and turn about, each kept watch while the other hunted for the delicious corn. When Mr. Quack started to swim a little nearer Mrs. Quack warned him not to, and Mr. Quack had suffered too much to be willing to take any chances. So Reddy Fox lay there growing hungrier and hungrier, with a good dinner, a splendid dinner, just out of reach. And gentle Mistress Moon looked down and smiled.

STORY 1306. April 17, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Makes an Early Visit

Reddy Fox knows when other people are too smart for him. Just as soon as he

Illustrations. April 10 to April 15, 1916.

1300. Mr. Quack is Found at Last
Mr. Quack.

1301. Sammy Jay Talks with Mr. Quack
"Quack, quack," said Mr. Quack in a low voice. "Why are you so glad you have found me?"

1302. Mr. Quack Tells How He Escaped
The hunter came splashing about among the rushes.

1303. Sammy Jay Sends Mrs. Quack to the Swamp
And Peter was delighted at the thought that Mr. Quack was alive.

1304. What Reddy Fox Saw
There were Mrs. Quack and Mr. Quack.

1305. A Dinner Just Out of Reach
Mrs. Quack led the way over the Smiling Pool

saw that Mrs. Quack was taking the greatest care not to swim too near the shore of the Smiling Pool or to allow Mr. Quack to, he knew that she was wise in the ways of the Great World, too wise to let her stomach steal away her brains, as the saying is when people allow the pleasure of eating to make them heedless and careless. He saw that Mrs. and Mr. Quack were having a splendid dinner, and this made it all the harder for him. You know there is nothing which can make you more uncomfortable than to see someone else eating when you are very hungry yourself and have nothing. There they were just out of reach, and he knew by the way they acted that they meant to keep out of reach. They didn't know he was there. Of this he was sure. But presently he was equally sure that they didn't intend to take any risks.

Still he remained hidden, hoping that for just a little minute one of them might forget and be careless. At last they finished their dinner. Then they swam over among the broken-down bulrushes where the Black Shadows lay deepest. He couldn't see them, but he could hear them saying good night to each other in low voices. Then all was still, save for the joyous chorus of the Hylas singing in the Smiling Pool. Mr. and Mrs. Quack had gone to bed for the night, and they were where Reddy could not get them.

Reddy sighed. It was a soft little sigh of disappointment, so soft that no one heard it. Then, as carefully as he had crept to his hiding place, he stole away. He didn't want anyone to know that he had been there. You see, he meant to come again the next night. He hadn't given up hope that sooner or later he would dine on Mr. and Mrs. Quack. But if they should suspect that he had been there that night they would always be watching for him to come back. So he took just as much care in leaving the Smiling Pool as he had in coming to it. When he felt that he could do so safely he trotted swiftly across the Green Meadows in the direction of the Green Forest to see what he could find there. As for Mr. and Mrs. Quack, they slept peacefully side by side among the rushes of the Smiling Pool all the night.

They were awake very early the next morning, for Mr. and Mrs. Quack are very early risers. After breakfast they began to talk over what they should do. The Smiling Pool was such an open place that the very thought of staying there all day made them very nervous. But Mr. Quack couldn't fly because of the broken wing, broken, you remember, by shot from a terrible gun, and to swim down the Laughing Brook to the Big River would quite as likely as not be to swim right into danger from those terrible guns. Jerry Muskrat overheard them talking.

"Take my advice and stay right here," said he. "No hunters with terrible guns ever come here. They never in the wide world will think of looking for you here. If you don't stay you will be foolish."

"I guess Jerry is right," said Mr. Quack. "I don't see anything else to do. I can't fly, and I'm not very strong yet, though since I've had something to eat, I feel a great deal better.

"If any hunters do come, you can fly away, my dear, and I'll hide under the bank of the Laughing Brook, where the alder bushes hang over. I hope Jerry is right and no hunter will come, for I like the Smiling Pool."

Just then Sammy Jay came flying over to see how Mr. and Mrs. Quack were. He perched in the top of the Big Hickory tree, and when he found out what they were talking about he advised them just as Jerry Muskrat had. Suddenly he stopped talking and looked far across the Green Meadows. "I declare," said he, "I believe Farmer Brown's Boy is coming over here to bring you some breakfast."

Instantly Mrs. Quack was in a terrible fright. "There is nothing to be afraid of," said Sammy. "He hasn't got a gun."

But this didn't relieve Mrs. Quack a bit. She hurried Mr. Quack up into the Laughing Brook and saw him safely hidden. Then she swam back to the Smiling Pool and there rose into the air on her stout wings and headed toward the Big River. Farmer Brown's Boy saw her. "That duck certainly is wild," said he to himself. "I thought perhaps I could steal near enough to have a good look at her, it being so early in the morning. I thought I might catch her at breakfast." Then he saw Sammy Jay, and he knew who had warned Mrs. Quack.

STORY 1307. April 18, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy sees Mr. Quack

Sammy Jay looked down from the top of the Big Hickory Tree at Farmer Brown's Boy shaking a fist, at him, and he knew then that Farmer Brown's Boy knew who had warned Mrs. Quack that he was coming. But though Farmer Brown's Boy was shaking a fist at Sammy, there was no hint of anger in his round, freckled face, and Sammy knew that he was just pretending.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Sammy in his saucy way, and flew toward the dear old Brier Patch to see if Peter Rabbit was at home.

Farmer Brown's Boy approached the Smiling Pool very quietly. He hoped that there might be another duck there. He didn't expect there would be because of Sammy Jay, but he hoped. So when he got where he could see all over the Smiling Pool he was not surprised that no duck was to be seen. All the way across the Green Meadows he had listened to the great chorus of the Hylas in the Smiling Pool; "peepers," he called them, but the instant he stepped on the bank the chorus stopped. He had expected it would. It always did, no matter how careful he was to make no noise. It was as still as if there were no living thing anywhere near.

"Funny how they always know when I get here," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. "There must be hundreds of them here, and yet, I've never seen one of them singing."

He walked along to the place where the bulrushes grow, and his eyes grew bright as he noticed that among them the water was very muddy. "That duck found my corn," said he. "I hope it tasted so good that she will come back for more." He put his hand in a pocket and drew it out full of yellow corn. This he tossed out among the rushes. Several times he did this. Then he turned toward the alder bushes along the Laughing Brook where it flows into the Smiling Pool.

"I'll hide here a while. Perhaps that duck will come back," said he. So he made himself comfortable among the alder bushes where he could watch the Smiling Pool and sat perfectly still. Sitting perfectly still isn't the easiest thing in the world to do, but Farmer Brown's Boy had learned that it was the surest way of getting acquainted with the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, and he had practiced it so much that it was not so hard for him as it once had been. Gentle Sister South Wind blew softly through the alders and made the tiniest silver ripples on the Smiling Pool. The laughter of the Laughing Brook was good, to hear, and presently there came a clear, sweet "peep, peep, peep" from over in the Smiling Pool, and, as if this were a signal, the great Spring chorus began again right where it had left off when he had stepped out on the bank.

There was joy in that chorus and it found an echo in the heart of Farmer Brown's Boy. It was good to be there. Along the edge of the Laughing Brook, he could see the bright green of sturdy skunk cabbage leaves, some tightly rolled as they had thrust their way up through the earth like little spears and some already beginning to unfold. He could see soft gray pussy-willows. In the top of the Big Hickory tree, Redwing the Blackbird was doing his best to let everyone know how glad he was to be back from the South. Somewhere back of him among the alders, Little Friend the Song Sparrow seemed to be trying to put all the gladness and joy and hope of Springtime into song. Presently Jerry Muskrat swam across the Smiling Pool and climbed out on the end of an old log. Farmer Brown's Boy smiled as he watched, and then he wondered how he ever, ever could have tried to trap Jerry, and a little flush of shame crept over his face.

And then he caught his breath. Something was moving close to the bank on the opposite side of the Laughing Brook. What could it be? He fixed his eves on the spot and held his breath. And then he almost exclaimed aloud, which would have spoiled everything, for out from under the bushes swam a handsome duck with green head and neck, a white collar and a reddish waistcoat. It was Mr. Quack. It was plain to see that he was very nervous and anxious. He looked this way and that way. He held his head very high and Farmer Brown's Boy knew that just as his keen eyes were searching everywhere for signs of danger his keen ears were listening for suspicious sounds. Presently he saw Jerry Muskrat taking a sun bath on the end of the old log, and at once he seemed satisfied that all was well. He drew his neck down to a more comfortable position and slowly swam out into the Smiling Pool.

STORY 1308. April 19, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Learns Much

Mr. Quack certainly was handsome. "He's a beauty! Yes, sir, he is a beauty," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy, watching from his hiding place among the alder bushes. "I didn't suppose a duck could be so handsome. I wonder why he didn't fly away when that other one did, when I first came over here? Hello! That left wing of his doesn't look just right." Farmer Brown's Boy scowled and looked harder than ever. Mr. Quack was making his toilet. He lifted his right wing and stretched the feathers of it wide apart, then with his bill he smoothed the feathers into place under it. He reached over

and smoothed the feathers of his back. He plunged his head under water and lifted it suddenly, sending the water roiling down over him. But never once did he lift that left wing.

"I know what's the matter! That fellow has been shot! Some hunter has broken that wing," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy savagely. "That's why the poor thing didn't fly away. He didn't fly because he can't fly. And men call that sort of thing sport. Bah!"

Just then he heard a whistle of wings and looked up to see Mrs. Quack returning to the Smiling Pool. When she saw Mr. Quack she did not hesitate and circle around over the Smiling Pool as usual, but dropped right down beside him at once. Then she began to fuss over him just as a mother hen fusses over her chickens. Farmer Brown's Boy felt a lump in his throat and swallowed hard. "She knows something is the matter with him, and she has been hanging around here just on his account," thought he. "He's her mate and she loves him just the way we folks love each other. And I've heard folks say that animals and birds don't have any feelings. I just wish they could see these two now. I wish I could understand duck talk. If I could I probably would hear all about what happened to get Mr. Quack in such a fix. Also I probably would learn just what ducks think of men; so perhaps it's just as well that I cannot understand."

In that matter Farmer Brown's Boy was quite right. His ears would have burned if he could have understood what Mr. and Mrs. Quack were saying. You see, they were trying to decide what they should do. In their hearts was the home call from the far north-land, so strong that they fairly ached with longing. But Mr. Quack could not fly, all because of a two-legged creature called a man who had tried to kill Mr. Quack, not because Mr. Quack had ever done him any harm or could do him any harm, not because he really needed Mr. Quack for a dinner, for he didn't, but for what he called fun. It was this that made Mr. and Mrs. Quack actually look down on all two-legged creatures called men as enemies who didn't even know the meaning of fairness.

From way over toward the Big River there sounded the bang of a gun. Farmer Brown's Boy saw how instantly fear, great fear, took possession of Mr. and Mrs. Quack. They stretched their heads up, listening, and fear was in their eyes. They swam about nervously, and it was a long time before they settled down in comfort as they had been before. The face of Farmer Brown's Boy grew thoughtful. He was beginning to understand a little of what life must be like with a terrible fear always ready to take possession at the least unknown sound.

"It must be awful," thought he. "It must be just awful never to know when you are safe. I used to think it was fun to hunt birds and animals with my gun, but I never thought of how they must feel. It must be bad enough just to never dare go near anything for fear of danger hiding there, but what must it be like to be hurt like that duck out there?

"He not only has to suffer all the fear that the other one does, but also the worse fear of knowing that he can't fly from danger if he sees it. And then all the time he is probably suffering pain from that broken wing. And men call it sport, which is a man's way of saying fun, to frighten and hurt helpless and beautiful little people like those two out there! I'm almost ashamed that I'm someday going to be a man. Anyway, when

I am a man, I'm going to do something to protect the little people who cannot protect themselves; see if I don't! I wish I could catch that duck without scaring him to death. If I could, I believe I could fix that wing, just as I did the little Bob White's last Fall. I wish I could. But perhaps Old Mother Nature will take care of it. I guess I'll have to be content with seeing that he gets plenty to eat. I can do that much, anyway, to make up for what the hunters have done to him."

STORY 1309.April 20, 1916

A Great Surprise for Reddy Fox

Farmer Brown's Boy was not the only one who had planned a morning call at the Smiling Pool. O, my, no! Peter Rabbit had fully intended to pay Mr. and Mrs. Quack a visit. The only reason that he didn't was a very good one. He didn't dare to. He didn't dare to for the very good reason that between the dear Old Brier Patch and the Smiling Pool he saw Old Man Coyote hunting for Meadow Mice. And then, when Old Man Coyote had disappeared, he saw Redtail the Hawk swinging round and round in great circles high in the air, and he knew that those wonderful eyes of Redtail's would see him the very minute he left the dear Old Brier Patch.

So Peter decided that the best place for him that morning was right at home in the dear Old Brier Patch. He knew it was when a little later he happened to look out over the Green Meadows and saw Reddy Fox trotting toward the Smiling Pool. Peter watched him with a little troubled frown. "I wonder," thought he, "if Reddy knows about Mr. and Mrs. Quack?" Then he laughed happily as he remembered that he had seen Farmer Brown's Boy heading that way a little while before and hadn't seen him come back. "Perhaps Reddy will get a little surprise," thought Peter, and hoped with all his might that he would.

Now, Reddy knew perfectly well that he had no business to be trotting over to the Smiling Pool in broad daylight. He knew it was foolish. If Granny Fox had known she would have said that it was worse than foolish. But the truth is Reddy hadn't been able to get the thought of those ducks out of his mind. You know, he had discovered Mr. and Mrs. Quack in the Smiling Pool the night before. The more he thought about them the more it seemed to him that he just must have one of them. He knew that the wise and smart thing to do was to wait until night and once more hide beside the Smiling Pool, as he did before. This is what he fully intended to do.

But thinking about those ducks awakened such a longing to know if they were still there that he finally made up his mind that he had got to find out. It was foolish. He was likely to be seen. He might spoil his chances of catching one of them that night by putting them on their guard. He knew all this, but he just couldn't rest until he had had one more peep at them.

"I'll just run over and hide in the bushes where the Laughing Brook flows into the Smiling Pool," said he to himself. "They'll never see me there. I'll be able to sleep better if I know that those ducks are still here." Reddy had been hunting all night, and at this very minute should have been curling up for a nap. Instead here he was trotting

across the Green Meadows.

Instead of going straight to the Smiling Pool, he turned toward the Laughing Brook at the point where it leaves the Green Forest. You see, it was his plan to steal toward the Smiling Pool under cover of the bushes along the banks of the Laughing Brook.

Now, it never entered the head of Reddy Fox that others might have discovered the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Quack had come to the Smiling Pool. He thought it was all his own secret. So as he stole softly along under the alder bushes on the bank of the Laughing Brook he forgot for once to watch out for others. He thought of nothing but Mr. and Mrs. Quack. He forgot to test the air with his wonderful nose to see if anyone else was about. Not that it would have done him any good this time, for the wind, what little there was, was blowing toward the Smiling Pool, and so, of course, would carry all scent away from Reddy, instead of to him, but it shows how sometimes even such a shrewd fellow as Reddy Fox will be careless.

Presently he could get a glimpse of the Smiling Pool through the bushes and he knew that he would soon be where he could see all over it. With his eyes fixed eagerly on the Smiling Pool, he crept slowly and carefully nearer and nearer. He was almost to the place where the bushes stopped. Just in front of him was an old fallen log. From the other side of that he would be able to see clearly all over the Smiling Pool. He leaped lightly up on the old log, and then just the slightest sound drew his eyes down. There, stretched out at full length, just beneath him, was Farmer Brown's Boy. Reddy's heart seemed to jump right up in his mouth. Then he almost turned a back somersault in his hurry to get away.

STORY 1310. April 21, 1916

Mr. and Mrs. Quack Talk Things Over

"I don't have any luck at all," grumbled Reddy Fox as he trotted back home for the nap, he should have been taking instead of trying to find out if Mr. and Mrs. Quack were still in the Smiling Pool. "I don't have any luck at all. I thought I was the only one who knew about those ducks, and here I go and almost jump on Farmer Brown's Boy." A sudden thought struck Reddy. He stopped short and the funniest expression crept over his sharp, shrewd face. "I wonder," he said slowly, "if he was watching those ducks. I had to leave in such a hurry that I didn't find out whether they were there or not. I'm no wiser than I was before, and all on account of that meddlesome Farmer Brown's Boy. No, sir, I don't have any luck at all."

He turned and looked back toward the Smiling Pool. He ground his teeth and snarled. Then at a new thought he chuckled. "Of course those ducks were there!" he exclaimed. "Farmer Brown's Boy never would have been lying there so still to watch any one else. I wonder which was the most surprised, he or me, when I jumped up on that log behind which he was hiding. Any way I only wanted to know if they were still there. There wouldn't have been a chance to catch them in daylight, but perhaps I'll have better luck tonight."

It is a question which I am afraid never will be decided as to which had been the most surprised, Farmer Brown's Boy or Reddy. When Farmer Brown's Boy had heard a little noise on the old log beside which he was stretched out on the ground and had turned quickly to look straight into the face of Reddy Fox he was so surprised that all he could do was to blink. Then Reddy had vanished in such a hurry that he seemed to fall over his own feet. Farmer Brown's Boy lay right where he was and chuckled. He knew just what had brought Reddy there, and it tickled him to think how Reddy's plan had been upset, quite as upset as Reddy himself.

While all this was going on Mr. and Mrs. Quack were talking out in the Smiling Pool never once suspecting that they were being watched.

"What are we to we to do?" asked Mrs. Quack, sadly. "You can't fly, and goodness knows when you will be able to fly. I am afraid we will never be able to get up to our home in the far Northland in time to raise a family this year."

"I am afraid we won't," replied Mr. Quack. "I may never be able to fly again."

"O, don't say that!" cried Mrs. Quack, reaching over to stroke his glossy green head. "Does it hurt dreadfully?"

"Not as much as it did," replied Mr. Quack. "At first it was terrible. Of course, it hurts a great deal. One can't have things broken without a great deal of ache and pain for a long time after, I wonder if those hunters ever think of that. You know how much we have seen of it, my dear, on our long journeys."

Mrs. Quack nodded, and there was the saddest look in her eyes. "I've often thought that it would be a great deal better to be killed than just wounded," said she, and then added hastily: "but I'm so glad you were not killed."

Mr. Quack smiled. "So am I," said he, "though at first I wished I had been killed. Now, my dear, the only thing is for you to go out to the Big River and join the first flock of ducks that comes along and go with them to the nesting place in the far Northland. Perhaps you can find another mate."

Mrs. Quack shook her head in a most decided way. "You are my mate," said she, "and I'm not going to leave you. I don't want any other mate. You are the only mate in the world for me. I am going to stay with you no matter what happens." Once more she stroked his glossy green head.

There were tears in Mr. Quack's eyes as he replied. "Thank you, my dear. I'm glad you feel that way about it, but if you stay here, it may be the end of both of us."

"I'm going to stay, just the same," retorted Mrs Quack stoutly. "If this was only a bigger place with more of a chance to hide, we might make a home here just for this season. Perhaps if we can keep out of sight until the hunting season is over we can find a place along the Big River. Or perhaps your wing will get well and we can find a lonesome pond somewhere without having to fly very far."

“I know where there is one, and you will not have to fly at all to get to it,’ said a voice.

STORY 1311. April 22, 1916

Jerry Muskrat’s Great Idea

A friendly friend is a friend indeed
When he proves a friend in the time of need.

Mr. and Mrs. Quack had been so much taken up with each other and with their troubles that they had quite forgotten they were not alone in the Smiling Pool. So it happened that when Mrs. Quack suggested that if Mr. Quack’s wing got strong they might be able to find a lonesome pond not too far away where they could make their home for the summer, they were a little startled to hear a voice say: “I know where there is one, and you will not have to fly at all to get to it.” Both jumped a little. You see their nerves had been very much upset for a long time, and the least unexpected thing made them jump. Then both laughed.

“Hello, Jerry Muskrat! We’d forgotten all about you,” said Mrs. Quack. “What was that you said?”

Jerry good-naturedly repeated what he had said. Mrs. Quack’s face brightened. “Do you really mean it?” she asked eagerly. “Do you really mean that you know of a pond where we could live and not be likely to be seen by these two-legged creatures called men?”

“That’s what I said,” replied Jerry briefly.

“Oh, Jerry, you’re not joking, are you? Tell me you’re not joking,” begged Mrs. Quack.

“Of course I’m not joking,” returned Jerry just a little bit indignantly, “I am not the kind of a fellow to joke people who are in such trouble as you and Mr. Quack seem to be in. The idea came to me while you were talking. I couldn’t help overhearing what you were saying, and the minute you mentioned a lonesome pond, the idea came to me, and I think it’s a perfectly splendid idea. I know of just the lonesomest kind of a lonesome pond, and you won’t have to fly a stroke to get to it. If you are smart enough not to be caught by Reddy Fox or Hooty the Owl or Billy Mink or any of those people who hunt for a living, there isn’t any reason I know of why you shouldn’t spend the summer there in peace and comfort.”

Mrs. Quack’s eyes fairly shone with hope and eagerness. “Oh, Jerry, tell us where it is, and we’ll start for it right away!” she cried.

Jerry’s eyes twinkled. “Of course, the owner of that pond might not like to have neighbors. I hadn’t thought of that,” said he. “Perhaps he ought to be asked first.”

Mrs. Quack’s face fell. “Who is the owner?” she asked.

“My cousin, Paddy the Beaver. He made it,” replied Jerry proudly.

Mrs. Quack's face lighted up again at once. "I'm sure he won't object," said she. "We know a great many of the Beaver family. In fact, they are very good neighbors of ours in our home in the far Northland. I didn't suppose there was a Beaver pond anywhere around here. Tell me where it is, Jerry, and I'll go right up there and call on your cousin."

"All you've got to do is to follow the Laughing Brook way back into the Green Forest, and you'll come to Paddy's pond," said he. "He made that pond himself two years ago. He came down from the Great Woods and built a dam across[15] the Laughing Brook way back there in the Green Forest and gave us a great scare here in the Smiling Pool by cutting off the water for a few days. He has got a very nice pond there now. Honker the Goose and his flock spent a night in it on their way south last fall[16]."

Mrs. Quack waited to hear no more. She shot up into the air and disappeared over the tops of the trees in the Green Forest.

"What do you think of my idea?" asked Jerry, as he and Mr. Quack watched her out of sight.

"I think it is great, just simply great," replied Mr. Quack.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 19)

STORY 1312. April 24, 1916

Jerry Muskrat Teases Peter Rabbit[17]

Pray never let folks know you're teased;
Pretend that you are really pleased.

If you do that, no one will try to tease you very long. You see there is no fun in trying to tease people who do not show that they are being teased. So no matter how much you may feel inside, don't show it. When people play tricks on you to tease you and laugh at you, laugh with them. Laugh the hardest of all. It is the quickest, surest way to put a stop to teasing. When you know people are keeping a secret from you just to tease you, pretend that you are not the least bit interested.

This is something that Peter Rabbit has never learned. When he is teased, he always shows it and so people like to tease him. On the afternoon of the day Jerry Muskrat had told Mr. and Mrs. Quack of the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest, Peter saw that the way to the Smiling Pool was clear and he wasted no time in getting over there. He was bubbling over with curiosity about Mr. and Mrs. Quack. He had seen Farmer Brown's boy go home, so he felt sure that he would find Mr. and Mrs. Quack enjoying a little peace and comfort in the Smiling Pool. He fairly itched with eagerness to hear from Mr. Quack himself all about what had happened to him.

15 STORY 537, 1913.
16 STORY 1171, 1915.
17 This and the next five stories were not used in the book.

Illustrations. April 17 to April 22, 1916.

1306. Farmer Brown's Boy Makes an Early Visit
"Take my advice and stay right here," said he.

1307. Farmer Brown's Boy sees Mr. Quack
"That duck found my corn," said he.

1308. Farmer Brown's Boy Learns Much
"That fellow has been shot! Some hunter has broken that wing," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy savagely.

1309. A Great Surprise for Reddy Fox
Then he almost turned a back somersault in his hurry to get away.

1310. Mr. and Mrs. Quack Talk Things Over
"I wonder," said he slowly, "If he was watching those ducks."

1311. Jerry Muskrat's Great Idea
She shot up into the air and disappeared over the tops of the trees in the Green Forest.

When he popped his head over the bank of the Smiling Pool he expected to see Mr. and Mrs. Quack swimming about. He didn't have the least doubt about it. So you can imagine just how disappointed he was when all he saw was the Smiling Pool itself dimpling and smiling in the sun. Mr. and Mrs. Quack were nowhere to be seen. Peter looked eagerly among last year's broken-down bulrushes, but they were not there. A few little feathers were all that Peter could see to show that Mr. and Mrs. Quack ever had been there at all. Peter sat up with his hands dropped in front of him and the most disappointed look ever was on his face. "Have you lost something?" asked a voice which ended in a chuckle.

Peter turned to see Jerry Muskrat swimming out from the Laughing Brook. "O, Jerry," cried Peter, "where are Mr. and Mrs. Quack?

"They are not here,"replied Jerry gravely, but with a twinkle in his eyes which Peter did not see.

"I can see that for myself," retorted Peter a wee bit sharply. "O, Jerry, don't tell me that anything has happened to them!"

"I won't if you don't want me to," replied Jerry, his eyes twinkling more than ever.

Peter stamped a foot angrily. "Stop trying to tease me, and tell me where Mr. and Mrs. Quack are," cried Peter. "They've gone away, replied Jerry, chuckling inside to see Peter's impatience and curiosity.

"So I can see for myself," snapped Peter. "Where have they gone to?"

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Jerry. "Of course I can," replied Peter eagerly, forgetting his anger.

Jerry drew a little nearer. "They've gone to build a home," he whispered.

"What!" cried Peter, looking as astonished as he felt. "I thought Mr. Quack had a broken wing and couldn't fly." You see Peter knew that Mr. and Mrs. Quack had always made their home in the far Northland and he thought that Jerry meant that they had once more started on their long journey.

"That is quite true," replied Jerry. "It's a cruel shame, isn't it?"

Peter looked at Jerry sharply, but Jerry looked as innocent as if such a thing as teasing never had entered his head. "Jerry," said Peter, "tell me just where Mr. and Mrs. Quack are."'

"I can't," replied Jerry truthfully enough, for they had been gone only a little while and he didn't know whether they had yet reached the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest. And this is all that Peter could get out of Jerry Muskrat.

STORY 1313. April 25, 1916

Jerry Muskrat Keeps the Secret

He's twice a friend who proves he can

Keep to himself another's plan.

Peter Rabbit went back home to the dear old Brier Patch quite upset and out of sorts. Mrs. Peter noticed it right away. Of course she couldn't help but notice it, because Peter was cross when spoken to. She wisely took no notice and at last the trouble all came out.

"Jerry Muskrat thinks he's smart!" grumbled Peter.

"What has Jerry done?" asked Mrs. Peter. "Has he played a trick on you?"

"No—o, not exactly," replied Peter. "Mr. and Mrs. Quack have left the Smiling Pool and Jerry wouldn't tell me where they have gone."

Mrs. Peter laughed. "Is that what makes you so short-tempered? I don't see what business it is of yours where Mr. and Mrs. Quack have gone. Probably they want to keep it a secret and that is why Jerry wouldn't tell. I am glad that there is someone who can keep a secret," said she.

Peter looked at her sharply to see if she meant to hint that he couldn't keep a secret, but she was innocently looking out across the Green Meadows, and he decided that she couldn't have meant anything by the remark. "I think he might have told me," grumbled Peter in a grieved tone. "He knows that I am their friend and that I wouldn't do anything to get them into any more trouble. He said that they had gone to build a home, but I don't see where they can have gone to do that, because Mr. Quack can't fly. I shouldn't think they would have gone out to the Big River because of the danger from hunters there, but I don't see where else they can have gone. Hello, here comes Sammy Jay. Perhaps he knows."

Sammy dropped into a little tree in the dear old Brier Patch. Both began to speak at once.

"Do you know—" said Peter.

"Do you know—" said Sammy.

Then both stopped. Each knew just what the other was going to ask.

"Well," said Sammy after a pause, "do you know?"

"No," said Peter. "Jerry Muskrat wouldn't tell me."

"He wouldn't tell me, either," snapped Sammy Jay. "Said it was a secret and if he told me it wouldn't be a secret. Just as if I couldn't keep a secret as well as he can! I think I ought to know where Mr. and Mrs. Quack have gone if any one does, seeing that I was the one who found Mr. Quack. I'll get even with Jerry Muskrat one of these days."

"Are you sure that Jerry does know himself?" asked little Mrs. Peter. "Perhaps he's just pretending so as to tease you folks."

"I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Sammy. "I'm going straight back there and pretend I don't believe he knows at all. If he really thinks I don't believe he knows,

perhaps he will tell if he really does know."

Off went Sammy as fast as his wings could take him back to the Smiling Pool. He was gone a long time. When at last he returned he was no wiser than before. The worst of it was he couldn't make up his mind whether Jerry Muskrat did or did not know. "I couldn't get a thing out of him," declared Sammy. "If he has got a secret, he certainly knows how to keep it."

The next day when Peter visited the Smiling Pool it was the same way. Jerry was good-natured, but he wouldn't tell where Mr. and Mrs. Quack had gone to. It was the same the next day and the next. Finally Peter made up his mind that Jerry didn't know, and then he felt better. You know there is nothing that so upsets Peter Rabbit as the feeling that some one knows something he doesn't.

STORY 1314. April 26, 1916

Peter Visits Paddy the Beaver

Peter Rabbit often wondered what had become of Mr. and Mrs. Quack, but Jerry Muskrat kept his secret so well that finally Peter gave up trying to find it out and after a while he quite forgot all about Mr. and Mrs. Quack. You see it was the beautiful springtime and there was so much going on in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows that Peter was busy every waking minute trying to keep track of the new arrivals from the sunny Southland, and of what the earlier arrivals were doing. The talk on all sides was of homes and home building, and Peter's lively curiosity kept him on the jump trying to find out just where the homes of his neighbors were. So it was that he quite forgot about Mr. and Mrs. Quack. Indeed, being so busy elsewhere, he didn't even visit the Smiling Pool for many days.

One afternoon as he sat in the dear old Brier Patch listening to the sweet song of Carol the Meadow Lark, and feeling just a wee bit provoked to think that so far Carol had been smart enough to keep secret the place where Mrs. Carol was building a nest, a sudden thought popped into his head. He hadn't seen Paddy the Beaver since the coming of Jack Frost in the Fall! No, sir, he hadn't seen Paddy, and he hadn't even heard from him. He didn't even know if Paddy had lived through the Winter. The fact is there had been so much to do and see nearer home that he hadn't once thought of visiting Paddy's pond deep in the Green Forest. "I'll do it this very night!" declared Peter right out loud.

"Do what?" asked Mrs. Peter suspiciously.

"O, just visit an old friend of mine," replied Peter lightly.

You are doing altogether too much visiting, Peter Rabbit," declared little Mrs. Peter, with a decided toss of her little brown head "You are away so much that pretty soon you'll forget you've got a home. I don't see what has got into you."

"I guess it's the Spring fever," replied Peter quite meekly. "Seems as if I just can't sit still these days. As Unc' Billy 'Possum would say:

If yo' would know just how Ah feels,
De itch of Spring am in mah heels.

"And that's just about the way of it. I suppose it's the same feeling that makes the birds sing, but as I can't sing I have to

Keep a-moving, keep a-moving, keep a-moving mighty strong!
Keep a-moving, keep a-moving, keep a-moving right along!

Little Mrs. Peter sniffed. "One of these days when you are away from home, you'll keep a-moving right along straight into trouble just as sure as you're a long-eared, long-legged, cotton-tailed bundle of curiosity," said she. And to that Peter couldn't find a word to say.

But that didn't prevent him from starting for the Green Forest that very afternoon. The way was clear, and once in the Green Forest he knew of plenty hiding places should he meet with anyone looking for a Rabbit dinner. As it happened, he met with no adventures at all, and just as jolly, round red Mr. Sun was beginning to slip down behind the Purple Hills for the night, Peter reached the pond of Paddy the Beaver. There was Paddy's house out in the water just as he remembered it. Yes, and there was Paddy himself swimming with a stick of wood in his mouth.

"Hello Paddy!" cried Peter happily.

Paddy kept right on swimming until he reached the end of his dam. There he climbed out of the water. "Hello yourself," said he quietly, as he prepared to strip the bark from the stick, for you know that is what he lives on.

"What's the news over here?" asked Peter.

"No special news excepting that I've got some new neighbors," replied Paddy.

"What's that?" cried Peter, his long ears twitching with curiosity. "Who are your new neighbors? Do I know them?"

Just at that very instant he heard a little noise from over beyond the house of Paddy. With eyes popping almost out of his head he looked to see a handsome big bird swim from behind the house. It was Mr. Quack! In a minute Mrs. Quack appeared.

STORY 1315. April 27, 1916

Peter Promises to Hold His Tongue

Peter Rabbit stared across the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Then he rubbed his eyes. Once more he stared and then again rubbed his eyes. Then he turned to Paddy and said in a very low voice: "Do you see anyone out there by your house?"

"I see Mr. and Mrs. Quack, my new neighbors," replied Paddy. "Would you like me to introduce you?"

Peter allowed a long sigh to escape. "No, thank you," said he. "I know them already. I just wanted to make sure that there was nothing wrong with my eyes."

Suddenly Peter kicked up his heels in the funniest way and then began a mad dance on the shore of Paddy's pond. Paddy stopped eating and watched Peter with a puzzled look. When Peter stopped for breath, Paddy spoke. "Say, Peter," he drawled, "are you taken this way often? You act to me as if you were a little light-headed, a little crazy."

"I'm all right, Paddy," replied Peter. "I've found out a secret, that's all."

Paddy looked puzzled. "Whose secret?" he demanded.

"Your cousin's; the secret of Jerry Muskrat," returned Peter. "He wouldn't tell what had become of Mr. and Mrs. Quack and he knew all the time."

"Of course he did. He sent them up here," chuckled Paddy. My cousin Jerry has a wise head on his shoulders, a very wise head. This is the only place where Mr. and Mrs. Quack can be safe, and no one but Buster Bear and Jerry Muskrat and you know that they are here. I think Hooty the Owl has suspicions, for he has been hanging around here the last few nights, but he isn't sure. Now, Peter, what we want to know is, are you going to hold your tongue?"

"You mean keep it a secret?" asked Peter.

"That's it. That's what we mean," said Mr. Quack, who had come near enough to overhear what Paddy had been saying.

"You know all we have suffered," broke in Mrs. Quack in an anxious voice. "If everybody knew we were here we wouldn't have any peace at all. Please, Peter, promise to keep our secret. If you will, I will tell you another secret."

"Of course you won't mind if I tell Mrs. Peter," said Peter in a hesitating sort of way. "And then there is Sammy Jay. He is very anxious to know what has become of you, and you remember how he helped you find Mr. Quack."

Mrs. Quack shook her head decidedly. "I know all about that, and we are ever so grateful to Sammy Jay, but unless he finds us himself, we would rather he shouldn't know. We would rather not have you even tell Mrs. Peter."

Peter's face fell. "I tell her everything," said he.

Mrs. Quack smiled. "That is very nice of you, Peter," said she. "I like to think that Mr. Quack tells me everything, but sometimes I'm not quite sure that he does." Mr. Quack tried to look hurt, but looked a little bit sheepish instead, and Paddy the Beaver laughed right out. "But sometimes it isn't right to tell other folks' secrets, even to those we love best. Now if you will promise not to tell a single living soul, I'll tell you another secret. Will you promise?"

Peter thought very hard for a few minutes. You know how dearly he loves to gossip. He fairly itched to get back home and tell how he had found Mr. and Mrs. Quack. It would be great news. But he had another itch—the itch of curiosity. He wanted to know that other secret. He knew that he never would have any peace of mind until he found it out.

"I promise," said he at last.

"Cross your heart," said Mrs. Quack.

Peter crossed his heart. "Now, what is that other secret?" he asked, eagerly.

Mrs. Quack looked fondly at Mr. Quack. "We have built a nest here and we are going to make this our home for the Summer," said she.

"O, that is perfectly splendid!" cried Peter, clapping his hands. "Where is your nest?"

"That, Peter, is the secret of all, and that we are going to keep to our own two selves," said she.

STORY 1316. April 28, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Goes A-Spying

Now when Mrs. Quack told Peter Rabbit that no one but Jerry Muskrat, and Paddy the Beaver, and Buster Bear, and he himself knew the secret of where Mr. and Mrs. Quack had gone to, she was mistaken. Someone else knew, and that someone was the very last person in the world that Mrs. Quack thought of as being smart enough to find out. And if Mrs. Quack had known that he knew she would have been quite upset. It was Farmer Brown's boy. Yes, sir, it was Farmer Brown's boy.

It had come about in this way: Farmer Brown's boy had paid a daily visit to the Smiling Pool ever since the morning he had hidden among the alder bushes and seen Mr. and Mrs. Quack. Sometimes he had gone in the morning and sometimes in the afternoon, but not another glimpse had he had of either Mr. or Mrs. Quack. He had even tramped down the Laughing Brook clear to the Big River without seeing a sign of either of them. Had it not been for that hurt wing of Mr. Quack's he would have felt sure that they had gone on their way to their usual home in the far Northland, but remembering that wing, he knew they couldn't have done this. Then he made up his mind that they had gone down to the Big River, and if they had escaped the hunters there were probably hiding in some lonely place along the banks of the Big River.

But every day he brought with him a pocketful of yellow corn and scattered it among the bulrushes in the Smiling Pool. "If they should happen to come back, or if any other ducks should happen to drop in here they'll find something to eat, anyway," said he out of the goodness of his heart. Then one morning he happened to think that it was foolish to waste his corn. He would see how much there was out there among the bulrushes before he threw any more there. Slipping off his shoes and stockings he waded out and looked and looked. Not a single yellow kernel could he find. Back on the bank he sat down to think.

"That corn has disappeared, so some one has taken it," thought he. "Now who is there among those who live in the Smiling Pool or visit it who would pick all that corn out of the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool?" He looked over at Jerry Muskrat suspiciously. Then he shook his head. "I don't believe he would bother with it," said he.

“There isn’t anyone else, unless—” He paused and frowned. “Unless those ducks are not so far away after all,” he finished. “I’ll try it once more and see what happens.” He stood up and scattered the corn among the bulrushes and then tramped off home. Quite early the next morning he was back at the Smiling Pool. Not a single kernel of yellow corn could he find.

Farmer Brown’s boy chuckled. “That settles it,” he said. “Those ducks are somewhere around, though where I can’t imagine. They are too smart to come here in daylight, so they must come after dark. I think I’ll do a little spying.”

So just about the time that jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was going to bed behind the purple hills that night Farmer Brown’s boy was making himself comfortable in his old hiding place among the alder bushes. The black shadows crept over the Green Meadows and across the Smiling Pool. Little Friend the Song Sparrow sang a sleepy good-night song and then for a long, long time there wasn’t a sound save for the chorus of the Hylas in the Smiling Pool, and once the slap of Jerry Muskrat’s tail as Hooty the Owl drifted like a shadow over the Smiling Pool.

Farmer Brown’s boy had about decided that he would have to give up and go home when he heard a sharp whistling sound coming from behind him from up the Laughing Brook. It passed over his head and a moment later Mrs. Quack was among the bulrushes diving for the corn he had left there. Farmer Brown’s boy gave a little sigh of satisfaction as he watched her eat the dinner he had provided for her. When she had eaten the last kernel of corn, she could find she took to her stout wings again. Dimly Farmer Brown’s boy could see her against the sky as she passed over him straight toward the Green Forest. As the whistle of her wings died away he got up and stretched and on his freckled face was a smile of satisfaction.

“I’ve got your secret, old lady,” said he. “You’re up in the pond of Paddy the Beaver. A wonder I didn’t think of it before. I wonder if you will nest up there.”

STORY 1317. April 29, 1916

Farmer Brown’s Boy Visits Paddy’s Pond

Farmer Brown’s boy was very busy these beautiful Spring Days, for the good brown earth had to be prepared for the seeds, and the seeds had to be planted, and in all this Farmer Brown’s boy had a share, and was glad, for he had learned the joy that comes with work well done. There had been a time when he had thought that it was very dreadful that he should have to work, and he had envied the birds and all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, because he thought that they had nothing to do but to play.

But as he learned to know his little neighbors better, and to love them, he little by little discovered that they had to work, every single one of them, or they could not live, and that those who seemed happiest, and whom he loved best, were, the hardest workers of all. He watched Johnny Chuck dig, and the birds make their nests, and Jerry Muskrat build his wonderful house, and all of them hunt for their daily food, and saw

that each one of them has a part of the work of the great world to do and is happy in doing it. And later he made a great discovery. It was that when he had done his share of work well and cheerfully, he enjoyed his playtime 100 times more than he possibly could have had all his time been playtime. So then he began to find pleasure in work, and then he found that the better his work was done the greater the pleasure he felt. It was several days after he found out that Mrs. Quack was coming at night to feed on the corn he scattered among the bulrushes of the Smiling Pool and then flying straight into the Green Forest, before he had a chance to visit the pond of Paddy the Beaver. He was fairly itching with curiosity to know if, as he suspected, Mr. and Mrs. Quack had decided to make their home there for the Summer, and as he worked, he kept thinking of them.

"It will be perfectly splendid if they have," said he. "They will be perfectly safe there unless Reddy Fox is smart enough to catch them. Smart as he is,— I don't believe he is smart enough for that. One thing is sure, and that is no men or boys will frighten them if I can help it. I'd like to make friends with them, but they have been shot at so much that I am afraid they never will trust me. Anyway, I'm going to try."

The very first chance he got he started for the Green Forest, his pockets filled with corn. It was a long tramp over to the pond of Paddy the Beaver, but he enjoyed it, for there was so much to see and hear. As he drew near the pond, he took the greatest pains not to make a sound. He had learned by his visits to the Smiling Pool how watchful Mr. and Mrs. Quack are and how very, very difficult it is to get near them when they are suspecting danger. And he knew, too, that there would be another watchman on guard with nose and keen ears smelling the air for telltale scent and listening for the tiniest suspicious sound. And he knew that that watchman would give warning by slapping the water with a great broad tall the very instant he suspected any one coming. That watchman was Paddy himself.

So Farmer Brown's boy took care to see to it that the wind was blowing in his face and so from the pond toward him. Then it could carry no tell-tale scent to Paddy's keen nose. And he took the greatest care to put each foot down softly, and not to rustle a single dried leaf or break a single tiny fallen twig. Presently he began to crawl from tree to tree. It was slow work, but it was very exciting. You see he felt that he was matching his wits and skill against the wits and wonderful senses of the little wild people he was hoping to see. At last, he reached a place where by peeping over an old log he could see all over the pond of Paddy the Beaver, and almost the first thing he saw was Mr. Quack, lazily swimming about, the very picture of contentment. Presently Paddy the Beaver swam across to his wonderful house in the water and disappeared. Farmer Brown's boy waited and waited, but there was no sign of Mrs. Quack. For a whole hour he lay there watching. He saw Paddy come out again and swim across to his dam and leave there a stick from which all the bark had been stripped. He saw Mr. Quack go ashore at a little low open place and settle himself for a sun bath. But still there was no sign of Mrs. Quack. Farmer Brown's boy chuckled to himself.

"I know your secret, old fellow, and I won't tell a single soul," thought he. "You've got a nest hidden somewhere there and Mrs. Quack is on it. I'd like to find it, but I'm not going to try. No, sir, I'm not going to try, for if I did you would worry, and I guess

Illustrations. April 24 to April 29, 1916.

1312. Jerry Muskrat Teases Peter Rabbit
"O, Jerry!" cried Peter, "Where are Mr. and Mrs. Quack?"

1313. Jerry Muskrat Keeps the Secret
"He wouldn't tell me, either," snapped Sammy Jay.

1314. Peter Visits Paddy the Beaver
"Hello, yourself," said he quietly as he prepared to strip the bark from the stick.

1315. Peter Promises to Hold His Tongue
"Say, Peter," he drawled, "Are you taken that way often?"

1316. Farmer Brown's Boy Goes A-Spying
Farmer Brown's Boy chuckled, "That settles it," said he. "Those ducks are somewhere around."

1317. Farmer Brown's Boy Visits Paddy's Pond
For a whole hour he lay there waiting.

you've had worries enough." And with that Farmer Brown's boy stole away as softly as he had come.

STORY 1318. May 1, 1916

Happy Days for Mr. and Mrs. Quack

Whose heart is true and brave and strong,
Who ne'er gives up to grim despair,
Will find some day that skies are blue
And all the world is bright and fair.

If you don't believe it, just ask Mr. and Mrs. Quack. They know. Certainly the world never looked darker for any one than it did for them when the terrible gun of a hunter broke Mr. Quack's wing on the Big River and ended all their dreams of a home in the far Northland. Then, through the help of Jerry Muskrat, they found the lonely pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest, and there, because their secret had been well kept, presently they found peace and hope and then happiness. You see, the heart of Mrs. Quack was true and brave and strong. She was the kind to make the best of things, and she at once decided that if they couldn't have their home where they wanted it, they would have it where they could have it. She was determined that they should have a home anyway, and Paddy the Beaver's little pond was not such a bad place after all.

So she wasted no time. She examined every inch of the shore of that little pond. At last, a little back from the water, she found a place to suit her, a place so well hidden by bushes that only the sharpest eyes ever would find it. And a little later it would be still harder to find, as she well knew, for all about clumps of tall ferns were springing up, and when they had fully unfolded, not even the keen eyes of Sammy Jay looking down from a near-by tree would be able to discover her secret. There she made a nest on the ground, a nest of dried grass and leaves, and lined it with the softest and most beautiful of linings, down plucked from her own breast. In it she laid ten eggs.

Then came long weeks of patient sitting on them, watching the wonder of growing things about her, the bursting into bloom of shy wood flowers, the unfolding of leaves on bush and tree, the springing up in a night of queer mushrooms, which people call toadstools, and all the time dreaming beautiful duck dreams of the babies which would one day hatch from those precious eggs. She never left them save to get a little food and just enough exercise to keep her well and strong, and when she did leave them, she always carefully pulled soft down over them to keep them warm while she was away.

Mr. Quack knew all about that nest, though he had taken no part in building it and had no share in the care of those eggs. He was very willing that she should do all the work and thought it quite sufficient that he should be on guard to give warning if danger should appear. So he spent the long beautiful days lazily swimming about in the little pond, gossiping with Paddy the Beaver, and taking the best of care of himself. The broken wing healed and grew strong again, for it had not been so badly broken, after all. If he missed the company of others of his kind which he would have had during

these long days of waiting, had they been able to reach their usual nesting-place in the far Northland, he never mentioned it.

After that first visit, of which Mr. and Mrs. Quack knew nothing, Farmer Brown's Boy came often to the pond and was content to sit quietly on the shore and watch Mr. Quack, so that Mr. Quack grew quite used to him and did not fear him at all. In fact, after the first few times, he made no attempt to hide. You see he discovered that Farmer Brown's boy was a friend. Always after he had left, there was something good to eat near where he had been sitting, for Farmer Brown's boy brought corn and oats and sometimes a handful of wheat.

He knew, and Mr. Quack knew that he knew, that somewhere near was a nest, but he did not try to find it much as he longed to, for he knew that would frighten and worry Mrs. Quack. So the dear, precious secret of Mr. and Mrs. Quack was kept, for not even Paddy the Beaver knew just where that nest was, and in due time, early one morning, Mrs. Quack proudly led forth for their first swim ten downy, funny ducklings.

Oh, those were happy days indeed for Mr. and Mrs. Quack in the pond of Paddy the Beaver, and in their joy they quite forgot for a time the terrible journey which had brought them there.

(*The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack*, Chapter 20)

STORY 1319. May 2, 1916

Winsome Bluebird's House-hunting

Winsome Bluebird is one who believes that the early bird catches the worm and likewise fares best in picking out a house. As he was the first to arrive from the Sunny Southland so also he was the first of the birds to start about getting ready for housekeeping, always excepting Bully the English Sparrow. In fact he took only a day or two to rest after his long journey before beginning a systematic inspection of all vacant tenements in or near the Old Orchard. To be strictly truthful, perhaps I should say that Mrs. Winsome did most of the inspecting. But Winsome went along with her and was always ready with his advice when she asked for it.

First of all they visited their old home, a certain hole in a certain tree in the Old Orchard. They were very fond of that house. In it they had raised several families of children and they had looked forward to raising many more there. So it was with considerable pleasure that Mrs. Winsome disappeared inside. She was gone some time and when she came out Winsome saw at once that she was not wholly pleased.

"I really think we ought to have a better home than this this year," said she. "It is so old that it really isn't a fit place for people of our standing. Beside Chatterer the Red Squirrel has been using it for a storehouse and has left a lot of rubbish in there. Then, too, everybody knows of this place, our enemies as well as our friends. I think we had better look a little farther before we decide."

"Just as you say, my dear," replied Winsome. "I notice that Farmer Brown's boy

has put up some very comfortable looking boxes. We might have a look at those. Tommy Tit has spent a good many cold nights in one of them and has about decided to build his nest there. It won't cost us anything to look at them."

So Mrs. Winsome carefully inspected all the boxes Farmer Brown's boy had placed in the Old Orchard. One had more room inside than she liked. In another the doorway was too small. A third showed plainly that Bully the English Sparrow had tried to build there, and when she came out Mrs. Winsome said that she felt as if she ought to hurry away for a bath at once. One box suited her fairly well, but as she sat in the doorway looking about, she saw Black Pussy looking up at her hungrily and that settled the matter for her at once. That box would never, never do.

After this they inspected in turn three old homes of Drummer the Woodpecker, but one was too deep, one wasn't deep enough and the other would allow the water to run in when it rained, and that would never do. Now in his heart Winsome thought Mrs. Winsome was a little too hard to please. In fact, he thought she was fussy. But he didn't say so. He cheerfully followed her about and said all the encouraging things he could think of.

At last, they flew over to an old rail fence, just beyond the Old Orchard, to talk things over and make up their minds. Of course, this meant that Mrs. Winsome would attend to the making up of their minds, though she wouldn't have admitted it and neither would Winsome.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked. "What do you think, my dear?" returned Winsome.

For a minute or two, Mrs. Winsome didn't reply. She was looking very intently at the fence post on the top of which Winsome was sitting. Then she flew over and joined him there. Just then Winsome saw a worm down on the ground and flew down to get it. When he returned Mrs. Winsome had disappeared. Winsome looked this way and that way, but there was no sign of Mrs. Winsome. What could have become of her? In some alarm he flew over to the Old Orchard, calling anxiously. Just as he reached the Old Orchard, he heard her reply and her voice came from behind him. He looked back to see her sitting on the very post he had just left.

"I've found our new home," she announced, as he hastened to join her.

STORY 1320. May 3, 1916

Peter Rabbit Cannot Find Winsome's Home

Where was Winsome Bluebird's new home? Peter Rabbit had turned that question over and over in his mind until his head ached. Not that it was any of Peter's business. It wasn't. Of course not. But you know how it is with Peter—he is a lot more interested in the affairs of other people than in his own. Some people are just that are just that way. He had taken it for granted that Winsome would build a nest in the same old hollow in the Old Orchard that he had used the year before and the year before that. So during the time he had been so interested in the affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Quack he had

given little thought to Winsome Bluebird.

"I can run up and call on him any time," thought Peter. But when at last he took it into his head early one morning to make that long-delayed call just imagine how surprised he was not to find Winsome in the old apple tree in which was the hole which used to be his home.

"He must be off after his breakfast and probably Mrs. Winsome is inside that hole," thought Peter. "I'll just sit down and wait a while."

So he sat down where he could watch the entrance to Winsome's old home and waited. He waited and waited, but still there was no sign of Winsome Bluebird.

"That's queer," thought Peter. "I never knew him to stay away from home so long before." Then he waited and waited and waited some more and still Winsome Bluebird did not come. "Waiting for someone?" asked a voice.

Peter turned to see Johnny Chuck sitting up and grinning at him.

"Yes," replied Peter. "I'm waiting for Winsome Bluebird. I thought I would pay him a call this morning."

"I'm afraid you will wait a long time before you will see him here," chuckled Johnny Chuck.

Peter's eyes opened wide with surprise. "Isn't that his home right up there?" he demanded, pointing to the little hole in and out of which he had so often seen Winsome and Mrs. Winsome pass.

Johnny shook his head. "No," said he. "I understand that the old home isn't good enough for them this year. They've got a new home."

Instantly Peter was all curiosity.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Where is it?"

"I don't know," replied Johnny Chuck with a yawn. "It is no business of mine where it is, and I haven't even asked."

"But it is somewhere in the Old Orchard, isn't it?" persisted Peter.

"Didn't I just tell you that I don't know where it is?" retorted Johnny Chuck. "There are some things that it is just as well not to know. When my friends try to keep their homes secret, I don't go about asking questions. Then if any harm comes to them, it will not be through any fault of mine."

"There is something in that," said Peter, looking very thoughtful. "Still, I would like to know where Winsome Bluebird's new home is."

"Listen!" said Johnny Chuck, holding up a warning hand. "Isn't that Winsome's whistle? Why don't you ask him where his home is?"

Peter listened, and sure enough he heard the sweet whistle of Winsome Bluebird, but just where the sound came from, he couldn't tell for the life of him. You know

Winsome Bluebird has a way of making his voice sound a long way off when he is very near, and quite near when he is a long way off. It just seems to come from everywhere and nowhere in particular. Peter listened with all his might, and then he started off through the Old Orchard with his head tipped back as he watched the treetops for a glimpse of a blue coat. Johnny Chuck watched him and chuckled.

All through the Old Orchard hopped Peter, stopping every few minutes to look and listen, and all the time his curiosity grew and grew and grew. He was so absorbed in trying to find Winsome Bluebird's new home that he quite forgot everything else. He forgot to watch out for danger, and so he didn't see Black Pussy creeping up behind him.

STORY 1321. May 4, 1916

Peter Rabbit Jumps for His Life

Black Pussy wasn't the least bit hungry, O my, no! She had had all the milk she could possibly drink and all the meat she wanted besides. In fact, Black Pussy never had known since she was born what it was to be hungry and not be able to fill her stomach. So this beautiful Spring morning she had had the best of breakfasts and there wasn't the least excuse in the world for her to even think of hunting anybody. Now, Black Pussy can be as gentle and loving as any one I know of. She can purr so softly that you would never guess that she can be cruel and heartless, and that in her heart always is the longing, the black longing, to hunt and kill. It is because of this that she is so hated and feared by the little people of the Green Forest, the Old Orchard, and the Green Meadows.

They wouldn't mind so much if she had to hunt them in order to live. It is because she doesn't have to hunt them, yet does it, that they hate, fear and despise her.

On this particular morning she sat on the doorstep of Farmer Brown's house trying to decide whether to go down on the Green Meadows and try to catch Danny Meadow Mouse just for fun, or to go over to the Old Orchard and see if she could catch one of the feathered folks there. From where she sat, she could see into the Old Orchard. Presently she saw something moving there. A cruel, eager gleam crept into her yellow eyes.

"Ah!" murmured Black Pussy to herself. "It's that Rabbit who lives down in the Old Brier Patch! What business has he up here, I'd like to know. He has been too smart for me so far, but one of these days I will be too smart for him. I'll just keep my eye on him now. He seems to have something on his mind. I hope he has. If he has, he'll be careless. I never knew it to fail."

Of course it was Peter Rabbit, and you remember he did have something on his mind. He was trying to find the new home of Winsome Bluebird. Black Pussy watched him as he hopped about through the Old Orchard, looking up in the trees for a glimpse of the beautiful blue coat of Winsome Bluebird. She saw that Peter was so interested in what he was doing that for once he had forgotten to watch out for danger. Swiftly

and silently Black Pussy stole across to the stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard. Carefully she raised her head and peeped over, the tip of her black tail twitching with eagerness. Peter was hopping about in the most careless way.

Black Pussy crept over the wall, and then, making herself as flat as possible, crawled swiftly behind a tree and lay flat down in the grass. Nearer came Peter, and nearer. Only the tip of Black Pussy's tail moved. A hard, cruel light grew in her yellow eyes. Nearer came Peter, and nearer. Careless Peter! He knew that the Old Orchard was not a safe place for him in broad daylight, but he had forgotten. Dear me, dear me, what a dreadful thing it is to forget! Here was Peter letting his curiosity lead him straight into danger and forgetting to even watch out. And there was no one about to give him warning. Another hop would bring him within a single jump of Black Pussy.

Right then she made a mistake, a mistake which other people often make. She let eagerness overcome patience.

Yes, sir, that is what she did. Instead of waiting for Peter to make that next hop she crept forward just a few steps, and then, just as she prepared to spring on him, Peter saw her. Right then and there was a lot of jumping. To begin with, Peter's heart jumped right up in his mouth. Anyway, he thought it did. Peter himself jumped, jumped with all the strength of those long hind legs of his, which, you know, are meant for jumping. And Black Pussy jumped. It was a regular jumping match, and Peter's life was the prize for which they were jumping. For just a wee bit of time, as long as it would take you to count one, it was a question which would win, Peter or Black Pussy.

STORY 1322. May 5, 1916

A Refuge and a Prison

When Peter Rabbit's heart jumped into his mouth and Peter himself jumped for his life and Black Pussy jumped for Peter there in the Old Orchard, there was a very exciting minute. Now Peter jumps so much that it is almost as if he has springs in his long heels always ready to send him bounding along over the ground. He is always ready to jump. It was lucky for him that he was ready this time. If he had had to get ready, I am afraid he never would have jumped. And if he hadn't jumped—well, I wouldn't have had this story to write.

But he did jump. You see he was prepared. There is nothing like being prepared. Hardly had his long heels left the ground when Black Pussy landed right where he had been. It was a close call for Peter! Yes, sir-ee, it was a close call for Peter! But he didn't stop to think about that. It was no time to stop for anything. Peter had no idea of stopping until he had reached a place of safety. He must do his thinking while he ran. Where should he go? There was the home of Johnny Chuck under the old apple tree in the far corner of the Old Orchard: he would be safe there. But that was clear across the Old Orchard. The old stone wall was much nearer, and it never yet had failed Peter in time of need.

So he headed straight for the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard

lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go. Right at his heels Black Pussy fairly flew over the ground. She was in a terrible rage because she had missed Peter on that first jump. This made her want to get him now more than ever. A few jumps brought Peter to the old stone wall. He wasted no time in looking for the best hiding place, but dived head first into the first opening that he saw between the big stones big enough for him to squeeze through. He was none too soon, for as it was the sharp claws of Black Pussy tore his trousers.

Once inside he found that he had just about room enough to turn around, but that there was no way out save by the way he had entered. He had found a place of refuge, which means a place of safety, but at the same time it was a prison. Yes, sir, it was a prison, and Peter was a prisoner. You see he wouldn't dare so much as stick his head out for a look around for fear that Black Pussy would be just outside waiting to spring on him.

And this is just where Black Pussy was. As soon as Peter had disappeared in that hole, she thrust a black paw in with all its sharp claws spread and tried to get hold of Peter. Finding that she couldn't quite reach him she had glared in at him with fierce yellow eyes which had sent little shivers of fear all over Peter. "I'll get you yet!" she had growled. Then she had disappeared from Peter's sight, and he had no way of knowing what had become of her. He couldn't hear her and he couldn't smell her, and, of course, he couldn't see her. But he had a feeling—just a feeling—that she wasn't far away.

Peter's feeling was quite right. Black Pussy wasn't far away. In fact, she was very near. She was within one good jump of that opening between the stones of the wall out of which Peter must come to get away from there, and it was very plain that she meant to stay. You know Black Pussy leads a very lazy life.

She never has to work for a living because all she can eat and more is provided for her at Farmer Brown's house. So she didn't have a thing to do, and there wasn't any reason in the world why she shouldn't wait for Peter to come out, especially as while she waiting she could take a nice, warm sunbath. It was very clear that it was going to be a case of which had the most patience, Peter inside the prison or Black Pussy outside.

The advantage was all with Black Pussy. You see, she knew where Peter was, while Peter didn't know and couldn't find out where she was. Poor Peter. He wished with all his heart that he hadn't been so curious about Winsome Bluebird and his new home. Then he wouldn't have got into all this trouble and danger.

STORY 1323. May 6, 1916

Peter Gets a Warning Just in Time

Peter Rabbit was a prisoner in a hollow between the stones of the old wall on the edge of the Old Orchard. Black Pussy had chased him there, and now she was keeping watch just outside. Peter didn't particularly mind staying in there. He had room to

turn around, and he was fairly comfortable, except that one leg smarted where the sharp claws of Black Pussy had torn through his trousers just as he had dived to safety through the opening between the stones of the wall. He wouldn't have particularly minded being a prisoner there but for one thing.

He knew that sooner or later Black Pussy would give up and go away and then he could make his escape back to the dear Old Brier Patch. The thing that worried him was, that he would have no way of knowing when Black Pussy did go. He would have to guess when the way was clear, and if he should guess wrong, well, it made him shiver to think what might happen.

So he wisely decided to be patient. As long as he remained where he was, he was safe, and that was the most important thing. So Peter tried to take a nap, and because everything was so quiet he presently began to nod, and in a few minutes was asleep. By and by he began to dream. It was a horrid bad dream in which Black Pussy, five times as big as she really is, had surprised him far from any place of safety, and was telling him what dreadful things she was going to do to him.

Finally she put out a great paw armed with cruel looking claws to seize him. Peter gave a frightened jump and—bumped his head. His eyes flew open and with a great sigh of thankfulness he found that he was still snug and safe in the hollow in the old stone wall. Peter rubbed his head where he had bumped it when he had jumped in his sleep, and then he began to wonder. He began to wonder how long he had been asleep. It seemed to him that he had been asleep a long time. Really he had only a very short nap. If he had been asleep a long time, as he was sure he had, perhaps by this time Black Pussy had given up and gone away. The more he thought about it the more sure he felt that she must have. Still he didn't quite dare poke his head outside for a look around.

"I'll wait a little longer," thought Peter. "I don't want to stay here all day if I can help it, and I'm very sure, I'm very sure, that I was asleep so long that that black nuisance must have grown tired of waiting." He listened with his long ears cocked to catch the least suspicious sound, but not a thing could he hear save the sound of Bully and Mrs. Bully the English Sparrows quarreling over in Farmer Brown's dooryard and the cheery voice of Welcome Robin from the far side of the Old Orchard. At last Peter made up his mind that the way was clear. He stole up close to the opening. Without putting his head out, he could see the blue, blue sky overhead, and the tip-top branches of an apple tree. He was still sitting there trying to make up his mind to poke his head out for a look around when who should alight on the tip-top branch of the apple tree but Welcome Robin.

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!" said Welcome Robin, and it seemed to Peter that that message was meant especially for him. Now, of course, Welcome Robin didn't know anything about Peter's troubles, but as he sat there singing, he happened to look down and saw Black Pussy. He knew by the way she was sitting and the way that she kept her eyes fastened on a certain opening between the stones in the old wall that she was waiting for some one to come out there. Welcome Robin stopped singing. "Now I wonder who is in there," thought he. "Probably it is Striped Chipmunk, or

Chatterer the Red Squirrel. If it is Chatterer it will do him good to be kept prisoner a while. Still I hate that cat so much that I would like to upset her plans."

"She had no business to be hanging around the Old Orchard, anyway. I believe I'll get some of the other birds and see if we can drive her away. Anyway, we can have some fun with her."

Just as he lifted his wings to fly, he saw something move. He waited to see who it might be. When he made out the face of Peter Rabbit, he nearly lost his balance in his surprise. It was plain that Peter was going to poke his head out.

"Look out, Peter! I mean don't look out! That wicked cat is waiting for you!" screamed Welcome Robin at the top of his voice.

STORY 1324. May 8, 1916

How Peter Rabbit Was Set Free

At the sound of Welcome Robin's warning Peter Rabbit suddenly changed his mind about coming out of his hiding place in the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard.

"My, what a narrow escape!" said Peter to himself. "If it hadn't been for Welcome Robin I certainly would have been caught by Black Pussy. What a lucky thing for me that Welcome happened to come over here just when he did. I guess I owe my life to Welcome and I'll never, never forget it. I wonder how much longer that dreadful cat is going to keep me a prisoner here. Hello! What is going on out there now, I wonder!"

What was going on was just this: Welcome Robin was scolding Black Pussy at the top of his lungs. Other little people in the Old Orchard heard him and hurried over to see what he was making such a fuss about. As soon as they saw Black Pussy, they added their voices to the racket. Sammy Jay, Drummer the Woodpecker, Clacker the Grackle, Bully the English Sparrow, Tommy Tit the Chickadee, and even gentle Winsome Bluebird each did his best to tell Black Pussy what he thought of her. They even darted down very close to Black Pussy and made dreadful threats of picking her eyes out, but they took the greatest care not to get too near. Black Pussy paid not the least attention to them save that the tip of her black tail twitched angrily. All the screaming and harsh things they could say wouldn't hurt her and she knew it.

Presently Farmer Brown's boy came out of the barn. Of course he heard the racket the birds were making and, of course, he was interested right away. He had long ago learned that when a lot of birds get together and scream that way there always is a reason. For a few minutes he stood still and watched them darting down toward the ground and then back into the trees, and all the time screaming as if they were trying to split their throats.

"I wonder," said Farmer Brown's boy, "if Mr. Blacksnake is over there. I think I'll have a look. I simply can't have him bothering my little feathered friends."

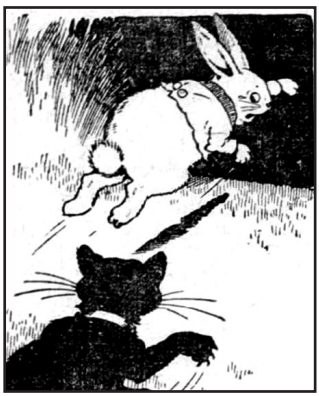
He walked slowly toward the place where the birds were so excited and presently,

Illustrations. May 1 to May 6, 1916.

1318. Happy Days for Mr. and Mrs. Quack
Mrs. Quack proudly led forth for their first swim ten downy, funny ducklings.

1319. Winsome Bluebird's House-hunting
"I really think we ought to have a better home than this, this year," said she.

1320. Peter Rabbit Cannot Find Winsome's Home
"I am afraid you will wait a long time before you will see him here," chuckled Johnny Chuck.



1321. Peter Rabbit Jumps for His Life
It was a regular jumping match, and Peter's life was the prize for which they were jumping.

1322. A Refuge and a Prison
He wasted no time looking for the best hiding place, but dived head-first into the first opening that he saw.

1323. Peter Gets a Warning Just in Time
"Now, I wonder who is there?" thought he.

he saw Black Pussy. “So it’s you, is it, Puss?” said he. “You really ought to know better than to scare my friends so I am afraid I shall have to punish you if you don’t keep away from the Old Orchard.”

Then he saw that Black Pussy wasn’t paying the least bit of attention to the birds, but was keeping her eyes fastened on an opening in the old stone wall. He knew right away that that meant that there was someone in there, and that she was waiting him to come out.

“Probably it is Chatterer the Red Squirrel or Striped Chipmunk,” thought he. “In either case it won’t do to let Black Pussy catch them.”

So he walked over to Black Pussy and picked her up. He scolded her as he took her over to the dooryard. Then he put her down and cried, “Scat!” Black Pussy ran a little way and then sat down to watch Farmer Brown’s boy. He went back to the old stone wall and peeped in at the opening between the stones, but it was dark inside and he couldn’t see anyone. Then he lifted off one of the big stones and this let the light in. There crouched Peter Rabbit! “Hello, you little brown scamp!” exclaimed Farmer Brown’s boy in surprise. “What are you doing up here in the Old Orchard, I’d like to know? Don’t you know that if you go where you have no business you are bound to get into trouble sooner or later? I guess it’s a lucky thing for you that I came over, here to find out what was going on.”

He reached in and very gently picked Peter up. Peter kicked a little, but Farmer Brown’s boy held him firmly and Peter found that it was of no use to struggle. Farmer Brown’s boy smoothed Peter’s coat with one hand and there was something in that touch it seemed to remove all fear from Peter. He didn’t know what would happen to him next, but somehow, he felt sure that it would be nothing bad. Farmer Brown’s boy carried him across the Old Orchard to the edge of the Green Meadows. Then he headed him toward the dear Old Brier Patch and put him down. “Now run along home, you scamp, and tell Mrs. Peter all about your wonderful adventures,” said he.

And Peter did. He ran lipperty-lipperty-lip as fast as ever he could and Farmer Brown’s boy laughed to see him go.

STORY 1325. May 9, 1916

Peter Tries Again

Now wouldn’t you suppose that Peter Rabbit would have had quite enough of looking for Winsome Bluebird’s home after the narrow escape he had from Black Pussy? Most folks would have. But Peter is different from most folks in that he has such a big bump of curiosity. Once Peter becomes curious about a thing, he cannot get it out of his head until his curiosity has been satisfied. When Farmer Brown’s boy took Peter out of the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard and started him across the Green Meadows for the dear old Brier Patch, there was only one thought in Peter’s head, and that was to get home as quickly as he could. So he ran as only Peter can run, lipperty-lipperty-lip, across the Green Meadows to the dear old Brier Patch. But once

there, safe under the friendly bramble bushes, Peter remembered what it was that had been the cause of all his fright and trouble and that he hadn't found out what he started to find out.

"Never mind," said Peter's common sense. "You'll live just as long if you don't know where Winsome Bluebird's new home is. It isn't any business of yours anyway."

"But I want to know," protested Peter's curiosity.

"What good will it do you to know?" asked his common sense.

Think as he would, Peter couldn't think of any good that it would do him. So he tried to forget all about Winsome Bluebird and his new home. But he couldn't. No, sir, he couldn't forget. You see, every once in a while the sweet whistle of Winsome Bluebird would come floating over to the dear old Brier Patch and every time Peter heard it, his curiosity about Winsome's home became greater than ever.

"The very idea that I shouldn't know where an old friend like Winsome Bluebird lives!" exclaimed Peter as he sat just outside the edge of the dear old Brier Patch staring across to the Old Orchard. It was very early in the morning, very early, indeed. Redtail the Hawk was not in sight and Reddy and Granny Fox had gone over to the Old Pasture, for Peter had seen them go. Black Pussy was not likely to be out at this hour. Anyway she couldn't catch him if he were on the watch, and that he certainly would be if he went up to the Old Orchard again. Sweet and soft and clear the whistle of Winsome Bluebird floated over to Peter. It seemed to him as if it said: "Don't you wish you knew? Don't you wish you knew?"

Peter stood it just as long as he could. Then he scampered straight for the Old Orchard to look again for the home of Winsome Bluebird. Just before he reached the Old Orchard he saw Winsome fly down, pick up a worm and fly to the top of a fence post. Peter headed straight there.

"Oh, Winsome," said he as he reached the post on which Winsome was sitting, "I was on my way to look for you in the Old Orchard. I went to call on you the other day and found that you are not living in your old home. Please tell me where you are living, Winsome, so that I may call once in a while to pass the time of day."

There was a sparkle of mischief in Winsome's eyes as he replied: I'm always glad to have a call from you, Peter. Any time you feel like a visit just come over here. You will find me here or hereabouts."

"But where is your home?" persisted Peter.

"Ah!" replied Winsome. "That is a secret. It is not far from here. So, as I said before, when you want to make a call, you will be pretty sure to find me somewhere about here. You know I'm very fond of sitting on fence-posts."

This was quite true. Peter had noticed that many times. Now the post where Winsome was sitting was only a little way out from the Old Orchard. "That means," thought Peter, "that the new home is in one of the trees on the very edge of the Old Orchard, for Winsome is not one to go far from home." So with a very wise look Peter

said goodby and hopped over to the nearest trees in the Old Orchard. There he found a place where he could keep quite out of sight, and there he hid to watch for Winsome Bluebird to visit his new home. And Peter thought himself very clever and smart.

STORY 1326. May 10, 1916

Peter Waits in Vain

Peter Rabbit knew very well that Winsome Bluebird could not keep away from his new home very long at a time, and so Peter chuckled to himself as he hid where he could watch the trees nearest the edge of the Old Orchard. He thought himself very clever and smart. All he had to do was to keep hidden until Winsome Bluebird should come to visit his new home, and then he, Peter, could watch and find out exactly where it was.

As Peter looked over the old apple trees in front of him, he saw a number of holes, and he wondered which of them was the doorway to Winsome's new home. He waited and waited but still Winsome did not come. Could it be that he suspected Peter of hiding there? Every little while he heard the soft, beautiful whistle of Winsome, and by this he knew that Winsome was not far away. Twice he crept out of his hiding place to a place where he could see the fence on a post of which he left Winsome sitting. He was still there. In fact, he looked for all the world as if he were quite content to stay there. The second time Peter looked Mrs. Winsome was sitting on the next post, and they were calling back and forth to each other little love messages in the happiest way.

Peter smiled as he listened to them. Then suddenly he frowned. How did Mrs. Winsome happen to be out there on that fence post? Where had she come from? How could she have got there without being seen by Peter? Of course she had come from that new home.

Peter didn't have a shadow of a doubt about that. But how had she managed to slip out and fly over there without being seen by him? He was sure that he hadn't failed to keep watch a single second. He scratched his long left ear with his long, right hind foot, but that didn't help him any. Then he scratched his long, right ear with his long, left hind foot, but that didn't help him any, either.

"I know what I'll do," said he, after a while, "I wonder I didn't think of it before. I'll hide right here behind this old stone wall and I'll keep my eyes on Winsome and Mrs. Winsome. Then when one of them flies home I can see where they go."

So Peter hid behind the old stone wall and peeped between the stones at Winsome and Mrs. Winsome. It wasn't nice of Peter, not a bit nice. First one and then the other would fly down on the ground to look for something to eat. Sometimes both would go down together. Presently while Mrs. Winsome was sitting on top of a post, Winsome flew along to the next post but one. He started quite as if he intended to make a longer flight than that, and Peter watched him eagerly. You see he thought it might be that Winsome was starting for that hidden home.

When he found that Winsome had merely flown to another post and evidently

intended to go no farther, Peter sighed regretfully and turned to look at Mrs. Winsome. Now Peter had had his head turned only a few seconds, just long enough for Winsome to fly to the next post but one to where Mrs. Winsome was sitting, and yet when Peter looked for her, she had disappeared. Yes, sir, she had disappeared. Peter could see nothing whatever of Mrs. Winsome. She was nowhere on the ground. She wasn't to be seen in the air. Peter felt a funny feeling all over. He felt as if something very strange must have happened. He couldn't understand it at all. Mrs. Winsome had been sitting on that fence post. He had turned his head for only a couple of seconds, but in that short time she had disappeared. The nearest trees were in the Old Orchard. There hadn't been time for her to fly to these.

It was mysterious, very, very mysterious. Peter remained where he was a long time, watching, but Mrs. Winsome did not appear again. As for Winsome he seemed perfectly happy and not to be worrying at all as to what had become of Mrs. Winsome. At last Peter gave up. He started back to Old Brier Patch and he wasn't one bit wiser in regard to Winsome Bluebird's new home than he had been when he started out that morning.

STORY 1327. May 11, 1916

Some One Else Looks for Winsome's Home

Peter Rabbit was not the only one interested in the home of Winsome Bluebird. O, my, no! There are certain little people who have a fondness for fresh eggs. One of these is Chatterer the Red Squirrel. That fondness for eggs has got him into trouble more than once. You remember how once he stole the eggs of Drummer the Woodpecker and for a time made Drummer think that the thief was Sammy Jay[18].

Now this Spring, Chatterer was feeling very fine. There wasn't any reason in the world why he shouldn't be feeling very fine. You see, all the long Winter Farmer Brown's Boy had kept him supplied with plenty to eat. He hadn't had to work or worry. Now it isn't always a good thing to have nothing to worry about and no work to do; it leaves too much time for mischief.

During the cold Winter there wasn't much mischief that Chatterer could get into, but there was plenty of time to plan mischief and I am afraid that Chatterer did more of this than he should have. For one thing he looked forward to the time when the feathered folk should return to the Old Orchard, not because of their songs and the joy of their presence, but because of—guess what! You can't? Let me whisper. Because of the eggs he knew they would lay. Yes, sir, Chatterer the Red Squirrel looked forward to the coming of the birds because of the dinners he felt sure he would have; dinners of nice fresh eggs.

So in the long Winter, Chatterer, having nothing else to do, planned how he would get those eggs when the time should come. He knew that it was quite useless to make any plans for stealing the eggs of those birds who build open nests because there was no possible way of knowing where they would build. He would have to wait until they

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came and began building before he could make any plans. But there were those other birds who build in holes in trees. Drummer the Woodpecker, Skimmer the Swallow, Winsome Bluebird, Cresty the Flycatcher, Bully the English Sparrow, Tommy Tit the Chickadee, and Jenny Wren. He knew that Drummer might cut a new hole for his house, but most of the others would use old holes. So Chatterer spent his spare time examining every tree in the Old Orchard for holes, so that when the time should come he would know just where to look. Among the hollows which Chatterer looked into was the one which had been the home of Winsome Bluebird for several Summers. Chatterer knew this. It was a very comfortable hollow and Chatterer used if for a storehouse during the Winter. He intended to clean it all out before Winsome Bluebird should arrive in the Spring, but being rather a happy-go-lucky fellow he put it off and put it off, and finally forgot all about it. And so, when Mrs. Winsome inspected her old home she knew right away that Chatterer had used it for a storehouse and that therefore it wasn't possible to use it again for a home.

But Chatterer knew nothing about this and knowing that Winsome and Mrs. Winsome would be the first to have eggs, always excepting Bully the English Sparrow, he counted those eggs as already his. So he kept a sharp eye on the old home of Winsome Bluebird, all the time planning how he would watch until Mrs. Winsome left the nest early some morning to get her breakfast. Then he would slip in and get those eggs. So the days passed and he saw nothing of Winsome or Mrs. Winsome about the old home. After a while this struck Chatterer as queer. It was high time that they should be building their nest and yet he had seen no signs. He ran over and inspected the old home when he was sure that no one was about. It was just as he had left it the last time he had visited it. In it were some old nutshells, which he had left there. Then he remembered that he had forgotten to clean it out. Suddenly a suspicion flashed through his shrewd little head.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "if it can be possible that they have found that I have used this as a storehouse and have decided to build their nest somewhere else?"

He carefully cleaned out the nutshells and then kept a closer watch than ever on that hole in the old apple tree. Not once did he see Winsome or Mrs. Winsome near it. But every day he heard the soft, sweet whistle of Winsome Bluebird and every day he saw him about. At last Chatterer made up his mind that Winsome had made his home somewhere else and that if he wanted that dinner of fresh eggs, he would have to get busy and find that home And he did get busy right away.

STORY 1328. May 12, 1916

Chatterer Gets a Great Fright

Chatterer the Red Squirrel ought to have known better. To come right down to the truth, he did know better. No red squirrel could live as long as Chatterer had lived and not know better. He forgot. That was it. Chatterer forgot. You know how easy it is to forget. Half the troubles in this world come from people forgetting what they know. I guess it would be nearer the truth if I said that most of the troubles of this world come

from forgetting. A great deal more often it is what people know but forget, not what they don't know, that gets them into scrapes.

Now Chatterer knew perfectly that it is a crazy thing for a squirrel to poke his head into a hole without first making sure that no one is in there, at least no one who he does not care to meet. Ordinarily he wouldn't have done such a thing. But he was so eager for a taste of fresh eggs and so sure that he would have those fresh eggs if he could but find the nest of Winsome Bluebird that he was in too much of a hurry to be careful. Then, too, he was a little excited. He had been so sure that Winsome would make his home in the same hollow in one of the apple trees of the Old Orchard which he had used for several years that he was quite upset when he found out that Winsome had given up the old home. Of course that meant that he was building or already had built a nest somewhere else.

"If I'm to have those eggs I've got to find them pretty soon," muttered Chatterer. "That's a mean trick for Winsome to fool his old neighbors that way. He might have said something about changing his home. Queer how stingy some people can be. What if I should steal some! She could lay some more." It was funny to hear him. You would have thought that Winsome Bluebird and Mrs. Winsome actually had wronged him and not that he had planned and was still planning to wrong them. It sometimes is that way with people who wrong others. When their plans fail, they actually try to make themselves believe that a wrong has been done them. Now, as you know, the little people of the Green Forest and of the Green Meadows and of the Old Orchard and of the Smiling Pool look on life as a sort of game of wits. They get terribly angry when one of their number makes trouble for another, but each one knows in his own heart that he ought to be smart enough to keep anyone else from making trouble for him, and I suspect that each one feels that he is smart enough. The smaller ones all know that some of the larger ones hunt them in order to live and so they do not feel toward these hunters at all as they do toward man and those hunters who hunt when they do not need to.

Chatterer the Red Squirrel is one who at all times, is given to getting into mischief, and every once in a while, he slips from harmless mischief into actual wrongdoing. Of course there isn't the least excuse in the world for Chatterer when he steals the eggs of his feathered neighbors. He doesn't need them for food. It is the same way with Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow. So in hunting for the home of Winsome Bluebird to steal those eggs he felt sure were in it, Chatterer was doing something quite unforgivable in the eyes of his neighbors.

But that didn't trouble Chatterer in the least. He wanted those eggs. He was provoked to think that Winsome Bluebird had been smart enough to hide his new home and he meant to find it So he raced from tree to tree in the old Orchard, poking his head in at every hole big enough for him to do this, and in his eagerness, quite forgetting that there might, there just might, be danger lurking in one of them. So at last he came to a tree in which he knew was a fine hollow, an old home of Drummer the Woodpecker.

"It would just suit Winsome Bluebird," thought Chatterer. "I most believe that this is just where he has made his new home."

Up the tree he scrambled and without a pause thrust his head in at the doorway. But he pulled it out quicker than he had put it in. He pulled it out with a screech of fright. There was some one in there of whom Chatterer was very much afraid.

STORY 1329. May 13, 1916

Chatterer Loses His Appetite for Eggs

When Chatterer the Red Squirrel thrust his head in the hole in the old apple tree in the Old Orchard without first making sure that it was a safe thing to do, he received one of the very worst surprises of his whole life. Yes, sir, he did. It isn't often that Chatterer is really badly frightened, but he was this time. He was so frightened that he screeched as he pulled his head back out of that hole and at the same time he quite forgot, that he was up in a tree and tried to jump backward. The result was that Chatterer fell in the most undignified way. He fell from that old apple tree to the ground, and the instant he touched the ground he raced for the old stone wall as fast as his legs could take him.

His fall from the tree hurt him not at all, unless it was in his dignity, and at the time he was too frightened to think of this. He had just one thought, and that was to get away as soon as possible. From the doorway of Drummer the Woodpecker's old home, which was the doorway in which Chatterer had so carelessly thrust his head, another head was now thrust out. It was a flat, smooth black head, and from the mouth a slender, forked tongue kept darting out and in. Two sharp eyes which never winked nor blinked watched Chatterer, and if ever there is laughter in eyes it was in those.

Old Mr. Toad happened to be under that old apple tree and Chatterer very nearly fell on him. It gave him such a start that he lost his temper for just a minute. He opened his mouth to tell Chatterer his opinion of him, but before he could find his voice Chatterer was too far away to hear him. Then Old Mr. Toad glanced up to see what had frightened Chatterer so. When he saw that black head trust out from the old home of Drummer the Woodpecker he seemed to just shrink right up. His big pop-eyes popped out more than ever. He flattened himself down close to the ground and held his breath. He knew now why Chatterer had fallen from the tree and then run with all his might. He wished with a mighty wish that he could run as Chatterer can.

Presently that black head disappeared back inside the hollow in the tree. Old Mr. Toad waited a few minutes. Then, with his eyes rolled up at the hole where the head had been, he stole softly back of the tree. Once sure that he couldn't be seen from that hole he began to hop for all that he was worth, and those hops would have been a credit to Grandfather Frog. All the time he kept his eyes rolled back and in them was just such fright, as had been in the eyes of Chatterer when he fell from the tree. At last Old Mr. Toad had to stop for breath. He crawled under a piece of board. "As I live that was Mr. Blacksnake!" he gasped.

He was right, was Old Mr. Toad. Chatterer was not the only one who had taken it into his head that some fresh eggs would taste good that day. Mr. Blacksnake knew just as well as did Chatterer that it was high time that Winsome Bluebird should have set up housekeeping. Being a very good tree climber, he had decided that he would have

a look in some of the holes in the trees of the Old Orchard. If he found some eggs well and good, and if he found the owners of the eggs at home so much the better. He had had no success, and when he reached the big hollow which had been the old home of Drummer the Woodpecker, he had curled up in it for a nap, for he was tired. He had waked at the sound of Chatterer's claws as he climbed the tree, and when Chatterer had poked his head in at the doorway, he had almost poked it into the mouth of Mr. Blacksnake. Do you wonder that Chatterer had tumbled out of the tree?

Once he had reached the stone wall Chatterer hurried home. Somehow, he didn't want eggs. The very thought of eggs gave him a sick, shivery feeling. He had no desire to explore any more holes in the trees of the Old Orchard. He was perfectly content with other food, of which he had plenty. The very thought of eggs made him shudder and gave him a creepy feeling. As for Mr. Blacksnake, he once more curled up for a nap and chuckled as he thought of the fright he had given Chatterer the Red Squirrel. To him it had been very, very funny.

STORY 1330. May 15, 1916

Winsome Bluebird's Joke on Peter Rabbit

Peter Rabbit was quite put out with Winsome Bluebird because Winsome would not tell where his new home was. Yes, Peter was quite put out with Winsome. Of course he had no business to be. That new home of Winsome's was Winsome's own affair, and if he chose to keep it secret, he had a perfect right to. Certainly it was no affair of Peter's. But Peter couldn't see it this way. He wanted to know where that new home was and the fact that Winsome wouldn't tell him, and that he couldn't find it himself made him want to know all the more. So he was doubly put out—put out with Winsome, because he wouldn't tell, and put out with himself, because he wasn't smart enough to find out that secret.

Of course Peter had a great deal to take up his time these busy Spring days because there was so much going on in the Green Meadows and the Green Forest and around the Smiling Pool that he had hard work to keep up with everything. Sometimes he wished he could divide himself up and be in 20 places at once, so as not to miss anything. But of course he couldn't, and so he had to content himself with pretty nearly running his legs off as he tried to poke his wabbly little nose into everybody's business but his own. But every day he found time to run up to the old fence near the Old Orchard where Winsome Bluebird was almost sure to be sitting on a post, and watch Winsome a while in the hope that he might learn Winsome's secret.

Now Winsome Bluebird knew perfectly well what Peter was doing, and he couldn't help teasing Peter a little. One morning Winsome seemed unusually happy, and Peter noticed it right away. He spoke about it.

"Of course I'm happy. There's an egg in my nest this morning, so why shouldn't I be happy," replied Winsome.

The next morning Winsome flew to meet Peter. ""There are two eggs in my nest,

Illustrations. May 8 to May 13, 1916.

1324. How Peter Rabbit Was Set Free
"Probably it is Chatterer the Red Squirrel or Striped Chipmunk," thought he.

1325. Peter Tries Again
"But where is your home?" persisted Peter.

1326. Peter Waits in Vain
It was mysterious, very mysterious.

1327. Some One Else Looks for Winsome's Home
"I wonder if they have found that I have used this as a storehouse."

1328. Chatterer Gets a Great Fright
There was some one there of whom Chatterer was very much afraid.

1329. Chatterer Loses His Appetite for Eggs
He began to hop for all he was worth.

Peter!" he cried, and then flew to the nearest post to warble happily.

The following morning he announced three eggs, and the day after that four eggs, and he could hardly contain himself for joy. All this made Peter more curious than ever. He asked everybody in the Old Orchard, but no one seemed to know. Peter seldom saw Mrs. Winsome these days, and he knew that this was because she was sitting on those eggs. Winsome sat about and warbled happily. Sometimes he was on one of the posts of the old fence and sometimes he was in a tree on the edge of the Old Orchard, and Peter knew that that nest was not far away. It must be in one of those old apple trees, but which one? More than once, Peter left the Old Orchard with an aching neck because he had tipped his head back so long trying to find the hole which was the doorway to Winsome's home.

Then very early one morning as Peter came hopping toward the Old Orchard he saw both Mr. and Mrs. Winsome hurrying about in great excitement. He knew just what it meant. Winsome Bluebird had babies in his home, and he and Mrs. Winsome were hunting for food to feed them! Peter sat down close by the old fence post on which he had so often seen Winsome sitting. Presently Winsome came hurrying with a worm in his mouth. He flew to the top of the post and hardly had he reached it when Peter heard a sound that made him sit up suddenly and his eyes pop out. It was the hungry cry of little bird babies! Yes, sir; and what is more, it seemed to come from inside that very post! Peter hurried around to the other side, and he was just in time to see Winsome Bluebird come out of a little hole near the top. No sooner was Winsome out than Mrs. Winsome disappeared inside with a worm.

For a long time, Peter sat staring at that little hole in the old fence post, and he was the most foolish looking rabbit that ever was. Winsome and Mrs. Winsome kept going and coming as they fed the hungry little mouths inside that old post and they didn't have to say a word. They were too busy for gossip. But as he flew over Peter's head there was a twinkle in Winsome Bluebird's eyes. Peter's face was funny to see. He was remembering how often he had seen Winsome sitting on that very post and how once he had seen Mrs. Winsome fly there, and then how mysteriously she had disappeared when he had turned his head for a minute. He understood it now. She had simply popped in at that little hole while he was looking another way. It certainly was a joke on him.

STORY 1331. May 16, 1916

Jimmy Skunk Takes a Walk

O, who has eyes, pray let him see
The things that close about him be.

You know how it is. When folks hide things from you, you don't expect to find them right under your nose, and so you don't look for them there. When Peter Rabbit discovered that Winsome Bluebird's home was in the very fence post on which he had seen Winsome sitting so often, he didn't know whether to laugh or to lose his temper at the joke on himself. Finally he decided to laugh. There was nothing to be gained by

losing his temper, and any way he knew, right down in his heart, that it was no business of his where that nest was. He had wasted a lot of time looking for it, and it didn't make him feel any better to know that all the time it had been right under his nose, so to speak. At least it had been right before his eyes every day.

"Took you a long time to find it, didn't it, Peter?" chuckled Winsome.

Peter had a sharp retort right on the end of his tongue, but he bit it off. What's that? Oh, my, no! No indeed! Not the end of his tongue, but the sharp retort was what he bit off. Instead of making a sharp retort he very humbly said:

"It serves me right, Winsome. I had no business to try to find out your secret. It really is a great joke on me."

"It is no more of a joke on you than on some other people I know," replied Winsome, chuckling happily. "Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Mr. Blacksnake have hunted all through the Old Orchard for my home so as to steal my eggs, and they don't know yet where it is. You won't tell, will you, Peter?"

Peter felt better to know that he was not the only one who had been fooled, and he promised that he wouldn't tell. "However did you come to think of such a place as a fence post?" he asked, "It is the last place in the world I would thought of finding a nest in."

"You have answered your own question," replied Winsome. "That is just why Mrs. Winsome and I chose it. Everybody knows that I am a great hand to sit on fence posts and no one thought anything of seeing me sitting on the roof of my house. Hello! Here comes Jimmy Skunk!"

Peter turned. Sure enough, there was Jimmy Skunk ambling along as only he can. You know Jimmy never hurries. Peter hopped to meet him. "Hello, Jimmy Skunk, said he. "Where are you bound for?"

Jimmy stopped and grinned. "Nowhere in particular," he replied. "I'm just taking a morning walk. I don't suppose you have seen any nice fat beetles this morning, or happen to know where there are some nice, fresh eggs where a fellow who doesn't climb can get them."

"No," replied Peter. "I haven't seen a single beetle this morning, and I don't know where there is a single fresh egg. If I did I wouldn't tell you. You ought to be in better business than stealing eggs of your neighbors, Jimmy Skunk.

Jimmy laughed good-naturedly. "Did you ever eat a nice, fresh egg, Peter? he asked.

"No," replied Peter indignantly.

Then you don't know what you've missed." declared Jimmy. "My neighbors who lay eggs can lay more if I happen to find a few. Anyway, they should be smart enough to hide their nests where I can't find them. Most of them are. I haven't found a single one this Spring."

"I'm glad to hear it!" declared Peter. "I hope you won't find a single one. If I find any fat beetles I'll tell you, but if I find any eggs, you'll never know it."

"If you knew where there were any eggs you couldn't keep it a secret to save your life, Peter," chuckled Jimmy. "I think I'll be moving on. It's a nice morning, isn't it?"

Without waiting for a reply Jimmy ambled on, stopping now and them to pull over a piece of bark or a stick or stone to look for fat beetles. Peter watched him. By and by Jimmy came to an old barrel lying on its side just at the top of a little hill. Peter saw him go in, and though he waited and watched a long time Jimmy didn't come out.

STORY 1332. May 17, 1916

Peter Rabbit Thinks of a Joke

The Imp of Mischief, woe is me,
Is always busy as a bee.

That is why so many people are forever getting into trouble. He won't keep still. No, sir, he won't keep still unless he is made to. Once let him get started there is no knowing where he will stop. The very instant Peter Rabbit had just seen Jimmy Skunk disappear inside an old barrel lying on its side at the top of the hill, the Imp of Mischief began to whisper to Peter. Of course Peter shouldn't have listened. Certainly not. But he did. You know Peter dearly loves a joke when it is on someone else. He sat right where he was and watched to see if Jimmy would come out of the barrel. Jimmy didn't come out, and after a little Peter stole over to the barrel and peeped inside. There was Jimmy Skunk curled up for a nap.

Peter tiptoed away very softly. All the time the Imp of Mischief was whispering to him that this was a splendid opportunity to play a joke on Jimmy. You know it is very easy to play a joke on any one who is asleep. Peter doesn't often have a chance to play a joke on Jimmy Skunk. It isn't a very safe thing to do, not if Jimmy is awake. No one knows that better than Peter. He sat down some distance from the barrel, but where he could keep an eye on it. Then he went into a brown study, which is one way of saying that he thought very hard. He wanted to play a joke on Jimmy, but like most jokers he didn't want the joke to come back on himself. In fact, he felt that it would be a great deal better for him if Jimmy shouldn't know that he had anything to do with the joke.

As he sat there in a brown study, he happened to glance over on the Green Meadows and there he saw something red. He looked very hard, and in a minute, he saw that it was Reddy Fox. Right away, Peter's nimble wits began to plan how he could use Reddy Fox to play a joke on Jimmy. All in a flash an idea came to him, an idea that made him laugh right out. You see, the Imp of Mischief was very, very busy whispering to Peter.

"If Reddy were only up here, I believe I could do it, and it would be a joke on Reddy as well as on Jimmy," thought Peter, and laughed right out again.

"What are you laughing at?" asked a voice. It was the voice of Sammy Jay.

Right away a plan for getting Reddy up there flashed into Peter's head. He would get Sammy angry, and that would make Sammy scream. Reddy would be sure to come up there to see what Sammy Jay was making such a fuss about. Sammy, you know, is very quick-tempered. No one knows this better than Peter. So instead of replying politely to Sammy, as he should have done, Peter spoke crossly:

"Fly away, Sammy, fly away! It is no business of yours what I am laughing at," said he.

Right away Sammy's quick temper flared up. He began to call Peter names, and Peter answered back. This angered Sammy still more, and as he always screams when he is angry, he was soon making such a racket that Reddy Fox down on the Green Meadows couldn't help but hear it. Peter saw him lift his head to listen. In a few minutes he began to trot that way. He was coming to find out what that fuss was about. Peter knew that Reddy wouldn't come straight up there. That isn't Reddy's way. He would steal around back of the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard, which was back of Peter, and would try to see what was going on without being seen himself.

"As soon as he sees me, he will think that at last he has a chance to catch me," thought Peter. "I shall have to run my very fastest, but if everything goes right, he will soon forget all about me. I do hope that the noise Sammy Jay is making will not waken Jimmy Skunk and bring him out to see what is going on."

So with one eye on the barrel where Jimmy Skunk was taking a nap, and the other eye on the old stone wall behind which he expected Reddy Fox to come stealing up, Peter waited and didn't mind in the least the names that Sammy Jay was calling him.

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 1, "Peter Rabbit Plans a Joke")

STORY 1333. May 18, 1916

Reddy Fox Discovers Peter[19]

Reddy Fox was hunting for Danny Meadow Mouse, down on the Green Meadows. He did that every day, or almost every day. Danny was quite used to it. He knew all about Reddy and just how to fool him. Sometimes Reddy gave him great frights, but on the whole he rather enjoyed the excitement of these daily hunts. It made him feel good clear to the tip of his little short tail to see Reddy finally give up and go off disappointed. You see, there is always a lot of pleasure in feeling that you are smarter than someone else, especially someone who has the name of being very smart indeed. And so when Reddy would give up hunting for him, Danny would swell out his chest and boast a little to Nanny Meadow Mouse.

"No one ever calls me smart," he would say, "but there goes one of the smartest hunters on the Green Meadow or in the Green Forest and with all his smartness he can't catch me. I think I am a little bit smart myself."

You really can't blame him for feeling that way, can you? On this particular morning, Reddy had twice almost caught Danny and Danny was getting a little worried

19 This story was not included in the book.

when the Merry Little Breezes, who, you know, are the children of Old Mother West Wind, brought the sound of Sammy Jay's voice from up near the Old Orchard. It was very clear that Sammy was much excited about something. Reddy stopped hunting Danny and pricked up his sharp ears. Whenever Sammy Jay screamed like that something interesting was usually going on. It was still early in the morning and Reddy felt that it would be quite safe to go up there and see what was going on.

He listened for a few minutes and turned and trotted swiftly in the direction of the Old Orchard, but not directly toward the place where Sammy was screaming so. O, my, no! That isn't Reddy's way. He is too sharp and clever and sly to be direct in anything. He first makes sure that the way clear and that he is not likely to get into trouble. So instead of heading straight for where Sammy was screaming, he went in a roundabout way so as to enter the Old Orchard from the side nearest the Green Forest and creep up behind the old stone wall to a point where he could see what was going on with the least possible danger of being seen himself.

When he reached the old stone wall, he crept along it swiftly but softly, crouching very low, with his ears cocked forward to catch every sound and his keen nose sniffing the air for any telltale scent and his eager eyes watching for Sammy Jay. Presently be saw Sammy's blue coat in a tree on the very edge of Old Orchard. Instantly Reddy stopped and flattened himself down behind the stone wall to watch. He saw right away that Sammy was quarreling with someone on the other side of the wall and that he was so busy calling bad names that he wasn't keeping his usual sharp watch. Very, very carefully Reddy crawled along to a place where the stone wall was low enough to peek over. There right out in the open sat Peter Rabbit making faces at Sammy Jay.

Reddy almost chuckled aloud. "This is the time I'll catch Peter Rabbit," he muttered. "If I can get between him and the old stone wall, he will have to run down on the Green Meadows. He will probably start for the Old Briar Patch, and if I can't catch him before he gets there, I don't deserve ever to catch him. He will make a great deal better breakfast than Danny Meadow Mouse would, and I'll get Danny some other day. It isn't often I have Sammy Jay to thank for anything, but this time I certainly have. Peter Rabbit has laughed at me and made fun of me a great many times, but now it is my turn to laugh. There is a place just ahead where I can jump over the wall and be within two jumps of Peter before he knows I am anywhere about."

Reddy ducked down again and swiftly crept to the place where he would jump over the old wall and surprise Peter Rabbit. Slowly and carefully, he raised his head to peep over the wall. Peter was there right in front of him. Reddy prepared to jump over the wall. It certainly looked as if Peter Rabbit was in a very bad fix.

STORY 1334. May 19, 1916

Peter Makes a Flying Jump

To risk your life unless there's need
Is downright foolishness indeed.

Never forget that. Never do such a crazy thing as Peter Rabbit was doing. What was he doing? Why, he was running the risk of being caught by Reddy Fox all for the sake of a joke. Did you ever hear of anything more foolish? Yet Peter was no different from a lot of people who every day risk their lives in the most careless and heedless ways just to save a few minutes of time or for some other equally foolish reason. The fact is, Peter didn't stop to think what dreadful thing might happen if his plans didn't work out as he intended. He didn't once think of little Mrs. Peter over in the dear Old Briar-patch and how she would feel if he never came home again. That's the trouble with thoughtlessness; it never takes others into account.

All the time that Reddy Fox was creeping along behind the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard, Peter knew just where he was, though Reddy didn't know that. If he had known it, he would have suspected one of Peter's tricks. You see Peter had quarreled with Sammy Jay just to get Sammy to screaming so that Reddy would come up from the Green Meadows to see what was going on and he knew perfectly well that Reddy would steal along behind the old wall so as to see what was going on.

"He'll peep over that wall, and just as soon as he sees me, he will feel sure that this time he will catch me," thought Peter. "He will steal along to that place where the wall is lowest and will jump over it right there. I must be ready to jump the very second he does."

It all happened just as Peter had expected. While seeming to be paying no attention to anything but to Sammy Jay, he kept his eyes on that low place in the old wall, and presently he saw Reddy's sharp nose, as Reddy peeped over to make sure that he was still there. The instant that sharp nose dropped out of sight, Peter made ready to run for his life. A second later, Reddy leaped over the wall, and Peter was off as hard as he could go, with Reddy almost at his heels. Sammy Jay, who had been so busy calling Peter names that he hadn't seen Reddy at all, forgot all about his quarrel with Peter.

"Go it, Peter! Go it!" he screamed excitedly.

Peter did go it. He had to. He ran with all his might. Reddy grinned as he saw Peter start towards the Green Meadows. It was a long way to the dear Old Briar-patch, and Reddy didn't have any doubt at all that he would catch Peter before he got there. He watched sharply for Peter to dodge and try to get back to the old stone wall. He didn't mean to let Peter do that. But Peter didn't even try. He ran straight for the edge of the hill above the Green Meadows. Then, for the first time, Reddy noticed an old barrel there lying on its side.

"I wonder if he thinks he can hide in that," thought Reddy, and grinned again, for he remembered that he had passed that old barrel a few days before, and that one end was open while the other end was closed. "If he tries that, I will get him without the trouble of much of a chase," thought Reddy, and chuckled.

Lipperty-lipperty-lip ran Peter, lipperty-lipperty-lip, Reddy right at his heels! To Sammy Jay it looked as if in a few more jumps Reddy certainly would catch Peter. "Go it, Peter! Oh, go it! Go it!" screamed Sammy, for in spite of his quarrels with Peter, he didn't want to see him come to any real harm.

Just as he reached the old barrel, Reddy was so close to him that Peter was almost sure that he could feel Reddy's breath. Then Peter made a splendid flying jump right over the old barrel and kept on down the hill, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as ever he could, straight for an old house of Johnny Chuck's of which he knew. When he reached it, he turned to see what was happening behind him, for he knew by the screaming of Sammy Jay and by other sounds that a great deal was happening. In fact, he suspected that the joke which he had planned was working out just as he had hoped it would.

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 2)

STORY 1335. May 20, 1916

When Peter Rabbit Jumped Over the Barrel

Peter Rabbit's jump over the old barrel on the edge of the hill was unexpected to Reddy Fox. In fact, Reddy was so close on Peter's heels that he had no thought of anything but catching Peter. He was running so fast that when Peter made his flying jump over the barrel, Reddy did not have time to jump too, and he ran right smack bang against that old barrel. Now you remember that that barrel was right on the edge of the hill. When Reddy ran against it, he hit it so hard that he rolled it over, and of course that started it down the hill. You know a barrel is a very rolly sort of thing, and once it has started down a hill, nothing can stop it.

It was just so this time. Reddy Fox had no more than picked himself up when the barrel was half way down the hill and going faster and faster. It bounced along over the ground, and every time it hit a little hummock it seemed to jump right up in the air. And all the time it was making the strangest noises. Reddy quite forgot the smarting sore places where he had bumped into the barrel. He simply stood and stared at the runaway.

"As I live," he exclaimed, "I believe there was someone in that old barrel!" There was. You remember that Jimmy Skunk had curled up in there for a nap and that Peter had peeped in and seen him there. Now Jimmy was awake, very much awake. You see, for once in his life he was moving fast, very much faster than ever he had moved before since he was born. And it wasn't at all comfortable. No, sir, it wasn't at all a comfortable way in which to travel. He went over and over so fast that it made him dizzy. First he was right side up and then wrong side up, so fast that he couldn't tell which side up he was. And every time that old barrel jumped when it went over a hummock, Jimmy was tossed up so that he hit whatever part of the barrel happened to be above him. Of course, he couldn't get out, because he was rolled over and over so fast that he didn't have a chance to try.

Now Reddy didn't know who was in the barrel. He just knew by the sounds that someone was. So he started down the hill after the barrel to see what would happen when it stopped. All the time, Peter Rabbit was dancing about in the greatest excitement, but taking the greatest care to keep close to that old house of Johnny Chuck's so as to pop into it in case of danger. He saw that Reddy Fox had quite forgotten all about him in his curiosity as to who was in the barrel, and he chuckled as he thought of what might happen when the barrel stopped rolling and Reddy found out.

Sammy Jay was flying overhead, screaming enough to split his throat. Altogether, it was quite the most exciting thing Peter had ever seen.

Now it just happened that Old Man Coyote had started to cross the Green Meadows right at the foot of the hill just as the barrel started down. Of course, he heard the noise and looked up to see what it meant. When he saw that barrel rushing right down at him, it frightened him so that he just gave one yelp and started for the Old Pasture like a gray streak. He gave Peter a chance to see just how fast he can run, and Peter made up his mind right then that he never would run a race with Old Man Coyote.

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 3, "What Happened at the Old Barrel.")

STORY 1336. May 22, 1916

Jimmy Skunk is Very Mad Indeed

When Jimmy Skunk is angry
  Then everyone watch out!
It's better far at such a time
  To be nowhere about.

Jimmy Skunk was angry this time and no mistake. He was just plain mad, and when Jimmy Skunk feels that way, no one wants to be very near him. You know he is one of the very best-natured little fellows in the world ordinarily. He minds his own business, and if no one interferes with him, he interferes with no one. But once he is aroused and feels that he hasn't been treated fairly, look out for him!

And this time Jimmy was mad clear through, as he got to his feet and shook himself to see that he was all there. I don't know that anyone could blame him. To be wakened from a comfortable nap by being rolled over and over and shaken nearly to death as Jimmy had been by that wild ride down the hill in the old barrel was enough to make any one mad. So he really is not to be blamed for feeling as he did.

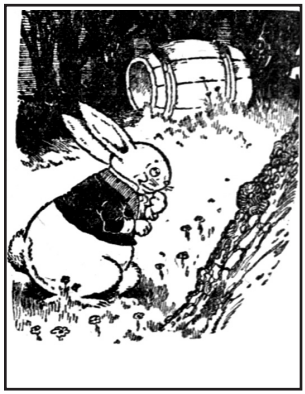
Now Jimmy can never be accused of being stupid. He knew that an old barrel which has been lying in one place for a long time doesn't move of its own accord. He knew that that barrel couldn't possibly have started off down the hill unless someone had made it start, and he didn't have a doubt in the world that whoever had done it, had known that he was inside and had done it to make him uncomfortable. So just as soon as he had made sure that he was really alive and quite whole, he looked about to see who could have played such a trick on him.

The first person he saw was Reddy Fox. In fact, Reddy was right close at hand. You see, he had raced down the hill after the barrel to see who was in it when he heard the strange noises coming from it as it rolled and bounded down. If Reddy had known that it was Jimmy Skunk, he would have been quite content to remain at the top of the hill. But he didn't know, and if the truth be known, he had hopes that it might prove to be someone who would furnish him with a good breakfast. So, quite out of breath with running, Reddy arrived at the place where the old barrel had broken to pieces just as Jimmy got to his feet.

Illustrations. May 15 to May 20, 1916.

1330. Winsome Bluebird's Joke on Peter Rabbit
"Of course I'm happy. There's an egg in my nest this morning."

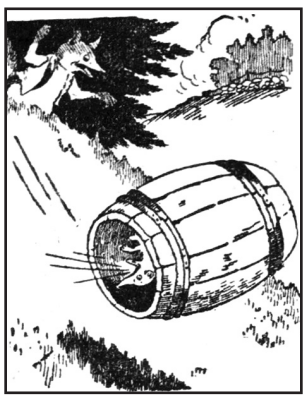
1331. Jimmy Skunk Takes a Walk
"Hello, Jimmy Skunk," said he, "where are you bound for?"



1332. Peter Rabbit Thinks of a Joke
All in a flash an idea came to him, an idea that made him laugh right out.

1333. Reddy Fox Discovers Peter
Reddy stopped hunting Danny and pricked up his sharp eyes.

1334. Peter Makes a Flying Jump
Then Peter made a splendid flying jump right over the old barrel and kept on down the hill.



1335. When Peter Rabbit Jumped Over the Barrel
It bounced along over the ground, and every time it hit a little hummock it seemed to jump right up in the air.

Now when Jimmy Skunk is angry, he doesn't bite and he doesn't scratch. You know Old Mother Nature has provided him with a little bag of perfume which Jimmy doesn't object to in the least, but which makes most people want to hold their noses and run. He never uses it, excepting when he is angry or in danger, but when he does use it, his enemies always turn tail and run. That is why he is afraid of no one, and why everyone respects Jimmy and his rights.

He used it now, and he didn't waste any time about it. He threw some of that perfume right in the face of Reddy Fox before Reddy had a chance to turn or to say a word.

"Take that!" snapped Jimmy Skunk. "Perhaps it will teach you not to play tricks on your honest neighbors!"

Poor Reddy! Some of that perfume got in his eyes and made them smart dreadfully. In fact, for a little while he couldn't see at all. And then the smell of it was so strong that it made him quite sick. He rolled over and over on the ground, choking and gasping and rubbing his eyes. Jimmy Skunk just stood and looked on, and there wasn't a bit of pity in his eyes.

"How do you like that?" said he. "You thought yourself very smart, rolling me downhill in a barrel, didn't you? You might have broken my neck."

"I didn't know you were in that barrel, and I didn't mean to roll it down the hill anyway," whined Reddy, when he could get his voice.

"Huh!" snorted Jimmy Skunk, who didn't believe a word of it.

"I didn't. Honestly I didn't," protested Reddy. "I ran against the barrel by accident, chasing Peter Rabbit. I didn't have any idea that any one was in it."

"Huh!" said Jimmy Skunk again. "If you were chasing Peter Rabbit, where is he now?"

Reddy had to confess he didn't know. He was nowhere in sight, and he certainly hadn't had time to reach the dear Old Briar-patch. Jimmy looked this way and that way, but there was no sign of Peter Rabbit.

"Huh!" said he again, turning his back on Reddy Fox and walking away with a great deal of dignity.

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 4)

STORY 1337. May 23, 1916

Reddy Fox Sneaks Away

To sneak away is to steal away trying to keep out of sight of everybody, and is usually done only by those who for some reason or other are ashamed to be seen. Just as soon as Reddy Fox could see after Jimmy Skunk had thrown that terrible perfume of his in Reddy's face to pay him for rolling him downhill in the old barrel, he started for the Green Forest. He wanted to get away by himself. But he didn't trot with his head

up and his big plumey tail carried proudly as is usual with him. No indeed. Instead he hung his head, and his handsome tail was dropped between his legs; and he was the very picture of shame. You see that terrible perfume which Jimmy Skunk had thrown at him clung to his red coat and he knew that he couldn't get rid of it, not for a long time anyway. And he knew, too, that wherever he went his neighbors would hold their noses and make fun of him, and that no one would have anything to do with him. So he sneaked away across the Green Meadows towards the Green Forest and he felt too sick and mean and unhappy to even be angry with Sammy Jay, who was making fun of him and saying that he had got no more than he deserved.

Poor Reddy. He didn't know what to do or where to go. He couldn't go home, for old Granny Fox would drive him out of the house. She had warned him time and again never to provoke Jimmy Skunk, and he knew that she never would forgive him if he should bring that terrible perfume near their home. He knew, too, that it would not be long before all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows would know what had happened to him. Sammy Jay would see to that. He knew just how they would point at him and make fun of him. He would never hear the last of it. He felt as if he never, never would be able to hold his head and his tail up again. Every few minutes he stopped to roll over and over on the ground trying to get rid of that dreadful perfume.

When he reached the Green Forest he hurried over to the Laughing Brook to wash out his eyes. It was just his luck to have Billy Mink come along while he was doing this. Billy didn't need to be told what had happened. "Phew!" he exclaimed, holding on to his nose. Then he turned and hurried beyond the reach of that perfume. There he stopped and made fun of Reddy Fox and said all the provoking things he could think of. Reddy took no notice at all. He felt too miserable to quarrel.

After he had washed his face, he felt better. Water wouldn't take away the awful smell, but it did take away the smart from his eyes. Then he tried to plan what to do next.

"The only thing I can do is to get as far away from everybody as I can," thought he. "I guess I'll have to go up to the Old Pasture to live for a while."

So he started for the Old Pasture, keeping as much out of sight as possible. On the way he remembered that Old Man Coyote lived there. Of course it would never do to go near Old Man Coyote's home, for if he smelled that awful perfume and discovered that he, Reddy, was the cause of it he would certainly drive him out of the Old Pasture, and then where could he go? So Reddy went to the loneliest part of the Old Pasture and crept into an old house that he and Granny had dug there long ago when they had been forced to live in the Old Pasture in the days when Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the Hound had hunted them for stealing chickens[20] . There he stretched himself out and was perfectly miserable.

"It wouldn't be so bad if I had really been to blame, but I wasn't. I didn't know Jimmy Skunk was in that barrel and I didn't mean to start it rolling down the hill anyway," he muttered. "It was all an accident and—" He stopped and into his yellow

20 STORY 206, 1912.

eyes crept a look of suspicion. “I wonder,” said he slowly, “if Peter Rabbit knew that Jimmy Skunk was there and planned to get me into all this trouble. I wonder.”

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 5)

STORY 1338. May 24, 1916

Peter Rabbit Doesn’t Enjoy His Joke

All the time that Jimmy Skunk was punishing Reddy Fox for rolling him downhill in a barrel, and while Reddy was sneaking away to the Green Forest to get out of sight, Peter Rabbit was lying low in the old house of Johnny Chuck, right near the place where Jimmy Skunk’s wild ride had come to an end. It had been a great relief to Peter when he had seen Jimmy Skunk get to his feet, and he knew that Jimmy hadn’t been hurt in that wild ride. Lying flat in the doorway of Johnny Chuck’s old house, Peter could see all that went on without being seen himself, and he could hear all that was said.

He chuckled as he saw Reddy Fox come up and his eyes were popping right out with excitement as he waited for what would happen next. He felt sure that Reddy Fox was in for something unpleasant, and he was glad. Of course, that wasn’t a bit nice of Peter. Right down in his heart Peter knew it, but he had been chased so often by Reddy and given so many dreadful frights, that he felt now that he was getting even, and so he chuckled as he waited for what was to happen. Suddenly that chuckle broke right off in the middle, and Peter cried “Ouch!” He had felt a pain as if a hot needle had been thrust into him. It made him almost jump out of the doorway. But he remembered in time that it would never, never do for him to show himself outside, for right away Reddy Fox and Jimmy Skunk would suspect that he had had something to do with that wild ride of Jimmy’s in the barrel. As it was, Jimmy didn’t know anything about Reddy’s chase of Peter, and naturally thought that Reddy had rolled that barrel downhill purposely, Reddy hadn’t suspected that Peter might have planned to make him run into that barrel to get him into trouble. So it would not do to show himself now. No, indeed!

All he could do was to kick and squirm and twist his head around to see what was happening. It didn’t take long to find out. Even as he looked, he felt another sharp pain which brought another “Ouch!” from him and made him kick harder than ever. Two very angry little insects were just getting ready to sting him again, and more were coming. They were yellow-jackets, which you know belong to the wasp family and carry very sharp little lances in their tails. The fact is, this old house of Johnny Chuck’s had been deserted so long the yellow-jackets had decided that as no one else was using it, they would, and they had begun to build their home just inside the hall.

Poor Peter! What could he do? He didn’t dare go out, and he simply couldn’t stay where he was. Whatever he did must be done quickly, for it looked to him as if a regular army of yellow-jackets was coming, and those little lances they carried were about the most painful things he knew of. By this time he had lost all interest in what was going on outside. There was quite enough going on inside; too much, in fact, and more coming. He remembered that Johnny Chuck digs his house deep down

in the ground. He looked down the long hall. It was dark down there. Perhaps if he went down there, these angry little warriors wouldn't follow him. It was worth trying, anyway.

So Peter scrambled to his feet and scurried down the long hall, and as he ran, he cried "Ouch! Ouch! Oh! Oh-oo!" Those sharp little lances were very busy, and there was no way of fighting back. At the end of the long hall was a snug little room, very dark but cool and comfortable. It was just as he had hoped; the yellow-jackets did not follow him down there. They had driven him away from their home, which was right near the entrance, and they were satisfied.

But what a fix he was in! What a dreadful fix! He ached and smarted all over. My goodness, how he did smart! And to get out he would have to go right past the yellow-jackets home again. Was ever anyone in a worse fix? Then, too, he hadn't seen what happened to Reddy Fox. He could guess, because even down there he could smell that awful perfume of Jimmy Skunk's, but he hadn't seen Reddy punished.

"Oh, dear, I wish I had never thought of such a joke," moaned Peter, trying in vain to find a comfortable position. "I guess I am served just right."

I rather think he was, don't you?

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 6)

STORY 1339. May 25, 1916

Sammy Jay Does Some Shrewd Guessing

Sammy Jay is a queer fellow. Although he is a scamp and dearly loves to make trouble for his neighbors, he is always ready to take their part when others make trouble for them. Many are the times he has given them warning of danger. This is one reason they are quite willing to overlook his own shortcomings. So, though in many ways he is no better than Reddy Fox, he dearly loves to upset Reddy's plans and is very apt to rejoice when Reddy gets into trouble. Of course, being right there, he saw all that happened when Reddy ran against the old barrel at the top of the hill and sent it rolling down with Jimmy Skunk inside. He had been quite as much surprised as Reddy to find that there was someone inside, and he had followed Reddy to see who it was. So, of course, he had seen what happened to Reddy when Jimmy Skunk faced him.

Now, instead of being sorry for Reddy, he had openly rejoiced. It seems to be just that way with a great many people. They like to see others who are considered very smart get into trouble. So Sammy had laughed and made fun of poor Reddy. In the first place it was very exciting, and Sammy dearly loves excitement. And then it would make such a splendid story to tell, and no one likes to carry tales more than does Sammy Jay. He watched Reddy sneak away to the Green Forest, and Jimmy Skunk slowly walk away in a very dignified manner. Then Sammy flew back to the Old Orchard to spread the news among the little people there. It wasn't until he reached the Old Orchard that he remembered Peter Rabbit. Instead of flying about telling everyone what had happened to Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox, he found a comfortable perch in

an old apple tree and was strangely silent. The fact is, Sammy Jay was doing some hard thinking. Like Reddy Fox, he had suddenly begun to wonder. It had suddenly popped into that shrewd little head of his that it was very strange how suddenly Peter Rabbit had disappeared.

"Of course," thought Sammy, "Jimmy Skunk is sure that Reddy rolled that barrel downhill purposely, and I don't wonder that he does think so. But I saw it all, and I know that it was all an accident so far as Reddy was concerned. I didn't know that Jimmy was in that barrel, and Reddy couldn't have known it, because he didn't come up here until after I did. But Peter Rabbit may have known. Why did Peter run so that he would have to jump over that barrel when he could have run right past it?

"Of course, he may have thought that if he could make Reddy run right slam bang against that barrel it would stop Reddy long enough to give him a chance to get away. That would have been pretty smart of Peter and quite like him. But somehow, I have a feeling that he knew all the time that Jimmy Skunk was taking a nap inside and that something was bound to happen if he was disturbed. The more I think of it, the more I believe that Peter did know and that he planned the whole thing. If he did, it was one of the smartest tricks I ever heard of. I didn't think Peter had it in him. It was rather hard on Jimmy Skunk, but it got rid of Reddy Fox for a while. He won't dare show his face around here for one while. That means that Peter will have one less worry on his mind. Hello! Here comes Jimmy Skunk. I'll ask him a few questions."

Jimmy came ambling along in his usual lazy manner. He had quite recovered his good nature. He felt that he was more than even with Reddy Fox, and as he was none the worse for his wild ride in the barrel, he had quite forgotten that he had lost his temper.

"Hello, Jimmy. Have you seen Peter Rabbit this morning?" cried Sammy Jay.

Jimmy looked up and grinned. "Yes," said he. "I saw him up here early this morning. Why?"

"Did he see you go into that old barrel?" persisted Sammy.

"I don't know," confessed Jimmy. "He may have. What have you got on your mind, Sammy Jay?"

"Nothing much, only Reddy Fox was chasing him when he ran against that barrel and sent you rolling down the hill," replied Sammy.

Jimmy pricked up his ears. "Then Reddy didn't do it purposely!" he exclaimed.

"No," replied Sammy. "He didn't do it purposely. I am quite sure that he didn't know you were in it. But how about Peter Rabbit? I am wondering. And I'm doing a little guessing, too."

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 7)

STORY 1340. May 26, 1916

Jimmy Skunk Looks for Peter

Jimmy Skunk looked very hard at Sammy Jay. Sammy Jay looked very hard at Jimmy Skunk. Then Sammy slowly shut one eye and as slowly opened it again. It was a wink.

"You mean," said Jimmy Skunk, "that you guess that Peter Rabbit knew that I was in that barrel, and that he jumped over it so as to make Reddy Fox run against it. Is that it?"

Sammy Jay said nothing, but winked again. Jimmy grinned. Then he looked thoughtful. "I wonder," said he slowly, "if Peter did it so as to gain time to get away from Reddy Fox."

"I wonder," said Sammy Jay.

"And I wonder if he did it just to get Reddy into trouble," continued Jimmy.

"I wonder," repeated Sammy Jay.

"And I wonder if he did it for a joke, a double joke on Reddy and myself," Jimmy went on, scratching his head thoughtfully.

"I wonder," said Sammy Jay once more, and burst out laughing.

Now Jimmy Skunk has a very shrewd little head on his shoulders. "So that is your guess, is it? Well, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you are right," said he, nodding his head. "I think I will go look for Peter. I think he needs a lesson. Jokes that put other people in danger or make them uncomfortable can have no excuse. My neck might have been broken in that wild ride down the hill, and certainly I was made most uncomfortable. I felt as if everything inside me was shaken out of place and all mixed up. Even now my stomach feels a bit queer, as if it might not be just where it ought to be. By the way, what became of Peter after he jumped over the barrel?"

Sammy shook his head. "I don't know," he confessed. "You see, it was very exciting when that barrel started rolling, and we knew by the sounds that there was someone inside it. I guess Reddy Fox forgot all about Peter. I know I did. And when the barrel broke to pieces against that stone down there, and you and Reddy faced each other, it was still more exciting. After it was over, I looked for Peter, but he was nowhere in sight. He hadn't had time to reach the Old Briar-patch. I really would like to know myself what became of him."

Jimmy Skunk turned and looked down the hill. Then in his usual slow way he started back towards the broken barrel.

"Where are you going?" asked Sammy.

"To look for Peter Rabbit," replied Jimmy. "I want to ask him a few questions."

Sammy Jay was tempted to follow Jimmy. He had a feeling that something

interesting would happen if Jimmy should find Peter. But when he saw how slowly Jimmy moved, quite as in no hurry at all to find Peter, he decided that there would be more fun in spreading the news of all that had happened. It was a very exciting tale to tell, and Sammy Jay dearly loves to tell exciting stories. So instead of following Jimmy Skunk he spread his blue wings and started for the Smiling Pool to tell Jerry Muskrat and Grandfather Frog and Spotty the Turtle and Redwing the Blackbird and any others who might be there all about what had happened to Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox.

As for Jimmy Skunk, he ambled along down the hill. At first he was very angry as he thought of what Peter had done, and he made up his mind that Peter should be taught a lesson he would never forget. But as he ambled along, the funny side of the whole affair struck him, for Jimmy Skunk has a great sense of humor, and before he reached the bottom of the hill his anger had all gone and he was chuckling.

"I'm sorry if I did Reddy Fox an injustice," thought he, "but he makes so much trouble for other people that I guess no one else will be sorry. He isn't likely to bother anyone for some time. Peter really ought to be punished, but somehow I don't feel so much like punishing him as I did. I'll just give him a little scare and let the scamp off with that. Now, I wonder where he can be. I have an idea he isn't very far away. Let me see. Seems to me I remember an old house of Johnny Chuck's not very far from here. I'll have a look in that."

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 8)

STORY 1341. May 27, 1916

Jimmy Visits Johnny Chuck's Old House

Jimmy Skunk was smiling as he ambled towards the old house of Johnny Chuck near the foot of the hill. There was no one near to see him, and this made him smile still more. You see, the odor of that perfume which he had thrown at Reddy Fox just a little while before was very, very strong there, and Jimmy knew that until that had disappeared no one would come near the place because it was so unpleasant for everyone. To Jimmy himself it wasn't unpleasant at all, and he couldn't understand why other people disliked it so. He had puzzled over that a great deal. He was glad that it was so, because on account of it every one treated him with respect and took special pains not to quarrel with him.

"I guess it's a good thing that Old Mother Nature didn't make us all alike," said he to himself. "I think there must be something the matter with their noses, and I suppose they think there is something the matter with my nose. But there isn't. Not a thing. Hello! There is Johnny Chuck's old house just ahead of me. Now we will see what we shall see."

He walked softly as he drew near to the old house. If Peter was way down inside, it wouldn't matter how he approached. But if Peter should happen to be only just inside the doorway, he might take it into his head to run if he should hear footsteps, particularly if those footsteps were not heavy enough to be those of Reddy or Granny

Fox or Old Man Coyote. Jimmy didn't intend to give Peter a chance to do any such thing. If Peter once got outside that old house, his long legs would soon put him beyond Jimmy's reach, and Jimmy knew it. If he was to give Peter the fright that he had made up his mind to give him, he would first have to get him where he couldn't run away. So Jimmy walked as softly as he knew how and he approached the old house in such a way as to keep out of sight of Peter, should he happen to be lying so as to look out of the doorway.

At last he reached a position where with one jump he could land right on the doorstep. He waited a few minutes and cocked his head on one side to listen. There wasn't a sound to tell him whether Peter was there or not. Then he lightly he jumped over to the doorstep and looked in at the doorway. There was no Peter to be seen.

"If he is here, he is way down inside," thought Jimmy. "I wonder if he really is here. I think I'll look about a bit before I go in."

Now the doorstep was of sand, as Johnny Chuck's doorsteps always are. Almost at once Jimmy chuckled. There were Peter's tracks, and they pointed straight towards the inside of Johnny Chuck's old house. Jimmy looked carefully, but not a single track pointing the other way could he find. Then he chuckled again.

"The scamp is here all right," he muttered. "He hid here and watched all that happened and then decided to lie low and wait until he was sure that the way was clear and no one would see him." In this Jimmy was partly right and partly wrong, as you and I know.

He stared down the long dark doorway a minute. Then he made up his mind. "I'll go down and make Peter a call, and I won't bother to knock," he chuckled, and poked his head inside the doorway. But that was as far as Jimmy Skunk went. Yes, sir, that was just as far as Jimmy Skunk went. You see, no sooner did he start to enter that old house of Johnny Chuck's than he was met by a lot of those yellow-jackets, which you know are a kind of hornet. And they were in a very bad temper, were those yellow-jackets. You see, their house was just inside the doorway and they had already been quite upset once that morning by Peter Rabbit. So the instant Jimmy Skunk started to enter out they poured all ready to fight.

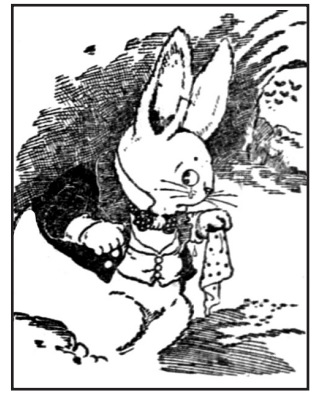
But Jimmy Skunk had no intention of fighting. He knows all about yellow-jackets and the sharp little lances they carry in their tails; he has the greatest respect for them. He backed out in a hurry and actually hurried away to a safe distance. Then he sat down to think. After a little he began to chuckle again. "I know what happened," said he, talking to himself. "Peter Rabbit popped into that doorway. Those yellow-jackets just naturally got after him. He didn't dare come out for fear of Reddy Fox and me, and so he went on down to Jimmy Chuck's old bedroom, and he's down there now, wondering how ever he is to get out without getting stung. I reckon I don't need to scare Peter to pay him for that joke. I reckon he's been punished already."

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 9)

Illustrations. May 22 to May 27, 1916.

1336. Jimmy Skunk is Very Mad Indeed
"Huh!" shouted Jimmy Skunk, who didn't believe it.

1337. Reddy Fox Sneaks Away
"Phew!" he exclaimed, holding on to his nose.



1338. Peter Rabbit Doesn't Enjoy His Joke
"O, Dear! I wish I had never thought of such a joke," moaned Peter.

1339. Sammy Jay Does Some Shrewd Guessing
"Hello, Jimmy. Have you seen Peter Rabbit this morning?"

1340. Jimmy Skunk Looks for Peter
"Where are you going?" asked Sammy.

1341. Jimmy Visits Johnny Chuck's Old House
"If he is here, he is 'way down inside," thought Jimmy.

STORY 1342. May 29, 1916

Peter Rabbit is Most Uncomfortable

If ever any one was sorry for having played pranks on other folks, that one was Peter Rabbit. I am afraid it wasn't quite the right kind of sorrow. You see, he wasn't sorry because of what had happened to Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox, but because of what had happened to himself. There he was, down in the bedroom of Johnny Chuck's old house, smarting and aching all over from the sharp little lances of the yellow-jackets who had driven him down there before he had had a chance to see what happened to Reddy Fox.

That was bad enough, but what troubled Peter more was the thought that he couldn't get out without once again facing those hot-tempered yellow-jackets. You see, their home was right up in the hall of Johnny Chuck's old house. Peter wished with all his might that he had known about it before ever he thought of hiding there.

But wishes of that kind are about the most useless things in the world. They wouldn't help him now. He had so many aches and smarts that he didn't see how he could stand a single one more, and yet he couldn't see how he was going to get out without receiving several more. All at once he had a comforting thought.

He remembered that Johnny Chuck usually has a back door. If that were the case here, he would be all right. He would find out. Cautiously he poked his head out of the snug bedroom. There was the long hall down which he had come.

And there—yes, sir, there was another hall! It must be the way to the back door. Carefully Peter crept up it.

"Funny," thought he, "that I don't see any light ahead of me."

And then he bumped his nose. Yes, sir, Peter bumped his nose against the end of that hall. You see, it was an old house, and like most old houses it was rather a tumble-down affair. Anyway, the back door had been blocked with a great stone, and the walls of the back hall had fallen in.

There was no way out there. Sadly Peter backed out to the little bedroom. He would wait until night, and perhaps then the yellow-jackets would be asleep, and he could steal out the front way without getting any more stings. Meanwhile he would try to get a nap and forget his aches and pains.

Hardly had Peter curled up for that nap when he heard a voice. It sounded as if it came from a long way off, but he knew just where it came from. It came from the doorway of that old house. He knew, too, whose voice it was. It was Jimmy Skunk's voice.

"I know where you are, Peter Rabbit," said the voice. "And I know why you are hiding down there. I know, too, how it happened that I was rolled down hill in that barrel. I'm just giving you a little warning, Peter. There are a lot of very angry Yellow-jackets up here, as you will find out if you try to come out before dark. I'm going away

now, but I'm going to come back about dark to wait for you. I may want to play a little joke on you to pay you back for the one you played on me."

That put an end to Peter's hope of a nap. He shivered as he thought of what might happen to him if Jimmy Skunk should catch him. What with his aches and pains from the stings of the yellow-jackets, and fear of being caught by Jimmy Skunk, it was quite impossible to sleep.

He was almost ready to face those yellow-jackets rather than wait and meet Jimmy Skunk. Twice he started up the long hall, but turned back. He just couldn't stand any more stings. He was miserable. Yes, sir, he was miserable and most uncomfortable in both body and mind.

"I wish I'd never thought of that joke," he half sobbed. "I thought it was a great joke, but it wasn't. It was a horrid, mean joke. Why, oh, why did I ever think of it?"

Meanwhile Jimmy Skunk had gone off, chuckling.

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 10)

STORY 1343. May 30, 1916

Jimmy Skunk Keeps His Word

Keep your word, whate'er you do,
And to your inmost self be true.

When Jimmy Skunk shouted down the hall of Johnny Chuck's old house to Peter Rabbit that he would come back at dark, he was half joking. He did it to make Peter uneasy and to worry him. The truth is, Jimmy was no longer angry at all with Peter. He had quite recovered his good nature and was very much inclined to laugh himself over Peter's trick, which had sent him rolling downhill in a barrel and had given him the greatest shaking up he ever had had in his whole life. But he felt that it wouldn't do to let Peter off without some kind of punishment, and so he decided to frighten Peter a little.

He knew that Peter wouldn't dare come out during the daytime because of the yellow jackets whose home was just inside the doorway of that old house and he knew that Peter wouldn't dare face him, for he would be afraid of being treated as Reddy Fox had been. So that is why he told Peter that he was coming back at dark. He felt that if Peter was kept a prisoner in there for a while, all the time worrying about how he was to get out, he would be very slow to try such a trick again.

As Jimmy ambled away to look for some beetles, he chuckled and chuckled and chuckled. "I guess that by this time Peter wishes he hadn't thought of that joke on Reddy Fox and myself," said he. "Perhaps I'll go back there tonight and perhaps I won't. He won't know whether I do or not, and he won't dare come out."

Then he stopped and scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he sighed. Then he scratched his head again and once more sighed. "I really don't want to go back there

tonight," he muttered, "but I guess I'll have to. I said I would, and so I'll have to do it. I believe in keeping my word. If I shouldn't and some day he should find it out, he wouldn't believe me the next time I happened to say I would do a thing. Yes, sir, I'll have to go back. There is nothing like making people believe that when you say a thing you mean it. There is nothing like keeping your word to make people respect you."

Being naturally rather lazy, Jimmy decided not to go any farther than the edge of the Old Orchard, which was only a little way above Johnny Chuck's old house, where Peter was a prisoner. There Jimmy found a warm, sunny spot and curled up for a nap. In fact, he spent all the day there. When jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills, and the Black Shadows came trooping across the Green Meadows, Jimmy got up, yawned, chuckled, and then slowly ambled down to Johnny Chuck's old house. A look at the footprints in the sand on the doorstep told him that Peter had not come out. Jimmy sat down and waited until it was quite dark. Then he poked his head in at the doorway. The yellow jackets had gone to bed for the night.

"Come out, Peter. I'm waiting for you!" he called down the hall, and made his voice sound as angry as he could. But inside he was chuckling. Then Jimmy Skunk calmly turned and went about his business. He had kept his word.

As for Peter Rabbit, that had been one of the very worst days he could recall. He had ached and smarted from the stings of the yellow jackets; he had worried all day about what would happen to him if he did meet Jimmy Skunk, and he was hungry. He had had just a little bit of hope, and this was that Jimmy Skunk wouldn't come back when it grew dark. He had crept part way up the hall at the first hint of night and stretched himself out to wait until he could be sure that those dreadful yellow jackets had gone to sleep.

He had just about made up his mind that it was safe for him to scamper out when Jimmy Skunk's voice came down the hall to him. Poor Peter! The sound of that voice almost broke his heart.

"He has come back. He's kept his word," he half sobbed as he once more went back to Johnny Chuck's old bedroom.

There he stayed nearly all the rest of the night, though his stomach was so empty it ached. Just before it was time for Mr. Sun to rise, Peter ventured to dash out of Johnny Chuck's old house. He got past the home of the yellow jackets safely, for they were not yet awake.

With his heart in his mouth, he sprang out of the doorway. Jimmy Skunk wasn't there. If Peter only had known it, he hadn't been there since he had called to him the last time.

With a sigh of relief, Peter started for the dear, safe old Briar-patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go.

"I'll never, never play another joke," he said, over and over again as he ran.

(*The Adventures of Jimmy Skunk*, Chapter 11)

STORY 1344. May 31, 1916

Reddy Fox Bide and Broods

To bide means to wait, and to brood means to keep thinking and thinking about unpleasant things. Reddy Fox was doing both up in the Old Pasture. You remember that that is where he went after his unpleasant meeting with Jimmy Skunk. It was the only place for him to go because of that dreadful perfume which Jimmy Skunk had thrown on him. He just had to go away by himself, and the most lonely place he knew of was up there in the Old Pasture. He kept out of sight as much as possible, only coming out at night to hunt for his food. He was ashamed to be seen and still more ashamed to be smelled, and no one could go anywhere near him without smelling that perfume of Jimmy Skunk's.

It wasn't so much that no one but Jimmy Skunk himself liked that perfume that made Reddy ashamed. No, indeed, it wasn't that. It was because he knew that when his neighbors smelled it, they would know right away that he hadn't been smart enough to keep out of trouble with Jimmy Skunk. They would know without being told that Jimmy had had the best of that meeting. The truth is it was because his pride had had a regular topsy-turvy tumble that Reddy felt so ashamed. You know he is very smart. He knows it, too. In fact he likes to think himself the smartest of all the little meadow and forest people. And so it hurt his pride dreadfully to have his neighbors know that he had been in trouble with Jimmy Skunk and got the worst of it.

But what hurt his pride still more was the suspicion that Peter Rabbit had been at the bottom of that trouble and had planned to get him into it. It was only a suspicion at first, but the more he thought about it the more certain, he became in his own mind that Peter had planned to make him run against that barrel.

"I believe he knew all the time that Jimmy Skunk was inside and that that barrel would roll downhill if I hit it hard enough. At first, I thought it was all an accident, but now I'm not so sure about it, he muttered. "I believe Peter Rabbit did it just to get me in this fix. If ever I get hold of him, he'll wish he hadn't. He'll wish he'd never been born! That's what he'll wish—he'll wish he'd never been born. Reddy glared at nothing the way he would have glared at Peter had he been there.

Somehow it made him feel better to glare that way and make dreadful threats. I suspect that he would have felt better yet if he had known all that had happened to Peter.

But he didn't know, so he kept by himself and nursed a growing temper and brooded over his wrongs and planned and planned how he would get even with Jimmy Skunk and Peter Rabbit, a very foolish thing to do, for he knew, as everybody else knew, that he wouldn't dare anger Jimmy Skunk again. As for Peter Rabbit, he never yet had been able to catch Peter. It didn't make him feel any better to have Sammy Jay find out where he was staying and bring him word from old Granny Fox that she didn't want to see him again that Summer.

Of course Granny didn't really mean that. But Reddy knew that it wouldn't do for

him to go near her until every bit of that perfume was gone, and that would not be for a long time, So he just sneaked about up in the Old Pasture and brooded and brooded over his troubles, which is a very bad thing for anyone to do, and the more he brooded the worse his temper became.

All the time Peter Rabbit and Danny Meadow Mouse and Johnny Chuck and the other little people whom Reddy is forever trying to catch, were rejoicing that they did not have to worry about him. It was a great relief not to have to be watching out for Reddy Fox every time they poked their heads out of their homes. To be sure, old Granny Fox had to be watched out for, and also Old Man Coyote, but it is always easier to watch out for two than for three, and so though Reddy was missed on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest, it was in a very nice way.

At least they thought so. But once in a while, a little shiver would go over them when they thought of the time when he should come back. You see they knew perfectly well that he would do his best to make trouble for them just to make up for the time that they had been free from him. But they made the most of their opportunity, and while Reddy brooded all by himself up in the Old Pasture they rejoiced in the glad Springtime and were happy, which is very much the way of all the great world.

STORY 1345. June 1, 1916

Digger the Badger Hears What Happened

Digger the Badger lives very much by himself. He is a great home body, is Digger the Badger. You will seldom find him far from his own doorstep. In this respect he is much like Johnny Chuck. To be sure, he has to go a little farther away from home than does Johnny, because he doesn't live wholly on plants as does Johnny, who always can find something to eat right in his own dooryard. Digger has to do a little hunting. But excepting when he is out hunting you will find him either in his house or very near it.

Ever since he had come to live on the Green Meadows the other little people had regarded him as rather a queer fellow. The littlest ones were afraid of him. The others politely called on him at first. He was very polite, but he didn't invite them to call again and made it quite clear that he wasn't at all lonely, and so they left him very much to himself, which, if the truth be known, very much suited him. He wasn't abroad a great deal in the daytime, preferring to do his hunting after dark, like some others we know of. The result was that his neighbors didn't know a great deal about him. The only real neighborly neighbor he had was Old Man Coyote. In fact, they were quite friendly. Peter Rabbit was sure that he had seen them hunting together.

But you know Peter is forever seeing things. It may have been that they were simply out to take the air together. It certainly would seem queer for such a long-legged fellow and such a short-legged fellow to go hunting together. Still, you never can tell.

Jimmy Skunk happened around once in a while just to pass the time of day. Jimmy early discovered that Digger is a cousin of his, although there is little family resemblance. Ever since then he has felt it a matter of duty to drop around once in a

while for a chat. He did this the day after his wild ride downhill in a barrel and told Digger all about it. Digger laughed until his fat sides shook. Then, when Jimmy told him about what had happened to Peter Rabbit and how he had been kept a prisoner in the old house of Johnny Chuck by the yellow-jackets, which, you know, are a kind of hornet or wasp, he sat up and took notice.

"Did you say that those yellow-jackets are in that old house of Johnny Chuck's?" he asked.

Just inside the doorway," replied Jimmy. "They've got a home there, and you may take it from me, Cousin Digger, they are some fighters. I took precious good care not to go in there myself."

"Huh," grunted Digger with a faraway, dreamy look in his eyes. "Where did you say this old house is?"

"Over there near the foot of the hill below the Old Orchard," replied Jimmy, wondering what under the sun Digger wanted to know for. "Did you ever meet any angry yellow-jackets?

"A few times, just a few times," replied Digger, still with that far away, dreamy look in his eyes. "I think them rather nice, don't you?"

"What?" exclaimed Jimmy. He was sure that he couldn't have heard right. "I think them rather nice, don't you?" repeated Digger.

"No, I don't," retorted Jimmy shortly. "They are too hot-tempered to suit me. They sting first and ask afterward what your business is. I don't like that kind of people."

"O," replied Digger. "I had forgotten all about their hot tempers. I was thinking how good they taste."

"What?" Jimmy Skunk fairly shouted it this time.

"Didn't you ever dig out a yellow-jacket's home?" inquired Digger, looking surprised.

"No, I never have, and I never intend to," replied Jimmy, "I think too much of my feelings to do anything so foolish as that."

"And it is because I think so much of my feelings that I do it every chance I get," replied Digger patting his stomach.

"Then you must have a mighty thick skin," retorted Jimmy.

"I have," replied Digger. "Come up to that old house of Johnny Chuck's with me and I will show you how to dig out those yellow-jackets."

"Thank you," said Jimmy Skunk very politely, "but I think I will be excused. Now I think of it, I have an errand to do. Goodby."

STORY 1346. June 2, 1916

Digger the Badger Winds Peter's Respect

To see another person do
  The thing that wakens fear in you
Is quite the surest way I know
  To start respect and make it grow.

It always is that way. The funny thing about it is that very often there is no real cause for respect. That was the case with Peter Rabbit and Digger the Badger. In spite of all that had happened to him, Peter couldn't stay in the dear old Brier Patch, and the very next night after his escape from the old house of Johnny Chuck he was abroad again in search of new adventures. Little Mrs. Peter did her best to make him stay at home, but it was no use.

You see, there was so much going on these busy Spring days and nights that Peter was dreadfully afraid he would miss something. You know how it is with Peter; curiosity seems to be forever driving him to poke his wabbly little nose into all kinds of places where he has no business.

So Peter started forth just after jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills. He had promised little Mrs. Peter that this time he would be very, very careful, and he had promised himself that he would try no more jokes on his neighbors, because he had found out that jokes do not pay. He started for the Old Orchard, and this took him not far from the old house of Johnny Chuck.

He had no intention of visiting it. It made him squirm all over just to think of all he had suffered while he was a prisoner there. As long as those hot-tempered yellow-jackets had possession of it he would be the last to disturb them again. He glanced over at the doorway as he hurried along, lipperty- lipperty-lip, then suddenly stopped short and sat up to stare. There was someone on the doorstep looking in!

"As I live, it is Digger the Badger!" exclaimed Peter. "I guess he doesn't know who lives in there. If he goes in I guess I'll see some fun. I'll wait and see what happens," Peter chuckled as he thought of those yellow-jackets. It wasn't dark enough yet for them to have gone to sleep, and he felt sure that if Digger once poked his head inside there would be a very lively time. Then, to Peter's credit, he thought of how dreadfully the stings of those yellow-jackets had hurt him, and in his usual impulsive way he hurried toward Digger the Badger. He had remembered just in time that a true Quaddy will warn his neighbors of danger.

At a safe distance he stopped. "I say, Mr. Badger, I wouldn't go in there if I were you," he called.

Digger looked up a little surprised. He hadn't seen Peter until he spoke. "Why not?" he grunted.

"There are yellow-jackets in there and you'll get stung," replied Peter.

"Huh!" grunted Digger, and began to dig the doorway larger so that he could get in. Now, Digger the Badger is the greatest of all diggers, which is why he has been named Digger. The way he made the sand fly was a sight worth seeing. In almost no time at all he was half-way in. Peter danced up and down with excitement. "Look out! Look out! You'll get all stung up in a minute!" he cried.

Digger paid no attention to him at all. Perhaps he didn't hear, for he was almost out of sight by this time. In his excitement Peter went nearer and nearer, until he was almost to the place where the sand was flying. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in one ear. Then he saw that the air was filled with angry yellow-jackets. Peter didn't stop to see more. He scampered to a safe distance and then turned to see what was happening to Digger. So far as he could see, nothing was happening to Digger. He didn't seem to mind those angry yellow-jackets any more than if they had been so many flies.

"He isn't afraid of them!" gasped Peter, and right then and there a new and very great respect for Digger was born. After a long time, Digger came out. He was smacking his lips and had a look of great contentment. "Do you happen to know where I will find any more yellow-jackets' nests?" he asked.

Peter said that he didn't, but if he found any he would surely tell him. Then he went on to the Old Orchard to tell every one whom he should meet what a brave fellow Digger the Badger was. And all the time it wasn't bravery at all on Digger's part. He has such a tough skin and such a thick coat that the yellow-jackets simply couldn't hurt him. It often is just that way.

STORY 1347. June 3, 1916

Old Granny Fox Makes Fun of Digger

From the time he first came to live on the Green Meadows, Digger the Badger had been rather looked down on by Reddy and Old Granny Fox. Not that there was the least reason in the world why they should have looked down on him. There wasn't, not the very smallest reason. But this didn't make the least bit of difference. You will often find it, to be just that way with people who think they are a little better than their neighbors and so look down on them. Usually, they are not one bit better themselves and often not as good.

At first Granny and Reddy had thought that perhaps Digger might someday make them a good meal, and while they had looked down on him they had been very polite. They were too smart to quarrel with him until they had made sure in their own minds that he was a safe person to quarrel with. When they had once seen the set of his stout jaws with their long sharp teeth and had had a chance to see how strong he is they decided that he was quite able to take care of himself and took care not to get near enough to him for him to get hold of them. If the truth be told, they were afraid to pick a quarrel with him, although they would not admit this for the world.

Instead, they pretended that he was quite beneath them. When they met him, they held their heads very high and pretended not to see him at all. They told everyone that

Digger was a very common person who could do nothing but dig in the ground, and every chance they had they would sneer at him. If Digger minded this, he never showed it. He just minded his own business, but it was noticed by his neighbors that when he met Granny or Reddy Fox he never stepped out of their way. No, sir; he never stepped aside for them, so much as an inch. On the other hand, they always stepped aside for him.

One day Granny Fox met Digger some distance from his home. It was very unusual to find him so far from his own doorstep. As usual, Granny Fox stepped aside for him. Then she sat down a little way off to watch him. Digger paid no attention to her. He went about his business, which happened to be the finding of a Bumble-bee's nest at that particular time. He had taken it into his funny head that he would like a taste of honey.

"Did you ever seen such a homely, clumsy fellow?" said Granny Fox to Blacky the Crow, who happened to be near, but loud enough for Digger to hear. "His running is a joke, His legs are so short that I wonder he doesn't bump his nose when he tries to run. And did you ever in all your life see such a shape? He looks as if Old Mother Nature sat down on him and flattened him out. I should think he would be ashamed to be seen. I don't wonder he seldom comes out in the daytime. I wouldn't if I were in his place, I don't know what you think, but I think that he is a disgrace to the Green Meadows. I wouldn't say so to him, but that is what I think. I notice that no one but Old Man Coyote has much to do with him."

Now, Digger had heard every word of this and he had seen the sneering look in Granny's eyes, but he took no notice. He went on about his business, which was looking for a Bumble-bee's nest, and to have seen him you never would have suspected that he knew that he was being made fun of. He went this way and that way with his nose to the ground, and all the time without seeming to do so he was getting nearer and nearer to Granny Fox. If Granny noticed it she didn't mind. She knew that when he got near enough to be dangerous she could get out of his reach with a couple of bounds, and to move before she had to, would be to lead Blacky the Crow to think that she was afraid, and this would never do.

Now, what was in Digger's head I don't know. It may be that he had it in mind to get near enough to Granny to run at her and show Blacky that she was afraid of him. Whatever he was planning to do never will be known, for not far from where Granny was sitting he made a discovery. It was what she had been looking for—a Bumble-bee's nest. Digger looked at old Granny Fox, who promptly turned her back on him. Then he chuckled and there was a gleam of mischief in his eyes. He took one more look at old Granny Fox and then pulled open that nest and greedily ate the honey.

Of course, those bees came pouring out mad clear through. They did their best to sting Digger, but his thick skin and coat protected him so that he didn't mind them a bit. Then some of them saw Granny Fox, and in less time than It takes to tell it they were all about her and all over her. With a yell Granny started for home, and the last Blacky and Digger saw of her she was running as if the ground burned her feet.

Illustrations. May 29 to June 3, 1916.

1342. Peter Rabbit is Most Uncomfortable
"I know where you are, Peter Rabbit," said the voice.

1343. Jimmy Skunk Keeps His Word
"Come out, Peter; I'm waiting for you," he called down the hall.

1344. Reddy Fox Bide and Broods
The more he brooded, the worse his temper became.

1345. Digger the Badger Hears What Happened
Digger laughed until his fat sides shook.

1346. Digger the Badger Winds Peter's Respect
"I say, Mr. Badger, I wouldn't go in there if I were you," he called.

1347. Old Granny Fox Makes Fun of Digger
When they met him they held their heads very high.

STORY 1348. June 5, 1916

Old Granny Fox Seeks Revenge

Revenge is a word which the world would be far, far happier without. It means getting even by doing to others, not as you would have them do to you, but as they have done to you in unpleasant ways. Revenge was what Reddy Fox was brooding over up there in the Old Pasture as he planned to get even with Peter Rabbit for getting him into trouble with Jimmy Skunk. Revenge was what Old Granny Fox was planning as she nursed the smarting places left by the stings of the angry bumble-bees whose nest Digger the Badger had destroyed near the spot where Granny had been sitting making fun of Digger. It wasn't revenge on the bumble-bees that Granny wanted. She knew that that was quite hopeless. Besides she didn't blame them. How were they to know that she had had nothing to do with the destruction of their nest? She had been sitting right there when it happened, and they were too angry to stop to ask questions. No, it was Digger the Badger who filled the thoughts of Old Granny Fox. You see she was smart enough to guess that Digger had disturbed those bees, knowing that they would sting her. She quite overlooked the fact that at the time she had been making fun of him and saying very unkind things about him.

"I'll get even with him; yes, sir, I'll get even with him," she said over and over again to herself. "I'll drive him from the Green Meadows. I'll make him wish he never had met Old Granny Fox. I'll show him that no one can get me into trouble and not fare worse than I do."

So she talked to herself and her eyes snapped and her lips were drawn back in an ugly snarl and she was not at all pleasant to see. It seemed very much as if those hot-tempered bees had put their hot temper into Granny when they stung her. My, how those stings did smart! Granny knew what to do. It wasn't the first time she had been stung. She headed straight for the Smiling Pool and as soon as she reached it, she rolled in the cool mud at a certain place where the bank was very low. The mud took away the heat and pain from the stings and almost right away Granny felt better.

But her temper didn't improve. It grew worse if anything. That mud was very soothing and comforting, but O, how it did make her look! Just think how you would feel if, when you were wearing your very best clothes you got them covered with sticky mud. So it didn't improve Granny's temper a bit to have her handsome red cloak all covered with mud. She takes a great deal of pride in that red cloak, does Granny, and now it certainly was a sight. She didn't want to be seen by anyone, but she couldn't help being seen by some. Grandfather Frog, sitting on his big green lily pad, saw her when she rolled in the mud. So did Jerry Muskrat, who was on the Big Rock. Both guessed what had happened. That is they guessed Granny had been stung, though of course they didn't have any idea how it came about.

"Chug-a-rum!" exclaimed Grandfather Frog. "It's very warm today, isn't it?" And then he laughed at his own joke and Jerry Muskrat laughed with him. It tickled them to think that one so smart should have got in such a fix. Granny paid no attention to them. Just as soon as she was sure that there was cool wet mud on every single place where

she had been stung she sneaked home, keeping out of sight of her neighbors. Once there she began to plan how she might get even with Digger the Badger.

For a long time, she couldn't think of a single plan that might not get her into worse trouble than she was in already. You see if the truth be told she was afraid of Digger. That is, she was afraid to fight him, His teeth looked too sharp and his claws too long for her to risk a fight with him. She would have to get someone else to fight her battle for her. But who? She hadn't a single friend to whom she could go. She would have to get someone who was not her friend and manage somehow to get him into a quarrel with Digger the Badger. As she lay on her doorstep thinking as hard as ever she could the voice of Bowser the Hound floated across to her from Farmer Brown's dooryard. A look of cunning crept into her yellow eyes as she heard it and she actually smiled.

"He is the very one," said she. "Why didn't I think of him before?"

STORY 1349. June 6, 1916

The Cunning of Old Granny Fox

There's none more stupid than an ox,
And none more cunning than a fox.

That is an old saying and while not altogether true there is enough truth in it to make it worth remembering. The ox is not always as stupid as he seems, but on the other hand the fox is almost sure to prove a lot more cunning than he appears. To be cunning means to be sly, crafty, tricky. Old Granny Fox is all of these. She is cunning in all that the word means. You seldom can tell from her looks or her actions what she is planning. There are no sharper wits than hers on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest unless they be those of Old Man Coyote, and Granny never will admit that his are sharper.

Now when Granny Fox made up her mind that she would get even with Digger the Badger she didn't tell anyone. She had long ago learned that it never does to let others know your plans. So when Blacky the Crow teased her about the way in which Digger the Badger had got even with her for making fun of him she kept her temper and didn't so much as hint that she was planning to get even with him. In fact, she took Blacky's teasing good naturedly and treated the whole matter as a joke on her. But she didn't wholly fool Blacky. You see, Blacky has a pretty shrewd head of his own.

"She's too good natured about it," thought he. "I know Old Granny Fox too well to think for a minute that she is going to let Digger have the best of her without trying to get even. That wouldn't be like her. She's got some plan in that clever head of hers and one of these days something is going to happen. I'll keep my eyes open, for I don't want to miss anything exciting. I Just love excitement!"

But though Blacky kept a sharp eye on all that went on in that part of the Green Meadows where Digger the Badger lives, he saw nothing unusual. Granny Fox passed that way once in a while, but she never appeared to take notice of Digger if he

happened to be in sight. She treated him just as she had ever since he came to the Green Meadows to live, which was as if he were quite beneath her notice. But though Granny Fox did not appear to be taking any notice of Digger she really was studying him and his ways all the time. She discovered that while he seldom went far from his doorstep, once in a while he did. Once in a while he couldn't get enough to eat without going some distance.

When she discovered this, she spent much of her time hunting near his home. You see, she knew that he hunted meadow mice and was quite as fond of them as she was. So she planned to catch all she could near his home, so that he would have to go farther away to do his hunting. When she was not hunting herself, she would hide where she could watch Digger's home. It took a great deal of patience. But patience is something that all the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest have to learn very early in life, and Granny had learned it long ago.

At last her patience was rewarded. Very early one morning she saw Digger come out and begin hunting for his breakfast. He went farther and farther from his doorstep, for Granny had hunted around there so much that there was nothing left for Digger. It was very quiet and pleasant down there on the Green Meadows and it was quite clear that Digger feared nothing. Granny chuckled. Then, keeping out of sight of Digger, she ran swiftly across the Green Meadows up to Farmer Brown's dooryard. There, just as she had hoped, she found Bowser the Hound unchained. She barked softly. Bowser looked up and of course he saw her right away. "Bow, wow, wow! roared Bowser, and started for her just as she knew he would. Away raced Granny, with Bowser after her. Straight down across the Green Meadows she ran toward the home of Digger the Badger.

STORY 1350. June 7, 1916

Granny Fox Plans Trouble For Digger

As she ran swiftly down across the Green Meadows toward the home of Digger the Badger, there was a sparkle in the eyes of Granny Fox. Behind her, his great voice startling all the little people near and causing them to hurry to places where they would be safe and at the same time could see what was going on, ran Bowser the Hound, and if you could tell anything by looks it was very plain that Bowser had made up his mind that this time he would catch Granny. But then Bowser always does make up his mind just like that whenever he starts to hunt Old Granny Fox. The fact that he never has caught her doesn't bother him at all. It seems to simply make him the more sure each time that this time he will be successful.

In cool weather Granny rather enjoys these runs. She hasn't the least fear of Bowser, because she has such faith in her own nimble wits that she knows that whenever she gets tired, she can play a trick on him and fool him so that he will lose her tracks. In warm weather she does not, as a rule, enjoy a run ahead of Bowser, but this time she was enjoying it, which accounted for the sparkle in her eyes. In fact she was chuckling as she ran.

She took pains not to get very far ahead of Bowser. She kept only a very little way ahead, so that she was right before his eyes all the time and he didn't have to waste any time picking out her trail with his wonderful nose. You see, Granny wanted him to run his very fastest. She wanted Bowser to get down to the home of Digger the Badger before Digger, who was out hunting, could get back there. It was a very simple and a very clever plan of Granny's. She would lead Bowser straight to where Digger was. When he saw Digger he would forget all about her and would stop to fight Digger. Perhaps he would kill Digger. If he did she wouldn't be sorry. She hadn't liked Digger since the first time she saw him when he came to the Green Meadows to live, and since the day when he had stirred up the bumble-bees by robbing their home of honey close by where she had been sitting, and they, in the blindness of their anger had stung her, she had fairly hated him.

As Bowser's great voice rolled down across the Green Meadows, she saw Digger sit up that he might better see what was going on. Then he dropped down and started to run towards his home. Granny almost laughed aloud, for she saw that she and Bowser would get there long before Digger could. You know his legs are so short and he is such a heavy fellow that at his best he is a slow runner. Digger soon saw that he couldn't possibly reach his home first and, as soon as he saw this, he stopped running. Yes, sir, he stopped running. Instead he stretched himself out flat on the ground. Being such a broad, flat fellow there was nothing much of him to see when he did this. If you had happened along past there while he was stretched out that way you probably would not have seen him at all. If you did you probably wouldn't have guessed that he was anything alive. That is Digger's wise way of keeping out of trouble when he is caught too far from home to get back there safely.

Granny Fox knows all about this trick of Digger's. She turned up her nose as she saw him flatten down in the grass. "I wonder if he thinks he can fool me that way," she muttered, scornfully. "He may be able to fool stupid men folks that way but if he thinks it will work with me he will I find that he has made a dreadful mistake. In a few minutes he is going to get the greatest surprise of his life. When Bowser the Hound gets through with him there won't be much of him left."

Granny ran straight by Digger's home, so that Bowser, following her, would be directly between Digger and his house. Then she turned and headed straight for where Digger was trying to flatten himself out of sight in the grass. She had let Bowser get almost at her heels. Blacky the Crow had heard the noise and now came hurrying up. Because he was overhead and so looking down, he saw Digger right away. When he saw that Granny Fox was headed straight for Digger with Bowser at her heels he guessed at once what she was up to. "In about a minute something's going to happen," he chuckled, his eyes shining with excitement. "I wouldn't miss this for the world."

STORY 1351. June 8, 1916

How Smart Granny Fox Wasn't Smart Enough

Old Granny Fox considers herself very smart. And she is very smart. Yes, sir, she

certainly is very smart. But the plans of even the very smartest people do not always work out as they have planned. As she ran just ahead of Bowser the Hound straight toward the place where Digger the Badger was trying to keep out of sight by stretching out flat in the grass, she was mightily pleased with herself, was Old Granny Fox. Her clever plan for getting Digger into trouble was working out just as she had hoped it would. She glanced up at Blacky the Crow flying overhead, and grinned. She was glad, very glad that he was on hand to see what was going to happen. You remember that Blacky saw Digger the Badger get even with her for making fun of him and saying unkind things about him. Now he would see her get back at Digger, and so she was glad that he was there. "He laughed at me," she muttered, "but now he'll have a chance to laugh at Digger. He'll see that no one can get the best of Granny Fox. I'll show him."

She could see Digger lying flat on the ground, trying his best to keep out of sight, and her lips curled with scorn. "He's afraid!" she thought, quite forgetting the fact that she herself was afraid to stand and fight Bowser. "He's scared out of his wits."

When she had almost reached Digger, she ran faster so as to get farther ahead of Bowser. Then she gathered herself for a long jump. It was a very long jump indeed, and it took her right over Digger and far enough beyond to be quite out of his reach. The moment her feet touched the ground she ran a little way and then turned with a smile on her crafty face to see what would happen. On came Bowser, and then, quite suddenly, something happened, but not at all what she had expected would happen. No, sir, it wasn't at all what she had expected would happen. Indeed, it was so very different from what she had expected would happen that she hardly knew what to do or think.

You see Digger the Badger didn't behave at all as she had thought he would. He didn't wait for Bowser to reach him. Instead, he suddenly sprang forward to meet Bowser. He was snarling in a way that made such an ugly sound that it sent little cold shivers all over Granny Fox. His lips were drawn back so that he showed all his long, sharp teeth. His eyes seemed to fairly blaze. Yes, sir, that's what they did. And somehow he seemed to have grown tremendously all in a minute. He looked almost twice as big as Granny had ever seen him before. This was because his long hair stood on end. Altogether he looked so fierce that it was no wonder Bowser the Hound stopped short and then hastily backed away.

Digger snapped his jaws together angrily, and his snarls were more ugly than before. He stopped for just a minute and then ran right at Bowser again. What do you think Bowser did? Why, he gave a little, frightened yelp, turned, put his tail between his legs and ran! Yes, sir, that is just what Bowser did. Granny Fox had hard work to believe her own eyes. Bowser actually was running from Digger the Badger.

He didn't run far. You see, Digger didn't chase him. He was quite content to make him turn tail. He knew that it was of no use to chase him because his own legs were so short that he couldn't possibly catch Bowser. So, as soon as Bowser turned to run Digger stopped. Bowser stopped and looked back. Digger snarled that ugly sounding snarl of his, as much as to say, "Come on! I'm waiting for you. I'm just aching for a fight."

Bowser barked bravely enough, but he didn't offer to come a step nearer. Then he remembered Granny Fox and saw her sitting open-mouthed, and with such a disappointed look on her face. Bowser barked two or three times more at Digger, then ran around in a half-circle and once more started after Granny Fox. Granny gulped down her disappointment and started off across the Green Meadows, with Bowser after her, and there was bitterness in her heart. Her plans were all upset. It was too warm for comfort and yet she had got to run until she could fool Bowser with a sharp trick and get rid of him. Worse still she hadn't got even with Digger the Badger at all. You see, smart as she is, she hadn't been smart enough to think to find out if Bowser and Digger had ever met before. They had a long time before[21], and Bowser had learned to respect those sharp teeth of Digger's. As for Digger, he trotted off home, chuckling all the way, while the hoarse laugh of Blacky the Crow followed Granny Fox as she ran and added to the bitterness in her heart.

STORY 1352. June 9, 1916

The Good Nature of Digger the Badger

Good nature is a priceless thing:
It fills with sunshine every day.
When clouds come creeping o'er the sky
It chases ugly gloom away.

Digger the Badger is naturally good natured. He says that good nature is his middle name, which is just his funny way of telling people that he means to be good natured all the time. So when he does lose his temper (you know the very best natured people in the world get angry once in a while) it is seldom for very long. It was this way now. He had given Bowser the Hound a fright and in doing so had upset the plans of Old Granny Fox. Now, as he sat on his doorstep for the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind to cool him off, he chuckled and chuckled as he listened to the voice of Bowser the Hound growing fainter and fainter as he chased Granny Fox up into the Old Pasture.

A shadow passed over Digger's head and he looked up to see Blacky the Crow looking down at him with twinkling eyes. Blacky passed on, then seemed to change his mind, for he turned and came back, alighting on the ground near enough to Digger to be neighborly, yet far enough from him to feel quite safe. You see he had seen how fierce and savage Digger looked when he had made Bowser turn tail and this had given him a very real respect, which some people might be unkind enough to call fear, for Digger. At all events he was far too shrewd to take any chances by going any nearer than was absolutely necessary in order to be neighborly. Seeing that Digger was chuckling, Blacky chuckled too. Then they looked straight at each other and both broke right out laughing.

"Did you see that great, silly dog turn tall and run from little me?" asked Digger.

"Did I! I should say I did!" exclaimed Blacky, managing to put a great deal of

21 STORY 114, 1912.

admiration into the sound of his voice. “It was too funny for anything. You scared all the fierceness out of him, and I don’t know of anyone else who could do that but Buster Bear. It was too bad that you didn’t succeed in catching him. He is a great, big bully, and I would dearly have liked to see him get the worst of a fight with you. I am sure you could beat him.”

“O, yes, I could beat him,” replied Digger, but not at all in a boasting way. “You see. I’ve done it once already. I guess he doesn’t like the feeling of my teeth. Digger showed all of them in a broad grin and Blacky walked a few steps farther away. “But I haven’t got anything against Bowser the Hound. If people will let me alone, I’ll let them alone. I haven’t got anything against anyone in the whole world.”

“Not even Old Granny Fox?” asked Blacky.

“Not even Old Granny Fox,” replied Digger. “Why should I have anything against her?”

“O, no reason in particular, only she brought Bowser the Hound over just to get you into trouble,” replied Blacky, a shrewd look in his sharp eyes as he watched Digger.

Digger chuckled. “I know that, but what of it? I don’t blame her a bit. She was just trying to get even with me and isn’t wise enough yet to know that trying to get even doesn’t pay,” he replied. “I don’t bear Granny Fox any hard feelings. If she will leave me alone, I won’t bother her. I found out a long time ago that the way to keep comfortable in your own mind is to treat everybody as if you think them friends, whether they are or not. Then if they quarrel with you why just fight with all your might, teach them a lesson, and then forget all about it and start over again. I’m a pretty good fighter if I do say so myself, but it isn’t because I like fighting. O, my, no! No, indeed! I never fight unless I have to. That is why I live by myself so much. It’s easier to keep good natured. Granny Fox tried to get even with me, and she just made more trouble for herself.” Digger chuckled. “She’ll go home and be unhappy and no one will want to go near her. It doesn’t pay. The sun only shines for those who have sunshine in their hearts. And for them it always shines. Isn’t this a nice day?”

“It certainly is,” replied Blacky the Crow, a twinkle in his eyes. “It’s a very fine day—for some folks.”

STORY 1353. June 10, 1916

Farmer Brown’s Boy Surprises Digger

Now you would suppose that having been caught away from the safety of his home once that day Digger the Badger would have kept very close to his own doorstep the rest of that day. But perhaps you have forgotten his stomach. A stomach, you know, is such an important thing. Sometimes I am tempted to agree with Peter Rabbit, who says that our stomachs are the most important things in the world, and are the cause of most of the troubles of life.

"If it wasn't for our stomachs," says Peter, "we wouldn't have much of anything to worry about. At least I wouldn't and neither would any of my neighbors of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. But every day we have to think about how we are going to fill our own stomachs and keep from filling the stomachs of other people. If it were not for their stomachs, we would have nothing to fear from Reddy and Old Granny Fox, Old Man Coyote, Hooty the Owl, Redtail the Hawk, and some others I could name. It is all on account of their stomachs that they hunt us. Sometimes I wish there were no such things as stomachs. Then everybody would be friends with everybody else."

It was the stomach of Digger the Badger that was the cause of getting him so far away from home a second time that day. You see he hadn't had time to catch a good breakfast when old Granny Fox led Bowser the Hound over where he was hunting. While he was giving Bowser a scare he quite forgot his empty stomach and trotted off home quite content to sit on his doorstep and chuckle with satisfaction over the way he had frightened Bowser and upset the plans of Granny Fox. But if Digger was content, his stomach wasn't. It was empty and it wanted to be filled. It was so insistent that by and by Digger just had to listen to it. So once more he started out after that delayed breakfast, and because he could find nothing near home, he was forced to go quite a distance.

Now, it happened that Farmer Brown's boy took it into his head to go down on the Green Meadows that morning, and in the course of his walk he came in sight of the home of Digger the Badger.

There's a fellow I know very little about," said Farmer Brown's boy, talking to himself. "He is so shy I never have been able to get a good look at him. I believe I'll lie down here a while and see if he won't give me a chance to see something of him."

So Farmer Brown's boy lay down in the grass where he could watch the house of Digger the Badger, yet be himself unseen. For a long time, he watched Digger sitting on his doorstep seemingly quite content with the world. All the time he kept wishing that Digger would go hunting. He had just about given up hope when Digger got up, yawned, stretched, and then sat up and looked this way and that way over the Green Meadows. Farmer Brown's boy lay perfectly still and he felt quite sure that Digger didn't see him. And Digger didn't. He started off after that late breakfast and Farmer Brown's boy began to creep toward Digger's home. When he felt sure that he was near enough to get there before Digger possibly could, he jumped to his feet and ran, so as to get between Digger and his home. Then he started toward Digger.

Now, Digger had been so busy hunting that he hadn't seen Farmer Brown's boy. In fact, he didn't see him until Farmer Brown's boy was quite near him. Then he heard his steps and whirled about to see that Farmer Brown's boy was between him and his house. Instantly he dropped flat in the hope that he hadn't been seen. But in a minute, he saw that he had been seen and that this was of no use at all. What should he do? He couldn't scare Farmer Brown's boy the way he had Bowser the Hound. It was of no use to try. Besides, he was afraid. Yes, sir, Digger the Badger was afraid. He hadn't feared Bowser, but he did fear Bowser's master. There was no place to run to. What should

Illustrations. June 5 to June 10, 1916.

1348. Old Granny Fox Seeks Revenge
Grandfather Frog, sitting on his green lily pad, saw her when she rolled in the mud.

1349. The Cunning of Old Granny Fox
She saw Digger come out and begin hunting for his breakfast.

1350. Granny Fox Plans Trouble for Digger
She took pains not to get very far ahead of Bowser.

1351. How Smart Granny Fox Wasn't Smart Enough
As soon as Bowser turned to run, Digger stopped.

1352. The Good Nature of Digger the Badger
He looked up to see Blacky the Crow looking down at him with twinkling eyes.

1353. Farmer Brown's Boy Surprises Digger
Digger got up, yawned, stretched, and then sat up and looked this way and that.

he do? Ho had been surprised away from home, and now he had got to get out of his scrape the best way he could. Digger took one good look at Farmer Brown's boy and then he began to dig.

STORY 1354. June 12, 1916

The Story of the Tail That Held

Listen, my dears, and let me tell
The tail of a tale that held full well.

Some people trust to their claws and teeth to get them out of trouble; Buster Bear, for instance. Some people trust to the swiftness of their legs or wings, and run or fly away from danger. Reddy Fox and Mrs. Grouse do this. Some people trust to their ability to disappear under water and so never go far from it, such people as Grandfather Frog, Jerry Muskrat and Paddy the Beaver. Some people, of whom Stickytoes the Tree Toad is one, trust to keeping perfectly still in times of danger and looking so much like their surroundings that they are difficult to see

Some people trust to other things. Jimmy Skunk to his little bag of scent, and Prickly Porky the Porcupine to the thousand little spears hidden in his coat. Some trust to appearing to be dead. One of these is Unc' Billy Possum. Digger the Badger is too short of legs and too heavy of body to trust to running when an enemy appears, unless he happens to be very near his house. If he thinks he hasn't already been seen, he trusts to lying stretched out flat on the ground in the hope that he will not be seen. If he is surprised by a foe whom he thinks he has the least chance against he trusts to his teeth and claws, and fights, for there isn't a drop of cowardly blood in Digger. But if an enemy against whom he has no chance suddenly appears, he trusts to his claws, his great stout claws, and his wonderful ability to dig. You see, Mr. Digger the Badger believes in doing well whatever you can do. So because he can dig he has made himself the best of all diggers.

When he saw that Farmer Brown's boy was between him and his house and had seen him, he wasted no time in trying to run, which he knew would be quite useless. He knew it would be of little use to fight. There was just one thing to do, and that was to dig himself out of sight. My, my, my how he did make the sand fly! If those stout legs of his couldn't move fast enough in running they could in digging. Yes, sir, they certainly could move fast then. The sand flew out behind him in a cloud. Farmer Brown's boy gave a whoop and ran forward, but by the time he reached Digger, the latter had nearly disappeared and the sand was pouring out of that brand new hole at a rate that meant that in a jiffy, Digger would be quite out of sight. In fact there was nothing but his funny short tail left above ground when Farmer Brown's boy got there and that was disappearing at a rate that left no time for thinking.

Farmer Brown's Boy didn't stop to think. He wanted to see Digger close to, and there was only one way to do it, and that was to pull him out of that hole he was digging so fast. Farmer Brown's Boy leaned over and grabbed that funny short tail.

"I've got you this time, old fellow!" he shouted and began to pull. He didn't have the least doubt in the world that he would have Digger out of that hole in a twinkling.

But Digger was of another opinion altogether. At the first touch of Farmer Brown's Boy's hands Digger stopped digging and braced himself. Farmer Brown's Boy pulled, but he didn't budge Digger an inch. Then he dug his heels into the ground and pulled with all his might. He pulled and he pulled and he pulled and he pulled. He tugged and he tugged and he tugged and he tugged. Then he stopped to rest, but he hadn't budged Digger an inch. The instant he stopped to rest Digger began to do some pulling on his own account. He actually gained a little on Farmer Brown's Boy.

"I'll pull you out of there or pull your tail off," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. Drawing a long breath, he set his teeth and once more pulled with all his might. He pulled and he pulled and he tugged and he tugged until his arms ached and he was quite out of breath, but still he hadn't budged Digger an inch. Neither had he pulled his tail off. He just had to rest a minute. Just as before, Digger took his turn at pulling, and Farmer Brown's Boy felt that tail slip a little through his hands. Once more he dug his heels into the ground and pulled, but he didn't budge Digger an inch, and he let go. He had to. In two winks of an eye that tail had disappeared and the sand was flying back right in the face of Farmer Brown's Boy. Digger and his tail had won.

STORY 1355. June 13, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Saves Old Man Toad

When you regret a thoughtless deed,
A thing you'd undo if you could,
Just watch your chance to make amends
By doing something that is good.

Farmer Brown's Boy had acted on impulse when he had grabbed the tail of Digger the Badger and tried to pull him out of his hole. To act on impulse is to do something without stopping to think. It had been just that way with Farmer Brown's Boy. He had been so anxious to get better acquainted with Digger the Badger that when he saw him disappearing in that hole in the ground, he had grabbed Digger's tail without stopping to think that he was doing the very thing that would make it all the harder to become acquainted with Digger.

When he was forced to let go of Digger's tail and Digger had quite disappeared, he had time to think, and right away he was sorry for what he had done. He mopped his face with his handkerchief, for he had pulled so hard that he was very hot.

"Now what did I do that for?" he demanded of no one in particular, unless it was himself. "I've frightened that fellow so that he never will forget it, and he always will look on me as an enemy unless I can do something to show him that I really didn't mean any harm, and how I can ever do that I don't know.

"My! but he is strong. If anyone had told me that I couldn't pull him out of his hole, I would have laughed at him. I don't see now why I didn't pull his tall off. It must

be fastened clear up to his head. I hope it isn't dreadfully sore. I declare, I'm ashamed of myself. That's what I am. Now he'll be all the time watching out for me, and I'm afraid I never will have a chance to chance to make friends with him. That's what comes of not stopping to think. What a lot of trouble thoughtlessness makes in this world."

Farmer Brown's Boy started on across the Green Meadows in a brown study. He was still wishing that he hadn't been so thoughtless. He was thinking so hard that he took no notice of anything.

Suddenly he heard a tiny scream. It was a scream of fright. There was no doubt about that. He looked this way and he looked that way, but he saw nothing unusual. He stopped with a puzzled look on his good-natured freckled face. Then he heard that tiny scream again, and this time he was sure that it came from the ground just ahead of him. Ha, there was something moving there!

"As I live, it is my old friend, Mr. Toad!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy. "My goodness, how he is hopping! I didn't suppose the old fellow could go so fast. Now what ails him?"

Just then something darted from behind a clump of grass right at Old Mr. Toad's heels. It was Bluffer the Adder, one of the snake family. In a twinkling he had hold of Old Mr. Toad, and once more Mr. Toad screamed.

It was very clear unless something was done very quickly Old Mr. Toad would no more work in Farmer Brown's garden. Farmer Brown's Boy looked around for a stick or a stone, but there was none near. Then he ran forward with a yell. Bluffer the Adder had been so intent on catching Old Mr. Toad that he had not heard or seen Farmer Brown's Boy. At the sound of that yell, he let go of Old Mr. Toad and at once coiled to defend himself, hissing angrily. Old Mr. Toad didn't stop to see what would happen. He hopped and hopped and hopped, making surprisingly long jumps. He wanted to get away from there as quickly as he could. It was no place for him, and he knew it.

Farmer Brown's Boy took one good look at Bluffer the Adder and then he started after Old Mr. Toad. In a few strides he had caught up with him.

Then what do you think he did? Why, he caught Old Mr. Toad and put him in his pocket. Yes, sir, that is just what he did.

"I'll take you along up to the garden where you belong," said he. "I need you there, and you'll be a lot safer. This is no place for you, old fellow. If I should leave you here that snake might find you again, and that would be the end of you. Now, you just lie still, and we'll go back and' see what that adder has to say for himself. I don't know whether I ought to kill him or not."

STORY 1356. June 14, 1916

Bluffer the Adder Tries to Bluff

To bluff is to pretend. When any one pretends that they are what they are not or

that they have got something which they haven't got they are bluffing. If someone makes you think a thing which isn't so they have bluffed you. One who is in the habit of doing such things, or trying to, is a bluffer. It is because of his habit of trying to make people think he is what he is not, and often succeeding, that Bluffer the Adder is called Bluffer. Of all the little people who live on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest there isn't another who can even approach Bluffer the Adder in pretending to be something very different from what he really is.

Now Farmer Brown's Boy is very like most other boys and most other people in that he doesn't like snakes. In fact, for a long time he was very much afraid of them, and whenever he met one tried to kill it. It wasn't until he began to get acquainted with his little neighbors of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, and to learn to know them and their ways, that he found out that not only are most members of the snake family quite harmless, but that they have a place in the plans of Old Mother Nature and really do a great deal of good in the Great World.

After he found this out, he never tried to kill Mr. Blacksnake[22] or Mr. Gartersnake[23] or pretty little Mr. Greensnake. Instead he tried to make friends with them, even if he did feel in his heart that he never could learn to love them. He learned all he could about the snake family, and he found out that, with the exception of two, it was very foolish and silly to fear any of them. These two are Buzztail the Rattler and Pilot the Copperhead, each of whom is very dangerous because his bite is poisonous. Had he lived in the South he would have had Cottonmouth the Moccasin, who lives in swamps and close to water, to add as one to be feared.

All other members of the snake family in this part of the Great World are quite harmless and many of them are the friends of man, or would be if he would let them be. All this Farmer Brown's Boy had found out by reading and asking questions, so as with Old Mr. Toad safely in his pocket, he turned back to see what sort of a fellow Bluffer the Adder was. He didn't have the least bit of fear. In his haste to catch Old Mr. Toad and make sure that no harm should come to him he had taken only a glance at Bluffer and now he was going back to have a better look at him, for it was the first time he ever had seen him.

Bluffer was not coiled up as Farmer Brown's Boy had left him. In fact, he wasn't to be seen at all. He had run away. "He can't have got far," thought Farmer Brown's Boy, as he looked this way and that way on the ground. A little movement of the grass off at one side caught his eyes and a few steps in that direction showed him Bluffer crawling away. Now Bluffer is not at all like Mr. Blacksnake, who is long and slim and moves like a flash. Bluffer is rather short, and for its length his body is thick. You have only to glance at him to know that he is not built for speed. No one knows this better than Bluffer himself.

The instant he knew that he was discovered he threw himself into a coil, drew a long breath which made his body swell out, flattened his head and made his neck appear three times as big as it really is, faced Farmer Brown's boy with his head drawn

22 STORY 771, 1914.
23 STORY 802, 1914.

back to strike, and hissed so loudly and fiercely that Farmer Brown's Boy actually jumped back.

No wonder. Bluffer was the very picture of anger and ugliness. Buzztail the Rattler himself couldn't have looked more dangerous. In fact, it is doubtful if he could have looked half so fierce and dangerous.

"My stars!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's boy, and was half tempted to run away. "I wonder who you are anyway." He looked sharply at the end of Bluffer's tail and saw that there were no rattles there, so he knew that it couldn't be Buzztail.

He knew by the colors that it couldn't be Pilot the Copperhead. If it was neither of these, he knew that he had no cause to be afraid. And still he was just a little afraid. It didn't seem possible that anyone who could look and act so ugly and fierce could be wholly harmless. He took off his coat and swung it at Bluffer, who struck at it savagely. Then Farmer Brown's Boy discovered something. When Bluffer had struck at his coat, he hadn't opened his mouth to bite at all!

"You're bluffing. That's what you're doing!" he cried. "I'm not afraid of you."

STORY 1357. June 15, 1916

Bluffer Tries Another Kind of Bluff

There are more ways than one almost all things to do;
If you just keep on trying you will find this is true.

Bluffer the Adder knows this. He has proved it more than once. He doesn't believe in giving up because he has failed once. He had tried his very best to bluff Farmer Brown's Boy into thinking him very ugly, fierce and dangerous. To bluff, you know, is to try to make other people think you are what you are not. Buzztail the Rattler or Pilot the Copperhead, two members of the snake family who are very, very dangerous, could not possibly look any more fierce and dangerous than did Bluffer the Adder.

Adder as he hissed and struck at Farmer Brown's boy, so that he almost succeeded in making him afraid. Had you been there and seen him you never, never would have guessed that Bluffer himself was the one who was afraid. He was. He was very much afraid. But he believes in putting on a bold front, and so he made himself look as savage and ugly and dangerous as he knew how, and this was very savage and ugly and dangerous indeed. And all the time it was just a bluff, for Bluffer is quite harmless to all except Old Mr. Toad and his children.

When Farmer Brown's boy saw that Bluffer didn't open his mouth when he struck at the coat waved at him, he knew right away that Bluffer was just pretending and that there was nothing to fear from him. So then he decided that he would do a little bluffing himself. He would pretend that he was going to kill Bluffer.

You see, he didn't have the least idea of the truth that Bluffer was even then in terrible fear. He certainly didn't look it. If Farmer Brown's Boy had even suspected this he wouldn't have done anything to increase that fear, for he is one of the best-hearted

boys in the world. But he thought that Bluffer wasn't afraid and he wanted to see just how bold and brave Bluffer could be.

With one foot he loosened a little clod of earth. Picking this up, he threw it at Bluffer. He didn't think it would hurt him, and he wanted to see if it would take all the fight out of him and make him run. The little clod of earth hit Bluffer, and it did take all the fight out of him. But he didn't run. No, sir, he didn't run. Instead, he opened his mouth as if gasping for breath: he twisted and turned as if in great pain. Then for a minute he was quite still but for his tail, which wriggled feebly and still more feebly.

Then just as that feebly moving tail grew still Bluffer rolled over on his back and there he lay without motion. He no longer looked fierce and ugly. His body was no longer puffed out, and his head and neck were no longer spread out. Instead of looking dangerous, he was the most harmless looking thing ever was, for there is nothing more harmless looking than a dead snake.

"O!" cried Farmer Brown's Boy. I didn't mean to kill him. I didn't mean to hurt him. There must have been a stone in that little clod of earth, and I didn't know it. I wouldn't have killed him for the world. I know now that he was perfectly harmless, and he had just as much right to live as I have. What a stupid, great brute I am. First I frighten Digger the Badger when I wanted to make friends with him, and then I kill a perfectly harmless snake when I didn't mean to do anything of the kind."

He walked close to Bluffer and touched him with the toe of one shoe. There was no sign of life. He stooped down and picked Bluffer up by the tail. The body swung limply from his hand. It was very clear to Farmer Brown's Boy that never again would Old Mr. Toad have cause to fear his old enemy.

"It's too bad, too bad," murmured Farmer Brown's Boy. "I didn't mean to do it. I suppose this fellow is what some people call a blow adder and others call a hog-nosed snake. I never saw one before and I didn't suppose it was so easy to kill one. I'm glad I saved Old Mr. Toad from him, but I wish that then I had left him alone."

He walked across the Green Meadows to the nearest rail-fence and across the top rail he hung the limp body. Then he turned and looked across the Green Meadows. The sun was shining and the birds were singing, but somehow all the joy and gladness had gone out of the day for Farmer Brown's Boy, and a great sadness had crept into it. He felt that he had been thoughtlessly cruel. He had taken that which he could not give back—life.

STORY 1358. June 16, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy is Startled

Farmer Brown's Boy wasn't happy. No, sir, he wasn't happy. His heart was filled with sorrow—sorrow because he had killed Bluffer the Adder. To be sure, Bluffer was only a snake, and a very homely—not to say ugly-looking one at that. But he was one of the little people of the Green Meadows and never had harmed Farmer Brown's Boy, and couldn't have if he had wanted to. Farmer Brown's Boy couldn't help but feel that

Bluffer had had just as much right to live as anyone else. Once he wouldn't have felt that way, but that was before he had learned to love all the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, and to understand that they have feelings just as we have, and that even the humblest of them has the right to live.

Hanging limply over the top rail of the old fence the body of Bluffer swung in the wind. Farmer Brown's boy thought of how bravely Bluffer had tried to frighten him and had almost succeeded. He thought of what a giant he must have looked to Bluffer and what a lot of courage it had taken to face him and pretend that he wouldn't fight, especially when Bluffer had known all the time that he couldn't possibly hurt Farmer Brown's boy.

"It was real bravery," muttered Farmer Brown's boy. "He knew all the time that if he couldn't scare me into leaving him alone, he didn't have the least chance in the world. Now with Buzz-Tail the Rattler or Pilot the Copperhead it would have been different.

It wouldn't have been half so brave of them for they would have known that a bite from them would have ended the fight with me.

They are dangerous and they know it. But this little fellow wasn't dangerous at all and he knew that. That is what I call real, true bravery."

He turned to the fence and picked up the body of Bluffer. Then he stretched it out on the ground on its stomach to see just how long Bluffer was. The instant he let go of it something happened.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's boy, and stared at the body of Bluffer with startled eyes. It had rolled over on its back! He poked it with one foot but it didn't move. Then he rolled it over onto its stomach again and the instant he took his foot away it rolled back stomach up. Farmer Brown's boy stared harder than ever.

There certainly was something very queer about that snake, He tried it again and the same thing happened. Then Farmer Brown's Boy went off a little way, where he could watch but not be himself in plain sight of that body. For a time nothing happened. Then he thought he saw just a little movement. He held his breath. The body rolled over again, this time onto its stomach. Very slowly Bluffer's head was raised and he looked this way and that way. Farmer Brown's Boy stamped one foot. Instantly Bluffer was on his back just as before, as lifeless a looking thing as ever was.

A great light broke over Farmer Brown's boy and a load was lifted from his heart. All the gladness came back into the day and he chuckled. Then he kept perfectly still. After a white Bluffer rolled over once more, raised his head, saw no one, and glided away through the grass. Farmer Brown's boy made no sound until Bluffer had had time to get some distance. Then he burst out laughing.

"You old fraud!" he exclaimed "You old bluffer! First you try to scare me and then you make me think I have killed you. That's Unc' Billy Possum's trick and I wonder where you learned it. You made one mistake. If it hadn't been for that I never would have found you out. You seem to think that in order to appear dead you must be on

your back. If you hadn't rolled over, I never would have known that I didn't kill you. I certainly have learned something today. I suppose you are chuckling to yourself to think how smart you were and how you fooled me, I don't blame you. You have a right to chuckle. There's one thing you don't know and I wish you did. That is that you will never need to fear me again."

With this Farmer Brown's Boy started for home whistling merrily. As he passed the garden, he stopped to take Old Mr. Toad from his pocket and set him free. "Any way, I've done one good turn to day," said he as Old Mr. Toad hopped under a cabbage leaf.

STORY 1359. June 17, 1916

Peter Rabbit Gets into Mischief

Busy hands and busy feet,
  Having useful things to do,
Mischief seldom leads astray—
  Here's a little hint for you.

The trouble with Peter Rabbit is that he isn't a worker. He is happy-go-lucky, good natured, but lazy. Much as we love him, we have to admit that Peter is lazy when it comes to a matter of work. He will spend no end of time and effort trying to satisfy his curiosity, but when it comes to a matter of useful work somehow Peter always is dreadfully tired. In fact, about the only work Peter ever does is to cut little paths through bramble-tangles for his own comfort and safety.

Peter never could and never will understand why most of his feathered neighbors build new homes every Spring. It seems to him a terrible waste of time. He cannot understand why they do not patch up their old homes. That is what he would do. I mean that if he was a bird, he would each year patch up his old home if it was so fallen to pieces that he just couldn't live in it without doing so, and be quite contented. If it were possible to live in it without patching it he wouldn't take even that much bother. You see Peter has no pride in appearance. That is what is the trouble with Peter. He doesn't care how he looks or how his home looks. He hasn't learned that there is more true pleasure in honest work well done than in anything else under the sun.

So having nothing in particular to do, Peter is very apt to get into mischief. Curiosity leads him into places where he has no business to go and half his troubles come from this and the fact that he has nothing to do but try to satisfy that dreadful curiosity. Now there was no reason in the world why Peter should go up to Farmer Brown's garden. There was plenty to eat right near the dear Old Brier Patch. There was the sweetest of sweet clover, more than Peter could eat in a hundred years. There was tender young grass and in the Old Brier Patch plenty of young plants of which Peter is fond. But Peter wasn't contented. He wanted to know what was growing in Farmer Brown's garden.

So one night Peter started for that garden. He knew he had no business there, but

that knowledge didn't trouble him at all. "It is perfectly safe," said he to Mrs. Peter as he started out from the dear Old Brier Patch. "There is never any one there at night. I won't be gone long. I just want to see what is growing there. There isn't any harm in just looking, is there?"

Of course little Mrs. Peter couldn't say that there was any harm in just looking and so Peter went, although he knew that she didn't approve of it at all. He reached the garden without any adventure and once there he quite forgot that he had come simply to look. Almost the first thing he found was a bed of tender lettuce. Peter just loves lettuce. For the life of him he couldn't resist the temptation to sample one of those crisp leaves.

Farmer Brown would never miss one leaf. First he took a nibble, then he took a bite. My, how good it tasted! In two minutes Peter had quite forgotten that he was where he had no business to be and that that lettuce didn't belong to him. If he had been content to eat one or two plants it wouldn't have been so bad, but he wasn't. Good as that first lettuce plant was, he wondered if the next one to it wouldn't be better, so he sampled that before he had finished the first one. Then he tried another and another. Each tasted better than the last. At least Peter thought it did. So he went on spoiling a great many plants when two or three would have quite filled his stomach if he had eaten them all.

Then he spied a long row of carrots and ate the tops from some of these. After that he sampled a few young bean plants and so finally he came to where the young cabbage plants were growing. By this time Peter's stomach could hold very little more and so he ate only a few of the tenderest cabbage leaves. Then he remembered that he had come only to look and with a guilty feeling he started for the dear Old Brier Patch. He had been in mischief, the very worst kind of mischief, and he knew it. But no one had seen him and so, I am sorry to say, he didn't feel as badly about it as he ought to have. In fact Peter was already planning to visit that garden the very next night.

STORY 1360. June 19, 1916

Peter Rabbit Feels Bad

When you are tempted to do wrong.
Though you may think that none can know,
Be very sure that soon or late
You'll wish that you had answered no.

Just ask Peter Rabbit if this isn't so. If he answers truthfully, and he will answer truthfully if he answers at all, he will tell you that it is. The probability is that Peter will try to change the subject. It isn't at all a pleasant one to him. He is forever crawling out of scrapes that he has jumped into, all because he hasn't been able to say no when he has been tempted. It is a lot easier to JUMP into trouble than to CRAWL out of it. But if you don't do the former you won't have to do the latter.

Now, when Peter Rabbit left the garden of Farmer Brown that night after sampling

Illustrations. June 12 to June 17, 1916.

1354. The Story of the Tail That Held
Then he dug his heels into the ground, and pulled with all his might.

1355. Farmer Brown's Boy Saves Old Man Toad
Old Man Toad didn't stop to see what would happen—he hopped and hopped and hopped

1356. Bluffer the Adder Tries to Bluff
The instant he knew that he was discovered he threw himself into a coil.

1357. Bluffer Tries Another Kind of Bluff
"O!" cried Farmer Brown's Boy, "I didn't mean to kill him."

1358. Farmer Brown's Boy is Startled
Farmer Brown's Boy made no sound until Bluffer had had time to go some distance.

1359. Peter Rabbit Gets into Mischief
Then he spied a long row of carrots and ate the top from some of these.

lettuce and carrot tops and beans and cabbage to his heart's content, and a little more than the content of his stomach, he had been in the worst kind of mischief, and he knew it. But it hadn't got him into trouble, and so, I am sorry to say, he didn't care. In fact, he was planning to get into the same kind of mischief the very next night. He was in high spirits, was Peter, as he set out in the moonlight across the Green Meadows toward the dear Old Brier Patch. In the first place his stomach was full almost to bursting, an uncomfortable yet in a way a very comforting feeling. I guess you know how it is. In the second place, he had got into no trouble, and so far as he could see he was not likely to get into any trouble on the way back. Reddy Fox was still over in the Old Pasture trying to get rid of the dreadful perfume Jimmy Skunk had thrown on him. Old Granny Fox was nowhere to be seen and neither was Old Man Coyote. He had just heard Hooty the Owl hoot way over in the Green Forest and Bowser the Hound bark up in Farmer Brown's dooryard. So the way back to the dear Old Brier Patch was clear and there was no need of hurrying.

Peter was glad of this. It is bad enough to have to run on an empty stomach, but it is worse to have to run on a very full one. So Peter didn't hurry. He took his time, and his mind was filled with pleasant thoughts of the good time he had had in Farmer Brown's garden and the good times he intended to have there in the future. Peter was half way to the dear Old Brier Patch when he felt a tiny pain in his stomach.

"Guess I overate a little," said he as he hopped along. Presently that little pain began to grow, as little pains have a way of doing, and almost in no time It was a big pain. Peter stopped and pressed both hands against his stomach, There was no doubt about it, Peter had a stomachache. Yes sir, Peter had a stomachache. Gracious me, how it did ache! You know Peter has a very big stomach, and there is room for a lot of ache as well as a lot of food. It ached worse and worse, and finally Peter just had to lie down.

"O, dear!" groaned Peter. "I wish I hadn't eaten so much. I guess I must have made a pig of myself." This was very true, though it was a surprising thing for Peter to admit it.

Probably he wouldn't have admitted it if there had been any one to hear him. After a little the pain was not so hard, and he went on. But he felt very sick, and every minute he felt more sick. He began to feel weak in the legs. They felt wobbly. He began to wonder if he ever, ever could reach the dear Old Brier Patch.

"O!" moaned Peter. "O, dear!" groaned Peter.

Every few hops he stopped to lie down. But he didn't dare stop long. He must reach the Old Brier Patch. It wouldn't do to be too sick to move until he did reach there. How he did wish he had kept away from Farmer Brown's garden! He knew it was what he had eaten that had made him so ill. He thought it was because he had eaten too much. Still he had been sick from eating too much before, but never anything Ike this.

"I'll never, never go there again," sobbed Peter as he struggled on.

Would he never reach the dear Old Brier Patch? He began to be very much afraid that he wouldn't. But he did. It seemed to him that it had taken him all night to get

there, though of course it hadn't, when at last he crawled in under the friendly bramble bush at the entrance to one of his private little paths, and just dropped right down there panting and feeling very, very badly indeed.

STORY 1361. June 20, 1916

Sammy Jay Discovers that Peter is Sick

When Peter crawled under the friendly bramble bush at the entrance to one of his private little paths in the dear Old Brier Patch and dropped right down there he felt so badly that it seemed to him that he didn't care whether he lived or died. He was a very sick rabbit, was Peter. Little Mrs. Peter happened to be on the farther side of the dear Old Brier Patch, so she knew nothing of Peter's trouble for some little time. Finally she started for the side where he was. She was going to look for him, for she felt that it was high time for him to be home. Presently, as she hopped along one of the little paths in the dear Old Brier Patch she heard a faint groan ahead of her. Mrs. Peter stopped and sat up, with one hand on her heart and a look of fright and anxiety in her big eyes.

"What was that?" she whispered to herself. "It sounded like Peter's voice!" Then she heard it again and she knew that it was Peter's voice. With a bound she sprang forward. Peter was in trouble and needed her. So she came to the friendly bramble bush and saw him stretched out under it, big tears rolling down from his eyes as he groaned and moaned in a feeble way.

"O, Peter, Peter, whatever has happened?" she cried, rushing to his side. But Peter was too sick to answer. At first she thought that he must have been shot by some man with a terrible gun. Then she remembered that she would have heard the bang of it, and she had heard nothing of the kind. Perhaps he had been caught by Granny Fox or Old Man Coyote or Hooty the Owl and terribly hurt by their terrible teeth or claws. With her heart in her mouth, she looked him over.

There wasn't so much as a scratch on him. It must be that he was sick inside, which he was, as you and I know. That must mean that he had eaten something that didn't agree with him. This also was true, as you and I know.

There wasn't a thing that little Mrs. Peter could do for him but sit down beside him and caress him and try to comfort him, and this she did, you may be sure. The tears came into her own eyes as she saw how Peter suffered. A terrible fear gripped her own heart. Suppose Peter shouldn't get well. Suppose Peter should die. How could she go on living without Peter? But she didn't let Peter know how worried she was. No, indeed! She kept whispering words of good cheer to him and telling him that she was sure he would be better soon. Not once did she even hint at how often she had warned him that if he persisted in roaming about so much, he would surely get into trouble.

After a while Peter felt better. That is, he had less pain. He tried to crawl farther in to the dear Old Brier Patch, for you remember he was very near the edge. He didn't feel altogether safe there. He wanted to get to his favorite place in the very middle. Then he made a discovery that frightened him terribly. He couldn't use those big, strong hind

legs of his. No, sir, he couldn't! They were quite useless. The best he could do was to drag them after him, pulling himself along a little at a time by means of his front feet. Little by little he crawled farther into the dear Old Brier Patch, a foot at a time, with long rests in between. Mrs. Peter kept close by him, bravely winking back the tears as she watched him struggle.

The morning was half gone before he finally reached his bed, and with a sigh that was half sob stretched himself out on it and closed his eyes. He was too tired and frightened and ill to care much what happened now.

It was there that later in the day Sammy Jay discovered him. Sammy had stopped at the dear Old Brier Patch to tease Peter a little as is his way. But the very instant he saw Peter he knew that something was wrong. Right away all thought of teasing went out of his head. Peter Rabbit was in very real trouble, and Sammy, mischief-maker though he is, has a good heart. He looked about for Mrs. Peter and presently discovered her gathering the tenderest sweet clover she could find just outside the Old Brier Patch. Sammy knew at once that it was for Peter. He flew over and asked her what the trouble was. Little Mrs. Peter told him all that she knew, which wasn't much.

"Where did he go when he left here last night?" asked Sammy Jay.

"To Farmer Brown's garden," replied Mrs. Peter.

Sammy said nothing, but looked thoughtful. Finally he asked Mrs. Peter to tell Peter how sorry he was that Peter was so sick, and then spread his blue wings and flew away in the direction of Farmer Brown's garden.

STORY 1362. June 21, 1916

Sammy Jay Visits the Garden

Sammy Jay wouldn't have admitted it to anyone, but the truth is he is worried about Peter Rabbit. He was so. Never since he had known Peter had Peter ever been sick like this before. Mrs. Peter had said that it was from over-eating in Farmer Brown's garden, but this didn't sound quite right to Sammy. You see he had seen Peter stuff himself many a time until he couldn't eat another mouthful, but never had it made him sick like this. Sometimes he had had a stomach-ache, but nothing worse. Any one is likely to have a stomach-ache from eating too much.

"It isn't the amount he has eaten but what he has eaten," thought Sammy as he flew over the Green Meadows toward the garden of Farmer Brown. "He has eaten something that is bad for him. I wonder if I can find out what it is." He flew to a tree where he could make sure that the way was clear. No one was in sight and Sammy flew into the garden. Almost at once he saw the mischief Peter Rabbit had done in the lettuce bed. There was one half-eaten plant after another.

"My stars!" exclaimed Sammy Jay. "What was Peter thinking of? Why couldn't he have been content with two or three plants? That bed looks as if a dozen rabbits had been in it. I wonder what Farmer Brown will say. Peter ought to have had more sense.

The first thing he knows he'll have Farmer Brown down on him. Then in turn Sammy visited the carrots, the beans and the cabbage plants.

He saw where Peter had eaten off the carrot tops and the bean plants and he saw where Peter had nibbled at the cabbage plants. Sammy's eyes are sharp and he didn't miss a thing. Then he looked over the rest of the garden, but he saw no signs of Peter anywhere else.

"It's queer," thought Sammy, "that nice tender young plants like lettuce and carrots and beans and cabbage should have made Peter so sick. Yes, sir, it certainly is queer. I never knew them to make any one sick before. I think I'll take a look at them a little closer."

He flew down among the lettuce plants and looked at them closely. Then he did the same thing to the carrots and the beans. "They all look perfectly good to me," said he as he once more flew over toward the cabbage plants. Almost at once he noticed that there was something on the cabbage leaves. He cocked his head on one side and looked at one of those leaves closely. There certainly was something on it that never in the world grew there.

"What are you staring at?" asked a gruff voice.

Sammy turned to find Old Mr. Toad blinking at him from under one of the cabbage leaves. Somehow Mr. Toad looked out of sorts. Sammy said so, for he is one who speaks plainly and is seldom overcareful of other people's feelings.

"I am," grumbled Old Mr. Toad. If Farmer Brown's Boy expects me to work for him what does he come around meddling for? Tell me that! Here I've been counting on many a good breakfast on cabbage worms, and when I get here what do I find?"

"What?" demanded Sammy Jay.

"That they've been poisoned, that's what!" snapped Old Mr. Toad. "So of course I can't eat 'em. See that stuff on those cabbage leaves?"

"Yes," replied Sammy, "that is what I was staring at."

"Well, that's it," grumbled Old Mr. Toad. "That's poison, and when the worms eat it, they die. I don't like dead worms, and if I did, I would be afraid to eat these."

"That's it!" cried Sammy Jay excitedly. "That's what is the matter with Peter Rabbit!"

Old Mr. Toad looked at Sammy suspiciously. "I've never heard that Peter ever eats worms," he grumbled.

Sammy laughed right out. "He doesn't, but he does eat cabbage leaves when he can get them, and he ate some right here in this garden last night and now he's sick," said Sammy. "I guess it was that poison made him sick."

"I don't guess; I know," replied Old Mr. Toad. I hope he didn't eat a great deal of

it," he added anxiously.

"I hope not," said Sammy, looking very serious.

STORY 1363. June 22, 1916

The News of Peter's Sickness Spreads

'Tis when you're sick you learn to know
How quick is sympathy to flow.

It is just the same way among the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. Sammy Jay had gone over to the dear Old Brier Patch to have what he called "fun" with Peter Rabbit. Of course you know what he meant. He intended to tease Peter and try to make him angry, a pretty poor kind of "fun" but a kind that a great many people seem to delight in, just why I never could understand. But the very instant that Sammy discovered that Peter was sick he quite forgot that he had come to tease.

Right away he was full of sympathy. Instead of screaming as he usually does, he stole away softly so as not to disturb Peter and then flew straight up to Farmer Brown's garden to see if he could find out what had made Peter sick. There he discovered Old Mr. Toad grumbling and quite out of sorts because Farmer Brown's boy had put poison on the cabbage leaves to kill the worms that were eating them. You see he felt that Farmer Brown's boy had interfered with his business, which was to eat those worms. This he couldn't do now because of the poison. When he heard that Peter Rabbit had eaten some of those leaves and now was very sick, he knew right away that Peter had been poisoned and he and Sammy Jay shook their heads sadly as they talked the matter over and hoped that Peter hadn't eaten a great deal.

Now Old Man Toad and Peter Rabbit are the best of friends and right away he made up his mind that he must go down to the dear old Brier Patch and tell Peter how sorry he was. It was a long journey for Old Mr. Toad, but he didn't stop to think of that. He just made up his mind that he would go down that very night and he would start just as soon as the Black Shadows began to creep out from the Purple Hills. You know Old Mr. Toad cannot stand the heat of jolly, bright Mr. Sun or he would have started at once.

Sammy Jay flew over to the Old Orchard where he told Johnny Chuck. "Too bad! Too bad!" exclaimed Johnny Chuck. "It's a long way down to the Old Brier Patch but if Peter is sick, I simply must go see him. Without wasting any time Johnny Chuck started. Half way down the Crooked Little Path he met Jimmy Skunk. Jimmy was surprised to meet Johnny so far from his home, for you know he rarely goes more than a little way from his own doorstep. Jimmy at once demanded what had happened to take Johnny so far from home. "Peter Rabbit is sick and I'm going down to the Old Brier Patch to take him some sweet clover," replied Johnny Chuck.

"I'll go with you," said Jimmy Skunk promptly. "I wish I knew of something to take him, but he doesn't like fat beetles or eggs or any of the things I like, so I guess I

can't take him anything."

So Jimmy Skunk and Johnny Chuck went on down the Crooked Little Path together, and Johnny was glad of Jimmy's company, for he felt safer. You know no one ever bothers Jimmy Skunk. They went slowly, for Jimmy Skunk never hurries and Johnny Chuck was too fat and roly-poly to hurry. By and by they came to the house of Danny Meadow Mouse.

"Where are you fellows going?" asked Danny, his bright little eyes full of curiosity.

"To call on Peter Rabbit and tell him how sorry we are that he is sick," replied Johnny Chuck.

"Peter Rabbit sick!" exclaimed Danny Meadow Mouse. "Wait a minute and I'll go with you." He disappeared but in a few minutes, he was back and his cheeks were puffed out as if he had the toothache on both sides of his face at once.

Jimmy Skunk stared at him. "What's the matter with you? What have you got?" he demanded.

"Seeds," mumbled Danny Meadow Mouse. "I'm taking Peter Rabbit some of my very best seeds. He won't eat them but they are all I've got to take him and I want to take him something."

"O" said Jimmy Skunk and looked thoughtful. Presently as they went on a fat beetle ran across the Crooked Little Path In a twinkling Jimmy Skunk caught it. But he didn't eat it. Instead, he carried it very carefully. Johnny Chuck noticed this. After a while he ventured a question.

"What are you going to do with that fat beetle?" he asked.

"Take it to Peter Rabbit," replied Jimmy with a funny glance at Danny Meadow Mouse. "He won't eat it, but he'll know I wanted to bring him something."

STORY 1364. June 23, 1916

Two Funny Processions

Sammy Jay was busily spreading the news of Peter's sickness. On the edge of the Green Forest, he met Happy Jack Squirrel and told him. Happy Jack at once hunted up his cousins, Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk, and told them. They put their heads together to try to think of something they could do for Peter. Then each hurried to his private storehouse and stuffed his cheeks with nuts left over from the Winter and the three raced down the Crooked Little Path toward the dear Old Briar Patch and so presently caught up with Jimmy Skunk and Johnny Chuck and Danny Meadow Mouse.

Tommy Tit the Chickadee had overheard Sammy Jay telling Happy Jack Squirrel and at once spread the news among all the other birds in the Old Orchard. Half way to the Smiling Pool, Sammy met his cousin, Blacky the Crow, and told him. Blacky

listened with his head on one side. Then without a word he flew over to Farmer Brown's cornfield and pulled up some tender young corn and with this started straight for the dear Old Briar Patch. At the Smiling Pool, Sammy told Jerry Muskrat and Grandfather Frog and Spotty the Turtle and Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter. And so before the middle of the afternoon the news of Peter's sickness had spread all through the Green Forest, around the Smiling Pool, over the Green Meadows and through the Old Orchard, and it seemed as if everyone who heard it wanted to do something for Peter Rabbit.

Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter went fishing just as soon as they heard the news. Neither, told the other what he was going to do and each looked very much surprised when he discovered the other just starting out across the Green Meadows with a fish in his mouth.

"Where are you going?" demanded Billy Mink.

"I don't know that it is any of your business," replied Little Joe Otter with a sheepish look. "But I'm going to see how Peter Rabbit is and take him a fish. Where are you going?"

It was Billy Mink's turn to look a little sheepish. "I'm going to the same place," he confessed. "Let's go together."

"Wait a minute," said a voice right behind them. "I guess you fellows aren't the only ones who can take something to Peter Rabbit."

Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter turned. There was Jerry Muskrat just climbing out of the Smiling Pool and in his mouth was a tender young lily root, the very tenderest he had been able to find at the bottom of the Smiling Pool. "We may as well all go together," added Jerry.

Behind Jerry came Spotty the Turtle. Spotty looked very mournful, for he couldn't think of a thing to take to Peter Rabbit, and he said so,

"Chug-a-rum!" called Grandfather Frog. "You can take your love and mine with it. It isn't safe for an old fellow like me to go so far from water, or I would go with you. But you tell Peter for me how sorry I am that he is sick, and that just as soon as he is well enough he must come straight over here to the Smiling Pool to hear a brand-new story I've got for him."

"I'll tell him," cried Spotty the Turtle joyfully, for he felt that now he really had got something to take to Peter Rabbit, something that he knew would please Peter.

So it happened that jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun, looking down from the blue, blue sky smiled his broadest as he saw the two funny processions going across the Green Meadows toward the dear Old Briar Patch, and wondered what it all meant. You see he didn't know about Peter Rabbit's sickness. From one direction came Jimmy Skunk. Behind Jimmy Skunk was Johnny Chuck. Behind Johnny Chuck was Danny Meadow Mouse. Behind Danny Meadow Mouse was Happy Jack Squirrel. Behind Happy Jack Squirrel was Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Behind Chatterer the Red Squirrel was Striped Chipmunk.

From the direction of the Smiling Pool came little Joe Otter. Behind Little Joe Otter was Billy Mink. Behind Billy Mink was Jerry Muskrat. Behind Jerry Muskrat, far, far behind and falling behind all the time, was Spotty the Turtle, although he was doing his very best to keep up.

"I wonder what it all means," thought jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun. "It looks as if there is going to be a party." Then he looked very hard down in the dear Old Briar Patch and presently discovered Peter Rabbit. Then he guessed what it all meant, for he saw that something was the matter with Peter.

STORY 1365 . June 24, 1916

The Pleasure of Being Sick

I know it sounds absurd and queer
To say there's fun in being ill,
So just to make the matter clear
Pray read this story if you will.

Perhaps I should say that there is fun in being sick, but there certainly is pleasure, unexpected and unsuspected pleasure, sometimes. It all depends on how sick you are. If you doubt it, just ask Peter Rabbit about it the next time he isn't in too much of a hurry to stop and talk with you when you happen to meet. If he hadn't been sick, very sick for a little while, he never would have found out how much his neighbors think of him. It was one of the greatest and best surprises of his whole life. He never will forget it as long as he lives. Such things one never does forget.

It all came about through that dreadful habit which Peter has of poking his wabbly little nose into places where it has no business to be. He had known perfectly well that he had no business in Farmer Brown's garden. But he couldn't resist the temptation to just have a look around there and see what was growing there. Then happened just what is almost sure to happen when you yield to one temptation—it led to another. Yes, sir, it led to another. Once in that garden of Farmer Brown's Peter simply couldn't resist the temptation to sample the green things growing there. And this is how it happened that without knowing it at the time Peter ate some cabbage leaves which had been poisoned to kill the worms which threatened to eat up the plants.

Before Peter got back to the dear Old Brier Patch, his wrong-doing had found him out, as wrong-doing always will. The poison from those cabbage leaves had made Peter so sick that it was all he could do to get to the dear Old Brier Patch, and once there he felt as if he didn't much care what happened. He was a very sick rabbit, was Peter. It was then that Sammy Jay discovered what had happened, and at once spread the news all over the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest and the Old Orchard and around the Smiling Pool, and it was then that Peter's friends and neighbors showed how true they were.

Of course Peter didn't know anything about this. After the pain in his stomach stopped, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he felt very much better, only for some reason

which he couldn't understand he couldn't use his long, stout hind legs. There was no pain in them, but he couldn't use them. All he could do was just twitch them a little. It frightened Peter terribly. He was afraid he never would be able to use them again, and if he couldn't what should he do? So Peter was very, very miserable as he lay in his bed in the heart of the dear Old Brier Patch that bright afternoon. For him there was no brightness in it. Everything was all dark. That was because his thoughts were so dark. Suddenly something dropped right down in front of him. It was a tender young corn plant. Then a couple more fell. Peter's curiosity chased away all the dark thoughts.

"That's funny," said he aloud. "Who ever heard of corn plants raining down out of the sky?"

He looked up to see a pair of sharp eyes twinkling down at him from the top of a little tree. "Caw, caw, caw!" said a harsh voice, very pleasant in spite of its harshness. "I heard you were sick, Peter, and I've brought you the tenderest young corn in Farmer Brown's cornfield. I hope you are feeling better."

Before Peter could recover from his surprise that such a mischief-maker as Blacky the Crow should be so thoughtful, another voice broke in.

"Are you feeling better, Peter?" it asked. "Everybody is so sorry to hear that you are sick. Hurry up and get well so that I can quarrel with you. You know I can't do that while you are sick."

Peter had to smile in spite of himself, for this was so like Sammy Jay, who, you know, is not bad at heart at all.

He was trying to get his wits together so as to say something nice in reply when from somewhere among the brambles close by there burst forth a beautiful song. When it ended, Brownie the Thrush hopped out in sight.

"I couldn't think of a thing to bring you, Peter," said he shyly, "so I came over to sing to you. Shall I sing again?"

"Please do. I just love your song," cried Peter. And while Brownie poured out his beautiful song a great happiness stole over Peter.

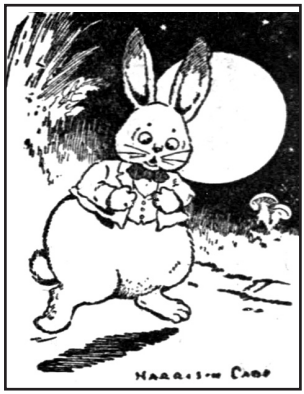
"It is worthwhile to be sick just to find out what true friends I have," he whispered to himself. And as yet, though he didn't suspect it, he had just begun to find out how much his friends thought of him.

STORY 1366. June 26, 1916

Peter Rabbit's Surprise Party

Peter Rabbit never will forget that afternoon when he lay so helpless in his bed in the heart of the dear Old Brier Patch. First the surprise of the tender young corn plants dropped by Blacky the Crow. Then came the cheery good wishes of Sammy Jay, followed by the beautiful song of Brownie the Thrush, one of the sweetest singers in the world. He asked Brownie to sing again, which Brownie did, and before Peter could

Illustrations. June 19 to June 24, 1916.



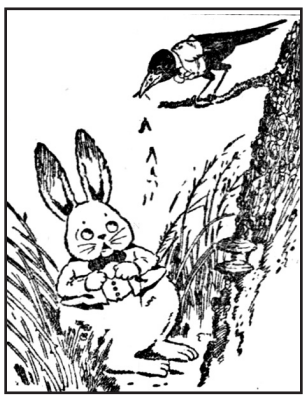
1360. Peter Rabbit Feels Bad
"Guess I over-ate a little," said he as he hopped along.

1361. Sammy Jay Discovers that Peter is Sick
"O, Peter, Peter, whatever has happened?" she cried.

1362. Sammy Jay Visits the Garden
"What are you staring at?" asked a gruff voice.

1363. The News of Peter's Sickness Spreads
He made up his mind he would go down that very night.

1364. Two Funny Processions
Sammy met his cousin, Blacky the Crow.



1365. The Pleasure of Being Sick
"I've brought you the tenderest young corn in Farmer Brown's cornfield."

thank him Tommy Tit was calling:

"Chickadee-dee-dee! See me! See me!"

Peter saw him. Of course he saw him. Tommy was hanging head down from a twig right over Peter's head, and just as soon as he saw Peter was looking he began to cut up all sorts of funny antics such as only Tommy can, all, the time calling in his cheery way: "Dee, dee, dee! See me! See me!" He was so funny that Peter just had to laugh.

Welcome Robin came hurrying over from the Old Orchard at the head of a whole troop of feathered folks, and just as soon as he reached the Old Brier Patch he began to sing as only he can: "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!" It was just what Peter needed, and he did cheer up. How could he help it with so many good friends all about him? Never had the Old Brier Patch had so many visitors all at once. Little Friend the Song Sparrow was there to sing whenever he got the chance. Jenny Wren bustled about asking all sorts of questions and never waiting for an answer to one of them. Winsome Bluebird was there. So were Goldie the Oriole, Tiny the Warbler, Drummer the Woodpecker, Bob White, Redwing the Blackbird and ever so many more, each trying to do something to make Peter forget that he was sick.

By and by Blacky the Crow, who was sitting in the top of a little tree where he could see over the Green Meadows, began to cry excitedly: "See who's coming! See who's coming! Caw, caw, caw, see who's coming!" Of course Peter couldn't see, so Sammy Jay said that he would be eyes for Peter and flew up where he could see.

"It is Jimmy Skunk," he called down to Peter. "And behind Jimmy is Johnny Chuck, and behind Johnny Chuck is Danny Meadow Mouse, and behind Danny is Happy Jack Squirrel, and behind Happy Jack is Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and last of all is Striped Chipmunk. As sure as I live, I believe every one of them is bringing you something."

"And there are some other folks coming from the Smiling Pool," cried Blacky the Crow.

Sammy Jay looked in that direction. "It's true!" he cried. "I can see Little Joe Otter and Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat, and they are bringing something, too. It's a regular surprise party, isn't it, Peter?"

When these two funny processions arrived at the edge of the dear Old Briar Patch Danny Meadow Mouse and Happy Jack and Chatterer and Striped Chipmunk and Billy Mink ran in along one of Peter's private little paths to see Peter and tell him how sorry they were that he was sick and how they hoped he would soon be well, and how they had each brought him something. The others stayed outside the Briar Patch because they are so big that they cannot very well walk in Peter's paths without tearing their coats on the brambles, but they sent their love in by those who could go.

When Peter saw all the things that had been brought to him, he wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. You know Peter doesn't eat nuts or beetles or fish or lily-roots, and he knew that those who had brought these things knew that he didn't and couldn't eat them. But he knew also that they had brought them because they wanted

to bring something and could think of nothing but the things that they themselves liked best. He thanked those who could get in to see him and sent his thanks to those who couldn't. And then he had a happy idea. He explained that he couldn't eat anything just then because he was sick, and proposed that those who had brought things have a party and eat up all the goodies for him. And so they did. The birds sang their sweetest and the others feasted and all did their very best to make Peter Rabbit feel that this party was especially for him. When it was all over and all had gone to their homes Peter sighed happily.

"Wasn't it the most beautiful surprise party that ever was?" he demanded. And little Mrs. Peter said that it was.

STORY 1367. June 27, 1916

Peter Has Two More Visitors

The party was over and Peter Rabbit was very, very happy in spite of the fact that something was wrong with his hind legs so that he couldn't use them. How could he help being happy after finding out how much his friends thought of him? Wouldn't such a surprise party make you or me or anyone else happy? Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills and out from them crept the Black Shadows to cover the dear Old Brier Patch and steal through the Green Forest. Peter lay stretched on his side on his bed in the heart of the dear Old Brier Patch.

Timid Little Mrs. Peter was sitting close by. They were naming over all those who had come to see him, and it was a surprisingly long list. But there were some missing whom Peter called friends. Of course, he didn't expect that Granny Fox, Reddy Fox, Old Man Coyote or Redtail the Hawk, who are forever trying to catch him, would call to tell him that they were sorry he was sick. If they called it would be, he was sure, just to see if there was a chance to catch him.

Buster Bear hadn't been at the party. Of course not. Buster might venture over to the dear Old Brier Patch at night, but not in the light of day. No, siree! You wouldn't catch Buster showing himself like that. Prickly Porky the Porcupine hadn't been there for much the same reason—he didn't like being seen so far from the Green Forest. But he had sent his love by Sammy Jay and the hope that Peter would soon be well again and able to once more visit the Green Forest. Paddy the Beaver hadn't come, nor Mr. or Mrs. Quack, but Peter understood this. At least he thought he did. They were quite as shy as Buster Bear, and then, too, it was too far from water. As a matter of fact, they didn't know about Peter's illness, for the pond of Paddy the Beaver is so deep in the Green Forest that the news hadn't reached there. For this same reason Peter's cousin, Jumper the Hare, who was living near, the pond of Paddy the Beaver, hadn't heard the news and neither had Lightfoot the Deer.

But there were two old friends whom Peter missed and who had sent no word. Who were they? Guess. You can't? Why, they were Unc' Billy Possum and Bobby Coon. Peter wondered if it was because they didn't care. He thought a little wistfully that they might at least have sent word that they were sorry. Then suddenly he

chuckled.

"I know why they were not here and sent no word," said he. They were both fast asleep in their hollow trees and didn't know a thing about it." And Peter was right.

He was wondering if they would hear the news that night, when Mrs. Peter started nervously. "Listen!" she whispered. Peter listened. There was a faint rustling of leaves in the dear Old Brier Patch, Someone was coming along one of Peter's private little paths. Was it a friend or could it be that Shadow the Weasel had heard of Peter's helplessness and had come to catch him? Peter listened with all his might. Suddenly the anxious look left his eyes. Whoever it was was very slow of foot. Shadow the Weasel never in the world would move so slowly as that.

Nearer and nearer came the rustling, very slowly but very steadily. Presently with a little sigh of relief, Spotty the Turtle stopped beside Peter.

"Phew, I'm tired," said Spotty. "I know I'm a little late for your party, but, I've come to see you just the same. I heard you were sick, Peter, and 1 wanted to bring you something, but there wasn't a thing I could think of. But I came just the same. I've brought you my love and the love of Grandfather Frog. He wanted to come, too, but he didn't dare go so far from the Smiling Pool. He told me to tell you that he wants you to hurry up and get well because he has got a brand new story for you. My, but it certainly is a long way here!

Peter thought of something. "When did you start?" he asked.

"When Little Joe Otter and the others did," replied Spotty the Turtle.

"How many times did you stop to rest?" asked Peter, winking at Mrs. Peter.

"I didn't stop at all!" repeated Spotty indignantly. "I may be slow, but when I start for a place I keep right on going until I get there and I always get there."

"And you've brought me the very nicest things you possibly could," replied Peter. "I'm sorry you missed the party, but I'm ever so glad you are here because now we can have a nice quiet little visit together. Listen!"

They all listened and presently heard another rustling of leaves. Someone was coming. Presently puffing and wheezing, up hopped Old Mr. Toad.

STORY 1368. June 28, 1916

Old Doctor Toad

You can't tell from a person's looks,
As doubtless you've often heard it told.
An ugly shape and a homely skin
Will often cover a heart of gold.

Can you think of any one more homely than Old Mr. Toad? He is so homely that some folks call him ugly looking, but I never can quite agree with this. Perhaps this is because I know him so well. And he is just as gruff as he is homely. When he

came puffing and wheezing into the dear Old Brier Patch where Peter Rabbit lay you would have thought, to have heard him, that Peter had forced him to come all that long distance from Farmer Brown's garden, when all the time he had come wholly out of the goodness of his heart because Peter was sick. He was almost as tired as Spotty the Turtle, and he puffed and he wheezed and he wheezed and he puffed trying to get his breath, all the time not saying a word. When at last he did speak it was so grumpily that he sounded cross.

"A pretty mess you've got into, Peter Rabbit!" he snapped. "Always knew there was something wrong with your head. It's empty. That's what's the matter with it; it's empty. Anybody but silly worms ought to know better than to eat poisoned cabbage leaves. You ought to be sick. I'm not sorry for you a bit, not a bit."

Now this wasn't true, and Peter knew it. He knew that it was just Old Mr. Toad's way. He knew that Old Mr. Toad never would have come all this long way from Farmer Brown's garden but for one thing, and this was that he was sorry for Peter. So Peter slyly winked at Mrs. Peter and said nothing.

"Serves you just right," Mr. Toad grumbled. "No business to be up in that garden anyway. Couldn't you find enough to eat at home? Never saw such a fellow for getting into trouble. How many of those cabbage leaves did you eat?"

"Only three," replied Peter very meekly.

"Huh! Three too many," snapped Old Mr. Toad. "Poison on every one of them, for I saw it put on."

Now until Old Mr. Toad had mentioned it, Peter hadn't even guessed what was the matter with him, and neither had little Mrs. Peter. They had thought his sickness was from over-eating. The truth hadn't once entered their heads.

"O, Mr. Toad, do you really mean that Peter has been poisoned?" wailed little Mrs. Peter.

Old Mr. Toad stared at her, "Of course I mean it," he snapped. "Do you mean to tell me that you didn't know what ailed him?"

Little Mrs. Peter nodded through her tears. Peter himself had turned very pale. The thought of poison frightened him terribly. He understood now why he had felt so terribly ill, so much worse than he ever had felt before when he had eaten too much.

"O, Mr. Toad, will Peter die?" sobbed little Mrs. Peter.

"Die? Who said anything about dying? I didn't," Mr. Toad spoke sharply. "I suppose Peter will die sometime, but it will take more than three cabbage leaves to kill him." There was a twinkle in Old Mr. Toad's eyes. "How do you feel, Peter?"

"My stomach feels all right now, but I can't use my hind legs," replied Peter and gave a feeble kick or two to show how little use he had of them. "Do—do you suppose I'll ever be able to run again?"

"If you do as I tell you, you will. You'll be as well as ever," replied Old Mr. Toad

gruffly. “Poison always goes to the legs. They’ll be as good as ever in a day or two, only until then you mustn’t eat anything. Give your stomach and your legs a rest, And, when you get well, take my advice and keep out of Farmer Brown’s garden.”

“I will, indeed I will,” promised Peter, and he meant it.

“I think I’ll stay here in the Old Brier Patch a day or two just to see how you get along,” grumbled Old Mr. Toad, quite as if it were a matter of duty, and not at all because he was interested in Peter’s welfare.

“Will you? I wish you would,” cried Peter happily. “I’ll feel as if I had a doctor right here all the time.”

“Huh!” grunted Old Mr. Toad, but he looked pleased just the same.

STORY 1369. June 29, 1916

Old Granny Fox Hangs Around

When Old Mr. Toad told Peter Rabbit that he thought he would stay a day or two in the dear Old Brier Patch to see how Peter got along, Peter thought that this was the only reason Old Mr. Toad had in mind, and he was very grateful. It didn’t enter Peter’s head that Old Mr. Toad was too tired to think of going back to Farmer Brown’s garden at once. You see, to Peter, when he is well, it is no journey at all over to that garden. But to Old Mr. Toad it is a very long journey. If Peter had realized how long and how tiresome it had been to Old Mr. Toad he would have realized more than he did how very much Old Mr. Toad thinks of him.

The same thing was true of Spotty the Turtle. It had taken Spotty all afternoon to get from the Smiling Pool to the dear Old Briar Patch, whereas Peter, when he is well, can get from one to the other in just a few minutes. It is just this way all through life. There are Peter Rabbits and Old Mr. Toads among us humans. That is, there are people who are naturally quick and others who are slow and have to work hard and persistently to get the things which others can get so quickly and easily. And very, very often it happens, just as it did in the case of Peter Rabbit and Old Mr. Toad and Spotty the Turtle, that people who are quick do not fully understand and appreciate all that the doing of certain things means to those who are slow and cannot possibly be fast, no matter how they try.

It’s easy to understand and so misjudge a fellow man,
Because it happens God has made us each upon a different plan.

So Old Mr. Toad and Spotty the Turtle remained for a couple of days in the dear Old Briar Patch partly to rest, but Peter thought it was wholly because they wanted to be with him. He was very glad of their company. Now that he couldn’t run around poking his wabbly little nose into all sorts of places, it was nice to have someone to talk to. The day after Peter’s surprise party, little Mrs. Peter, out getting her breakfast of sweet clover, saw Old Granny Fox coming toward the dear Old Brier Patch. Mrs. Peter ate as fast as she could and then, as Granny drew near, scampered back into the dear

Old Brier Patch.

"She has heard that Peter is sick and can't run and she's come over to see if she can catch him," thought little Mrs. Peter bitterly. Then she hurried to the very middle of the Brier Patch where she couldn't possibly be seen by Old Granny Fox. Mrs. Peter always feels safer when she is where she knows she cannot be seen. Granny Fox trotted up to the edge of the Old Brier Patch and peered in along one of Peter's private little paths. No one was to be seen, and Granny trotted around to the entrance to another private little path. The same thing happened there; she saw no one. Granny looked disappointed and continued all the way around the Old Brier Patch, stopping every few minutes to peer in between the brambles and to cock her sharp ears and listen. But she saw no one and heard no one. Then she went off a little way and sat down where she could watch. Strange to say she made no attempt to hide. No sir, she didn't try to keep out of sight. Little Mrs. Peter, stealing to a place where she could peep out, noticed this and puzzled over it a great deal. It wasn't at all like Granny.

"She must know that even if Peter could get about, which he cannot, he never would come out with her right in plain sight, never in the world," muttered little Mrs. Peter.

Mrs. Peter didn't tell Peter about Old Granny Fox, but kept watch. By and by Granny went away, but she didn't stay away long. A dozen times that day she went away and came back again. It made little Mrs. Peter, who is very timid as you know, nervous.

"What is she hanging around this way for if it isn't in the hope of catching Peter?" she kept asking herself over and over again.

Once Granny brought something and left it at the entrance to one of Peter's private little paths. When she had gone away, Mrs. Peter stole out to see what it was. It was a young Meadow Mouse, which she had caught. Mrs. Peter was more puzzled than ever. Finally she decided to tell Old Mr. Toad what was going on. She was very suspicious of Old Granny Fox, was little Mrs. Peter.

STORY 1370. June 30, 1916

Old Mr. Toad Watches Granny Fox

When little Mrs. Peter called Old Mr. Toad to one side, out of hearing of Peter Rabbit, and told him how Old Granny Fox had been hanging around the Old Brier Patch nearly all day, and how she was sure that Granny was doing it because she had heard that Peter was sick and hoped to catch him out after a bit of sweet clever, Mr. Toad listened and nodded his head as if he quite agreed with her. But when she told him about the young Meadow Mouse which Granny had caught and left at the entrance to one of Peter's private little paths, he gave Mrs. Peter a funny, sidewise look.

"Huh!" he grunted. "Huh! I never have known old Granny Fox to do anything like that. It must be she has done it for a purpose. I think I will go where I can watch her and try to find out what she is hanging around here for. It must be for something."

"Of course it's for something. Anyone with any wits at all would know that, and that something is to try to catch Peter," replied Mrs. Peter, and her voice sounded rather snappy.

You see she was worried. She knows just how sharp and cunning old Granny Fox is, and in her own mind there wasn't a doubt that this was part of some clever plan on the part of Granny to catch Peter. For the life of her she couldn't see through it herself and she was disappointed because Old Mr. Toad didn't seem to have any better idea than she had as to what Granny Fox was doing.

Old Mr. Toad took no notice of the sharpness in little Mrs. Peter's answer. "You better go stay with Peter a while," said he. "I think I'll go watch Granny Fox and see what I can find out."

So Old Mr. Toad hopped along one of Peter's private little paths and presently came to the edge of the dear Old Brier Patch. Then he discovered something which had quite slipped his mind when he first started. The grass of the Green Meadows was so tall that he couldn't see over it! You know he is a very squatty sort of person. Old Mr. Toad looked quite as foolish as he felt. He had come to watch old Granny Fox and now he couldn't see her at all because the grass was above his head.

Would you ever suspect Old Mr. Toad of having pride? He doesn't look as if pride ever bothers him. Somehow we are very apt to think of people who are humble and commonplace and homely as having no cause for pride. That is a mistake. They often have just as much pride as others who seem to be more fortunate. Old Mr. Toad had said that he was going to watch old Granny Fox. His pride wouldn't allow him to go back to Mrs. Peter and confess he couldn't see over the grass. At least he couldn't go back until he had tried every way he could think of to see over that grass. How he did wish he could climb like his cousin, Sticky-toes the Tree Toad!

But he couldn't, and he is altogether too sensible, is Old Mr. Toad, to waste any time on vain wishes. He looked about, this way and that way, to see if there might be something he could get up on so as to see over the grass. At length he discovered an old stump, where once upon a time a good-sized tree had stood. It was right at the edge of the Old Brier Patch and was just a wee bit higher than the grass of the Green Meadows. Now Peter Rabbit could have jumped over that stump without half trying, but to Old Mr. Toad it looked like a mountain. "If only I could get up there, I could see," he sighed.

Then he hopped all the way round the old stump looking for a place where it might be possible for him to climb up. On one side he found a place where the stump was partly broken, down and rotted away. Even this was way above Mr. Toad's head, but it was his only chance. Mr. Toad took a long breath and jumped as hard as he could. He bumped his nose and fell back sprawling.

"Ouch!" grunted Old Mr. Toad and scrambled to his feet.

When he got his breath, he tried it again. Once more he bumped his nose and landed flat on his back. "O," said Old Mr. Toad as he kicked to get over onto his feet once more. Then he tried it again and again and again, for he is very persistent. At last,

he managed to catch hold with his hands and hang on. Then little by little he pulled himself up until at last, he was fairly on top of the old stump. Eagerly he looked out over the Green Meadows. Then with a sigh of satisfaction he settled himself to rest and watch Old Granny Fox, for now he could see her.

STORY 1371 . July 1, 1916

Old Mr. Toad Takes a Message to Peter

Old Mr. Toad sat on top of the old stump just inside the dear Old Brier Patch watching Granny Fox. She was doing just as little Mrs. Peter had said, just hanging around. She would go away for a while and then she would come back. A shrewd twinkle crept into Old Mr. Toad's eyes as he watched. "It looks to me as if Granny has something on her mind," said he to himself. "Of course little Mrs. Peter is so afraid of Granny that she won't believe anything but bad of her. She thinks that Granny is hanging around here for nothing but the chance of catching Peter, because she knows that he is sick and so cannot run. But if that was what Granny has in mind, she never would keep in plain sight; she would hide. I wish the old lady would come near enough for me to speak to her."

It seemed as if old Granny Fox must have known the wish of Old Mr. Toad, for just then she started straight toward the old stump on which he was sitting. Of course she didn't know what Mr. Toad had wished for, for she didn't even know that he was anywhere about. But the result was just as if she had, for she kept right on until she was just on the edge of the Old Brier Patch right in front of the old stump.

"How do you do, Granny Fox? You look as if you might have something on your mind," said Old Mr. Toad.

Granny jumped. She was startled, for had not suspected that any one was near. She recognized Old Mr. Toad's voice and looked everywhere for him except in the right place. You see she supposed that of course he was on the ground. Old Mr. Toad chuckled. "I've gone up in the world since you saw me last," said he and chuckled again at his own joke.

Then Granny looked up and saw him on top of the old stump. She grinned, and Mr. Toad saw that it was a very good-natured grin. "You certainly have," she replied. "I never expected to see the day when I would look up to you, Mr. Toad."

Old Mr. Toad considered this reply for a minute, trying to decide if Granny meant more than the words seem to mean, and then decided that she didn't. "I've been wondering," said he, "what brings you over to the Old Brier Patch."

"You wouldn't believe me if I should tell you," replied Granny.

"Yes I would," replied Old Mr. Toad.

"Well, it's all on account of Peter Rabbit," replied Granny Fox.

"Huh!" snapped Old Mr. Toad, "I can believe that all right."

"But you don't understand," persisted Granny Fox. "It's because I heard that he is sick."

"Of course. I can believe that, too," replied Old Mr. Toad. "You heard that he is sick and so you thought you might be able to catch him. Mr. Toad's eyes twinkled, but Granny didn't see the twinkle.

"It's no such thing," she retorted and her voice was sharp and indignant. "I—I—Well, I told you you wouldn't believe me," she ended lamely. "Go on," replied Old Mr. Toad. "You haven't told me anything yet."

"Well, I came over here to find out how he is and—and to send him word that I am sorry he is sick." Old Granny Fox talked rather fast, as if a little ashamed of such soft heartedness. "But though I've hung around here ever no long, I haven't seen any one to ask about Peter or to take my message to him. Have you seen him and is he really so very sick, Mr. Toad?"

Old Mr. Toad looked straight into Granny's eyes and he saw that she really meant all that she had said. A kindly look came into his own beautiful eyes. "Peter is very sick, or rather he has been very sick, but he is better now and will soon be well again," said he.

"I'm glad of that!" exclaimed Granny Fox. I've been dreadfully worried about him. Of course, when he is well, I feel that it is perfectly right for me to try to catch him; but when he is sick it is a very different matter. I wish you would tell him for me that I am sorry that he is sick and that I hope he will soon be well again. Tell him that he will have nothing to worry about from me until he is quite himself again. I—I wanted to bring him something, and so I left a young Meadow Mouse at the entrance to one of his little paths.

I knew he wouldn't eat it, but I thought perhaps if he found it, he might understand that I really am sorry for him and—and wanted to do something for him." Granny looked a little confused.

"I understand." replied Old Mr. Toad "Mrs. Peter found that mouse and guessed why it had been left there. I think Peter will understand. I certainly will take your message to him and I'm sure it will make him feel better."

It did. When Peter got that message, he thought it one of the very nicest of all the nice things which had happened since he was taken sick.

STORY 1372. July 3, 1916

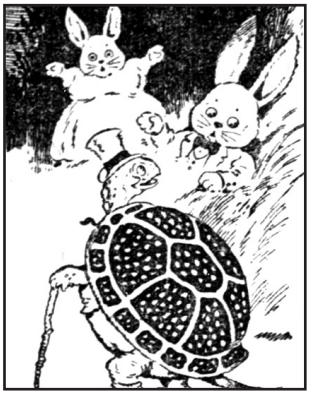
Peter Rabbit Gets Well

Sing a song of riches! Sing a song of wealth!
But most of all, I pray you, sing a song of health!

Of all the good things in the Great World the very best and most precious is health. To be well and strong is to have the very greatest of all great blessings. Ask

Illustrations. June 26 to July 1, 1916.

1366. Peter Rabbit's Surprise Party
He thanked those who could get in to see him.



1367. Peter Has Two More Visitors
Presently, with a sigh of relief, Spotty the Turtle stopped beside Peter.

1368. Old Doctor Toad
"A pretty mess you've got into, Peter Rabbit!" he snapped.

1369. Old Granny Fox Hangs Around
Mrs. Peter didn't tell Peter about Granny Fox, but kept watch.

1370. Old Mr. Toad Watches Granny Fox
Eagerly he looked out over the Green Meadows.

1371. Old Mr. Toad Takes a Message to Peter
"How do you do, Granny Fox?"

Peter Rabbit; he knows. Yes, sir, Peter knows. He didn't know it until after he ate those poisoned cabbage leaves and was so very sick. But he knew it then. He learned that nothing can possibly take the place of health and strength, and he kept saying over and over to himself that if he got well again, he never, never would be so heedless and careless as to do things that would be likely to make him sick.

Little by little the strength began to come back into Peter's long hindlegs, so that the day after Old Granny Fox sent her message to him, Peter could hop about a little in the dear Old Brier Patch. Every day, and every night, too, for that matter, Peter had visitors.

"It is almost worthwhile to be sick to find out how many friends I have," he confided to little Mrs. Peter. "Still, I shall be glad when I am well again."

In a few days Peter was quite himself. He felt as strong as ever, and his appetite was quite as good as ever. Of course little Mrs. Peter was delighted, but she was uneasy in her mind. She watched Peter sharply. She wasn't willing to allow him out of her sight. With all her might she hoped that now he would be content to stay at home in the dear Old Brier Patch, but she knew Peter so well that she was afraid that this was hoping too much. So she watched him, and when she saw that he was spending a great deal of time looking over to the Green Forest, her heart sank.

Then Peter began to be uneasy. He couldn't sit still. He hopped about in the Old Brier Patch cutting off brambles that had crept across some of his private little paths, and making new paths. While he had been too sick to move, he had been as patient and good-natured as you can imagine, but now he was given to speaking sharply. Old Mr. Toad, who was still in the Old Brier Patch, said that this was a good sign, but little Mrs. Peter didn't agree with him. It might be a sign that he was getting well, though why people should be cross when getting well she couldn't understand, but she suspected that it was a sign that Peter was just aching to take up his old habits of roaming.

So little Mrs. Peter wasn't a bit surprised when as the Black Shadows crept across the Green Meadows one evening Peter suddenly said:

"I think, my dear, that I will run over to the Green Forest."

"O, Peter, what for?" cried Mrs. Peter.

"To return some of the calls from my friends," replied Peter. "If I shouldn't do that it would look as if I were ungrateful and didn't appreciate what they did for me."

Mrs. Peter looked doubtful, but she didn't know just what to say to that.

"I should think," said she, "that you I would be content to stay at home now. If it hadn't been for roaming about the way you do, you wouldn't have been sick at all."

Peter looked, thoughtful. "That is quite true, my dear," he replied, "but I've learned my lesson. If I should stay here all the time, I would grow fat and lazy, and you wouldn't like to see me that way."

"Yes, I would," retorted Mrs. Peter. "I don't care how fat and lazy you get, so long as you are at home and safe."

So Peter gave up going that night and little Mrs. Peter sighed with relief. But the very next night while they were getting their supper in a sweet clover patch Peter suddenly jumped up in the air and kicked his heels.

"Good by, my dear, and don't worry. I'll be back before daylight," said he, and before Mrs. Peter could say a word, he was off for the Green Forest, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go, stopping every few jumps to kick his heels in pure joy. Yes, Peter was well again, quite as well as ever. And with this thought anxious little Mrs. Peter tried to console herself as she I watched him out of sight.

STORY 1373. July 4, 1916

Peter Rabbit Thinks of the Quack Family

It was good to be in the Green Forest once more. Of course as a matter of fact it was just a few days since Peter had been there, but it seemed to him as if it had been ages and ages. It is always that way when people have been sick. So as Peter entered the Green Forest that night, he had a feeling that things would be changed. So he was almost disappointed to find the same trees and stumps and old logs, and all the familiar things. And yet he wasn't really disappointed, for if he had not found them just as ever it would not have been the same beautiful Green Forest he loved so well.

How good it was to be able to jump and hop as well as ever! "I never before knew what a blessing it is to be well and strong!" thought Peter as he kicked his heels in the funniest way just for the pleasure of feeling that he could kick them. If Peter could have sung, he would have done it. There was a song in his heart, a song of joy and happiness and thanksgiving, but it had to stay right in his heart because you know he has no voice for singing. So he expressed his joy in the only way he knows, which is by jumping and kicking his long heels, and doing funny things of that kind.

"Now who shall I call on first?" said Peter to himself. "Of course I must return all the calls of those who came to see me while I was sick. And then, too, I want to call on those who sent messages to me but couldn't come themselves."

He sat down for a few minutes to think things over and get his breath, for he had been running so fast and kicking his heels so much that he was beginning to feel a bit tired.

"It isn't the least bit of use to call on those who sleep at night," thought he, "and it isn't of much use to call on those who go hunting at night for their food, because, you see, they will not be at home. Bobby Coon probably is off somewhere, and so is Unc' Billy Possum. I have it! I'll run over and make Paddy the Beaver a call and inquire after Mr. and Mrs. Quack, and all the little Quacks. It is a long time since I have seen any of them. It is a nice moonlight night and perhaps Mr. Quack will be awake. Since I have been sick, I know a little of how he must have felt when he was so helpless that time that he was shot. His wings mean to him just what my long hind legs mean to me. I was sorry for him at the time, but I had no idea what he must have suffered just from the feeling of helplessness, not to mention the pain. Now I know. Just trying to use my

legs and finding that I couldn't gave me the most awful feeling. I never want to feel that way again. And yet I was safe in the dear Old Brier Patch, while when Mr. Quack lost the use of his wings he was where he was in danger every blessed minute. So he was worse off than I was. The very worst thing that can happen to one of us is to be made helpless. I wish everybody would remember this. Well, I must be moving on."

Lipperty-lipperty-lip, he ran through the Green Forest, and so presently he came to the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Very still, silvery where the moonlight fell and black where the Black Shadows lay, was the pond. For some time, Peter sat watching and didn't see a sign of anyone. At last, he caught sight of a silvery ripple, and it was coming straight toward him. At first, he could see nothing but that silvery one. Then as it drew near, he made out a little black spot moving at the head of that silvery line, and he knew that it was the head of Paddy the Beaver. Peter kept perfectly still. Paddy drew nearer and nearer until he reached the shore. Peter was chuckling inside. You see he was planning to surprise Paddy and perhaps give him a bit of a fright.

Just imagine how Peter felt when Paddy crawled out on the bank and said, "Hello, Peter Rabbit. I'm glad to know you are well enough to visit us again. We have missed you." He knew that Paddy hadn't seen him and didn't see him yet. And he knew that he hadn't made the least sound. And yet Paddy spoke as if he knew all the time just where Peter was. It gave Peter a queer feeling.

"Hello," said he, hopping out where Paddy could see him. "I'm glad you've missed me and I'm ever so glad that you are glad that I have come to visit you again, but there is one thing I wish you would tell me."

"What is it?" asked Paddy.

"How you knew I was here," replied Peter.

STORY 1374. July 5, 1916

Paddy's Wonderful Nose

If I might wish, and the wish come true,
  Pray what do you think that wish would be?
'Twould be for a nose that could tell me of
  The things I can neither hear nor see.

Yes, sir, that is what my wish would be. It would be for a nose like that Reddy Fox has, or Old Man Coyote or Lightfoot the Deer, or Buster Bear, or Paddy the Beaver. When Paddy swam out from his house in his pond deep in the Green Forest the night that Peter Rabbit had gone over there he just happened to start straight for the place where Peter was sitting on the bank. He didn't know that Peter was there, and he wasn't thinking of Peter as he ran toward the shore. He wasn't thinking of any one in particular. The Black Shadows lay very deep on the shore and Paddy's eyes were not strong enough to see into them. He knew this, and he didn't strain them trying to see. But as he swam his eyes were very wide open and his nose was very busy. Yes, sir, Paddy's nose was very busy.

You see, Paddy the Beaver is one of those who believes absolutely in safety first. He never forgets that danger is most likely to appear when it is least expected, and so he never is careless. In this respect he is quite unlike Peter Rabbit. So, though Paddy didn't have the least idea that any one was about, he listened with all his might for every tiny sound, and I suspect that he heard sounds which your ears and mine would have missed altogether. More than this, he knew what each sound meant, and to know what a sound means is quite as important as to hear a sound.

So as he swam toward where Peter Rabbit was hiding and keeping perfectly still, he heard nothing to make him even suspect that any one was there. His ears told him everything that ears could tell. But Paddy didn't trust to his ears alone. All the time he was swimming his nose was busy testing the air for all the faint smells that wondering little Night Breezes brought cut from the shore. Presently as he drew near the bank his nose was tickled with just the faintest of smells. Your nose or mine wouldn't have smelled it at all. Paddy stopped swimming for just a second and tested the air very carefully. Then he grinned, and at once swam on toward the bank. He knew that someone was on the bank and he knew just who that someone was. His nose told him. "Peter Rabbit is sitting up there somewhere," thought he. "I suspect that he has seen me already and is planning to try to scare me." Paddy chuckled and turned so as to follow that faint smell.

As he drew in to the bank that smell was stronger. That wonderful nose of his told him exactly where it came from. He couldn't see Peter because it was too dark. Besides, Peter was hiding behind a little hemlock tree. He couldn't hear Peter because Peter didn't make even the teeniest, weeniest sound. But he didn't need to know he was there, and exactly where he was. So the instant after he had climbed out on the bank he quite took Peter's breath away by saying, "Hello, Peter Rabbit."

It took away Peter's breath and it upset his plan to have fun with Paddy by giving him a scare. Is it any wonder that almost the first thing Peter did was to ask how Paddy had known that he was there? You see, Peter wasn't well enough acquainted with Paddy to know what a wonderful nose he has. Had Reddy Fox or Granny Fox or Old Man Coyote found him he would have guessed right away how they had done it.

Paddy laughed and then he told Peter about his wonderful nose and how he depended on it to keep him safe. Then they sat down for a visit. Peter told Paddy all about his sickness and all the nice things that had happened. Then Paddy told Peter all the news of that part of the Green Forest, how Mr. Quack had wholly recovered and was as well and strong as ever, and how so far nothing had happened to any of the little Quacks, although Hooty the Owl tried every night to catch one of them.

There he is now!" exclaimed Paddy. "I must give the Quacks warning. Sure enough, a big shadow swept silently through the moonlight over the pond. It was Hooty the Owl. Paddy slipped down to the water. Slap! His broad tail struck the water like the report of a pistol. "They will know what that means," chuckled Paddy as he came back to join Peter.

STORY 1375. July 6, 1916

Peter Sees the Quack Family

At the slap of Paddy the Beaver's tail on the water, the shadow in the moonlight, which Peter knew was really no shadow at all, but Hooty the Owl, turned and passed over Paddy so low that it seemed almost to touch Paddy.

"You mind your own affairs and stop spoiling my hunting," hissed Hooty. "I won't stand it." He snapped his beak in a way that made Peter Rabbit tremble, for Peter was near enough to hear, though you may be sure he was holding his breath and taking care not to make the teeniest sound. Peter was very thankful that Hooty had no such sense of smell as had Paddy.

When Hooty had finally disappeared, Paddy rejoined Peter and Paddy was chuckling.

"Hooty grows shorter tempered every night," said he. "Ever since he found out that Mr. and Mrs. Quack were making their home here and have a whole family of little Quacks he has done his best to catch one of them. I suspect he dreams all day about a Duck dinner at night, but so far, he hasn't had one, and he won't get one if I can help it. Mr. and Mrs. Quack are old friends and I'm too proud and pleased to have them make their home in my pond to let anything happen to them if I can help it. They learned long ago to be on the watch for danger whenever they hear me slap the water with my tall, and they've taught all the little Quacks the same thing. So when they hear the sound of that slap they wake up with all their wits working and all ready to dive under water the instant they see Hooty, and they are looking for him with all their eyes. It may be kind of hard on Hooty to have me spoil his chances for a good dinner that way, but this is my pond and I don't intend to have any trouble or sadness here if I can help it."

"I suppose the little Quacks have grown some," Peter ventured.

Paddy chuckled. "A little, Peter, just a little," he replied. "You ought to see them before you go back. When did you see them last?"

"Just after they were hatched. They were funny little fuzzy things then," said Peter. "I suppose they have got some feathers now."

"Yes," Paddy returned, "they have a few feathers, just a few." He chuckled again and Peter wondered why. "They are very likely looking youngsters and Mr. and Mrs. Quack are very proud of them."

"Where are they now?" asked Peter staring out on the pond.

"That's telling," replied Paddy. "That's a secret. But if you will wait right here until daylight I promise you a sight worth seeing."

"I promised Mrs. Peter to be home early," replied Peter.

"That is all right," replied Paddy. "The Quack family are early risers. They will be out before jolly, round Mr. Sun has kicked off his bed clothes. You can see them and

then if your legs are as good as they used to be, you can get back to the dear Old Brier Patch before most people have got the sleepy winks out of their eyes."

So Peter stayed. He knew he ought not to, but he did. You see he wanted so very much to see the Quack family. Paddy stayed with him to keep him company and they had so much to talk about that time fairly flew. The Black Shadows were just beginning to leave the pond of Paddy the Beaver when from the far side a low "Quack Quack" reached Peter. He looked eagerly in the direction from which the sound had come. Presently he saw a black form moving out where it was lighter. He knew that it was Mr. Quack. Behind him was another and this he knew was Mrs. Quack. And then there followed another and another and another until Peter had counted 10 Ducks almost as big as Mr. and Mrs. Quack. He gave a funny little gasp.

"Where did they come from?" he demanded. "Did they come up from the sunny South to join Mr. and Mrs. Quack? And where are the little Quacks?"

Paddy laughed right out. "Those are the little Quacks, only they are not little any longer," said he. "Isn't that a family to be proud of? And did you ever see any youngsters grow like those young Quacks?"

Peter allowed that he never did. In fact he couldn't believe that those 10 ducks following Mr. and Mrs. Quack were really the same funny little fuzzy babies he had seen a few weeks before, and he wouldn't believe it until Mr. Quack led them all over to where he was sitting and introduced his family. Then Peter had to believe.

STORY 1376. July 7, 1916

Redtail the Hawk is Tempted

Tempter, tempter, go away!
I'll close my ears to you today.

You and I know that this is absolutely the only thing to do. Peter Rabbit knows it, and all the other little people know it. The trouble with most of us is that we do not do what we know we ought to do. We listen to the Tempter when we ought to close our ears as tightly as we can. It was just that way with Redtail the Hawk. You know Redtail is very much like Reddy Fox in his tastes. He lives on much the same kind of food. And like Reddy he has a weakness for chicken. Yes sir, Redtail is quite as fond of chicken as Reddy is. He would have chicken for dinner every day if he could.

You know how often Reddy is tempted to try and get one of Farmer Brown's chickens. But Reddy's temptation is nothing compared with the temptation which Redtail the Hawk has to fight. You see if Reddy keeps away from Farmer Brown's hen yard he is tempted only when he allows himself to think about chickens, or is very, very hungry and cannot find enough to fill his stomach. And then, too, he does most of his hunting after dark when the chickens are shut up.

But with Redtail the Hawk it is different, very different indeed. He hunts in the day time and as he swings in great circles high up in the blue, blue sky his wonderful

eyes see all that is going on below. And so there is hardly a day that he does not see chickens, lots of them, running about in the dooryards of the farms over which he flies. Of course you understand what that means. It means that the Tempter is whispering to him all the time.

Now Redtail, like Reddy Fox, can see no reason why he should not catch a chicken when he can, just as he catches Meadow Mice or one of the children of Mrs. Grouse if he has a chance. A chicken is just a kind of bird to him and intended for him to eat if he is smart enough to catch one. Because the chickens are in a hen yard is no reason at all to him why he should not catch one. He does not know that he is stealing. It always seems very queer to him that those two-legged creatures called men make such a fuss when he is simply obeying a law of nature by trying to get a good meal. But he has learned that it is dangerous to go near a hen yard when any of the two-legged creatures are about, and he knows all about terrible guns. So, though every day he looks down and sees the chickens running about, it is only once in a while that he does not say "no" to the Tempter, and then only when he has watched long enough to feel sure that he will run no risk.

For a long time Redtail had resisted the Tempter. Then very early one morning as he sailed over a farmyard, he saw an old hen with a dozen little white chickens right beneath him. They were very tiny chickens, only a few days out of their shells. Redtail had not breakfasted yet and he was hungry. Those chickens were very, very tempting. He might have to hunt for some time before he could catch anything else. He swung around in circles, his keen eyes studying all beneath him. There was no danger to be seen anywhere.

"It is safe enough," whispered the Tempter.

Still Redtail hesitated. You can get one of those chickens and be safely away before anybody knows you are about," whispered the Tempter.

Redtail circled lower and lower. Just then the mother hen looked up and saw him. Instantly she ruffled up all her feathers and called to her babies to hurry to her. How they did scamper to get under her sheltering wings! But there was one little fellow who had wandered farther than the rest. He started as soon as his mother called, but he was too far too far away. Redtail closed his wings and shot down out of the sky, his great claws stretched wide. In a twinkling he had closed the great claws of one foot around that little white chicken, and his great wings were sending him up, up into the blue sky. The mother hen was making a great fuss, but Redtail just laughed, for no one appeared with a terrible gun. He would have a chicken for breakfast.

STORY 1377. July 8, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Hears a Great Racket

Farmer Brown's Boy is an early riser. He has to be because he has a lot of work to do before breakfast. He has to feed the chickens and milk the cows and help with the work about the barn. This particular morning, he had jumped out of bed at daylight. He

had opened the hen house door to let the biddies out. Outside the hen yard was a little coop in which was a very fussy hen. She had a right to be fussy, did Mrs. Featherlegs. Anyway, she felt that she had. It was bad enough to have the responsibility of 10 babies of your own, not to mention having to mother a neighbor's family of equal size. But that is just what Mrs. Featherlegs was doing, because she happened to be the best mother among Farmer Brown's hens. Farmer Brown's Boy knew this and so he had turned over to her care a flock of chickens which he was especially anxious to have live because they were very choice. That is, the eggs from which they had been hatched had cost Farmer Brown's Boy several times as much as ordinary eggs. You see, their own mother was a careless creature and thought more about gossiping with the other hens than of caring for her family.

This morning Farmer Brown's Boy had opened the coop so that Mrs. Featherlegs could go out and in when she chose. He knew that she was too wise to lead her big family far away. And he knew, too, that Mrs. Featherlegs was quite able to drive away Black Pussy should she try to catch one of those babies. Of other dangers he had no thought, for who was there likely to visit the dooryard in broad daylight? So after he had seen to it that they had plenty to eat he left them and went on to the barn to milk the cows.

Farmer Brown's Boy is very like most other boys. All boys have dreams—day dreams, I mean. As he milked the cows, Farmer Brown's Boy had one of these day dreams, and it was about those 10 chickens which he had confided to the care of Mrs. Featherlegs. Yes, sir, Farmer Brown's Boy was dreaming great things about those chickens. He was sure they were the finest chickens in all the country round, and that when they grew up, they would be the finest hens and roosters anywhere about. He would show them at the fairs in the Fall and they would win prizes for him. Other people would pay him big prices for eggs, just as he had paid a big price for the eggs from which these chickens had been hatched. In short, if those dreams came true, those chickens were going to make Farmer Brown's Boy's fortune.

Right in the midst of the pleasantest part of his dreams there broke a sound that made Farmer Brown's Boy jump to his feet so suddenly that he upset a pail half filled with milk. He didn't even know it at the time, because, you know, he was so excited. That sound was the voice of Mrs. Featherlegs. It was plain that Mrs. Featherlegs was both excited and angry. There wasn't a particle of fear in the voice of Mrs. Featherlegs. No, sir, there wasn't a particle of fear. Instead there was courage and anger. Farmer Brown's Boy didn't need to understand the language of Mrs. Featherlegs to know that that she was fighting mad. He knew nothing would make her fighting mad except danger to her babies, and so the very instant he heard her voice, he guessed that someone was after her chickens. That is why he jumped so and rushed from the barn.

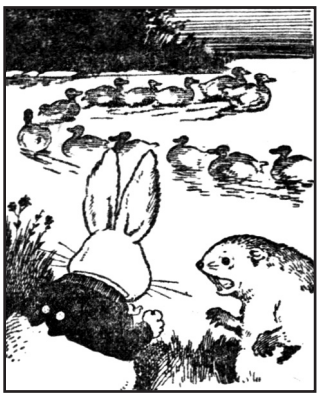
What he saw was Mrs. Featherlegs squatting on the ground with every feather standing on end and looking so fierce that he almost felt afraid of her himself. Not a chicken was to be seen. Unless one had been caught, all were safe under Mrs. Featherlegs. Farmer Brown's Boy looked this way and looked that way to see who had

Illustrations. July 3 to July 8, 1916.

1372. Peter Rabbit Gets Well
Old Mr. Toad, who was still in the Old Brier Patch, said that this was a good sign.

1373. Peter Rabbit Thinks of the Quack Family
"Hello, Peter Rabbit. I'm glad to know you are well enough to visit us again."

1374. Paddy's Wonderful Nose
Peter told Paddy all about his sickness and all the nice things that had happened.



1375. Peter Sees the Quack Family
And then there followed another and another and another until Peter had counted ten ducks almost as big as Mr. and Mrs. Quack.

1376. Redtail the Hawk is Tempted
He swung around in circles, his keen eyes studying all beneath him.

1377. Farmer Brown's Boy Hears a Great Racket
"Redtail the Hawk!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy.

aroused Mrs. Featherlegs so, but he saw no one. Then he noticed that she kept her eyes rolled up toward the sky. Farmer Brown's Boy looked. Far away and getting farther away every second was a bird.

"Redtail the Hawk!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy. "I thought he had learned to keep away from here. I wonder if he got one of the chickens. If he did, I'll—I'll—" He didn't say what he would do, but if Redtail could have heard him I'm sure Redtail would have been quite uneasy in his mind.

STORY 1378. July 10, 1916

The Funny Result of Counting Chickens

One and one is always two,
And two and two makes four.
They cannot make a fraction less
Nor yet a fraction more.

If you don't believe it just try counting one and one. Do it just as many times as you please, the answer will always be the same. Of course Farmer Brown's boy knows this. He also knows that it is just as true that if you take one away from two you will have one left, and one only. So the instant he discovered Redtail the Hawk sailing away up in the blue, blue sky he decided that he must count his chickens and do it right away. Then he would know whether or not Redtail had caught one.

Mrs. Featherlegs was still rather excited. In fact, she was so much excited that it was some little time before he could induce her to allow him to lift her up so that he could see the big family hiding under her. But at last, sure that she had had the best of Redtail the Hawk, and that he had flown away for good, she permitted Farmer Brown's Boy to count her babies while she fussed about and told him all about the robber she had driven away. Of course, he didn't understand a word she said, but he guessed what she was telling him and called her a brave old lady and told her how proud he was of her.

Now, there had been 20 chickens in the care of Mrs. Featherlegs, 10 black ones, which were her own, and 10 white ones, which were the ones Farmer Brown's Boy thought so much of and expected such great things from when they should be grown up.

You remember he had given them to Mrs. Featherlegs to care for because she was such a good mother, while their own mother was a gossiping, heedless young thing, not at all fitted to bring up a family, particularly such an important family as this one. Of course Farmer Brown's boy was most anxious about the white chickens, and of course he counted them first.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven," Farmer Brown's Boy scowled. "Now, how can I make eleven out of ten?" he demanded of no one in particular. "Those little scamps move around so fast I must have counted one of

them twice. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and one makes ELEVEN!"

Farmer Brown's boy looked as if he felt foolish. I suspect he did. He had had only 10 white chickens and there were no other white chickens the farm, yet he had counted 11 both times. "I'll try it once more," said he, and began counting. The result was just the same as before—11! "Well, one thing is sure, and that is that old Redtail didn't catch any of the white ones. I would rather there should be one too many than one short. Now, you black scamps, hold still while I try my luck counting you! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten; all safe. I guess Mother Featherlegs gave him a surprise party. He surely got left this time. Instead of being one chicken short I've got one too many. Now that I've counted the black ones right, I'll try the white ones again."

So once more Farmer Brown's boy counted the white chickens very carefully, and once more the count was 11. At first Farmer Brown's boy had been provoked with himself to think that he was so stupid or careless as to count one chicken twice, as he was sure he must have done. Now his freckled face wore a puzzled look. Just coming out of the house was Farmer Brown.

"Hi, dad! Please come over here and count my chickens for me," called Farmer Brown's boy. Farmer Brown came and counted the chickens, all the time wondering why he had been asked to.

"I make 21," said he, "ten black and 11 white."

"Count 'em again!" cried Farmer Brown's boy eagerly.

So Farmer Brown counted them again, and just as before he got 10 black and 11 white. "Just what I make the count!" cried his boy. "I've counted and counted until I hardly know if I am on my head or my heels, and always get it the same "

Farmer Brown looked as if he didn't understand at all. "Well, what of it?" he asked at last.

"Nothing, only there never has been but 10 of those white ones before!" cried Farmer Brown's boy.

STORY 1379. July 11, 1916

Can a Chicken Shrink?

To shrink means, as you know, to grow smaller. A great many things can shrink, but the last thing in the world that you would expect to shrink would be a chicken. Yet as Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy stood looking at the chickens which Mrs. Featherlegs was mothering, it suddenly came over Farmer Brown's boy that one of those white chickens was quite a bit smaller than the rest. There was no doubt about it. That particular chicken was quite small compared with the others.

Now, you remember that Farmer Brown's Boy had counted eleven chickens where

there should have been only ten, and Farmer Brown had done the same thing. That had been puzzle enough in itself, but now to find that one of those chickens was so much smaller than the others when he had never noticed anything of the kind before, was too much for Farmer Brown's boy. There was something queer about those chickens. Yes, sir, there certainly was something queer. He began to think that they were bewitched.

"Can a chicken shrink?" he asked suddenly.

Farmer Brown laughed right out. "I've never seen one that could," said he.

"Well, look at that one right over there," replied Farmer Brown's Boy. "See how much smaller it is than the others. I think it must have shrunk overnight, because last night when I shut them up there wasn't any as small as that. I never have heard of a chicken shrinking, but how could that one be so small if it hasn't shrunk?"

"And how can there be 11 of those white chicks when never before has there been but 10?" asked Farmer Brown, laughing right out. "I think, son, that Mrs. Featherlegs better be made to give an account of her doings. It looks to me as if she has been playing a joke on you. If we had any other chicks at this time, I should say that she had stolen that little fellow from some other hen. But we haven't any other chickens just now and none of our neighbors are near enough for Mrs. Featherlegs to go visiting and steal one of their chicks. It is very mysterious."

Farmer Brown's Boy's face was a study. A sudden thought had come to him. He turned and stared over towards the Green Forest where Red-tail the Hawk had long ago disappeared. Then he looked at Farmer Brown as if he was wondering if he would be laughed at if he should tell what had come into his mind. Farmer Brown's eyes were twinkling. "What is it, son?" said he.

"It is just this," replied Farmer Brown's Boy. "It is hard to believe, but I do believe that Redtail the Hawk brought us that chicken. I believe he caught that somewhere else and on his way back to the Green Forest he saw ours and thought he might as well have two as one. He dropped down here to catch one of ours, not knowing Mrs. Featherlegs.

"She startled him so that he dropped the one he did have and that is how I happen to have 11 white chicks instead of 10, and why one appears to have shrunk. Redtail's claws simply closed around that little fellow without hurting him."

Farmer Brown scratched his head and on his face was a funny expression,"Hawks have stolen chickens from me many times, but this is the first time I ever had a Hawk bring me a chicken," said he. "That is a pretty good kind of a Hawk to have for a neighbor, isn't it? If he will bring us a chicken every time, he may call as often as he pleases. However, we mustn't forget that what is our gain is the loss of someone else. I wonder where Redtail got that chicken?"

But this is something that Farmer Brown and his boy never found out. Of course, Redtail didn't return to tell them, and though they inquired among their neighbors, no one appeared to miss a chicken. You see Redtail had caught that chicken a long way from Farmer Brown's, for to Redtail's broad wings, distance does not count for much.

STORY 1380. July 12, 1916

How Greed Cheated Redtail the Hawk

Of course, my dear, there is no need
To talk to YOU of foolish greed.
This being true, I must infer
To skip this story you'll prefer.

I can't help it if you do. Of course you don't HAVE to read it unless you want to. But whether you read it or not I have to tell it, because it explains a lot of things that seem to need explaining, among other things how Redtail the Hawk was cured of greediness. You remember that Redtail had yielded to temptation and had caught a little chicken for his breakfast very early on a certain morning.

Now, the place where he had caught that chicken was a long way from the Green Forest and the home of Farmer Brown's boy. At first he planned to fly to the nearest safe place and eat that chicken. Then he remembered that in a certain big nest in a certain tall tree in the Green Forest he had three hungry babies and that before he ate, they should be fed.

He looked down at the little chicken clutched in the claws of one foot. It was a very little chicken for three such hungry youngsters as the three young Redtails. In fact, it was so little that his claws closed almost around it without tearing its tender flesh at all. He hadn't killed the chicken. More than this, he hadn't seriously hurt it. It was suffering, to be sure, but its suffering was almost wholly from fright. It certainly was a frightened chicken. Yes, sir, it certainly was a frightened chicken.

I don't wonder, do you? How do you suppose it felt as it was carried higher and higher up in the blue, blue sky until down below all the things which always had looked so big became small and smaller? Danny Meadow Mouse knows. He was carried that way once by Hooty the Owl[24], and since then Danny has been quite content with the ground. He no longer envies the birds.

On his way to his home in the Green Forest Redtail flew over the home of Farmer Brown's Boy. It was just after Farmer Brown's Boy had gone into the barn to milk the cows. Redtail, looking down with those wonderful eyes of his, saw Mrs. Featherlegs and her big family of chickens. He saw that those were bigger chickens than the one he already had, yet not so big but that he could hold one with one foot. He had one handful already, so to speak, but why not fill the other?

Now, if Redtail hadn't yielded to temptation in the first place he probably wouldn't have the second time. But it had been so easy catching that poor little chicken he was carrying home that he thought it would be just as easy to catch another.

There is no danger," thought he. "This is a very small chicken for such a hungry family as I have got waiting for me. Besides, I am half-starved myself. I may as well have two as one." He dropped nearer and nearer to the earth, all the time watching

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sharply for danger. There was none that he I could see. “Well, here goes for both hands full,” he chuckled, and, closing his wings, shot down with the claws of the empty foot spread to seize one of the chickens.

But Redtail didn’t know Mrs. Featherlegs. If he had known her then as he does now, he would have thought twice before trying to catch one of her chickens. Instead of acting afraid, as hens usually do when Redtail appears, Mrs. Featherlegs threw herself at Redtail just as he was about to seize a chicken, and it seemed as if Mrs. Featherlegs was all pecking bill and scratching claws and beating wings. It was so unexpected, this attack, that Redtail was very much confused. Those wings flapping in his face confused him. The sharp bill of Mrs. Featherlegs was pulling feathers from his head and neck. He suddenly forgot all about wanting another chicken. In fact, he forgot about the one he had already caught, and in his hurry to get away from that angry hen, he let go.

That was no place for him and he knew it. So he beat frantically with his broad wings and was glad enough to get away from Mrs. Featherlegs.

But as he flew, he thought sadly of the trick which Greed had played him. It had promised him more and then had cheated him of that which he did have. And down in Farmer Brown’s dooryard a very frightened little chicken was answering to the cluck of Mrs. Featherlegs quite as if she had been his own mother.

STORY 1381. July 13, 1916

Blacky the Crow Discovers Eggs

Blacky the Crow is fond of eggs. In this he is a great deal like other people—Farmer Brown’s boy, for instance. But as Blacky cannot keep hens as Farmer Brown’s boy does, he is obliged to steal eggs or else go without. If you come right down to plain everyday truth, I suppose Blacky isn’t so far wrong when he insists that he is no more of a thief than Farmer Brown’s boy. Blacky says that the eggs which the hens lay belong to the hens and that he, Blacky, has just as much right to take them as has Farmer Brown’s boy. He quite overlooks the fact that Farmer Brown’s boy feeds the biddies and takes the eggs as pay. Anyway, that is what Farmer Brown’s boy says, but I do not know whether or not the biddies understand it that way.

So Blacky the Crow cannot see why he should not help himself to an egg when he gets the chance. He doesn’t get the chance very often to steal eggs from the hens, because usually they lay their eggs in the hen house, and Blacky is too suspicious to venture inside. The eggs he does get are mostly those of his neighbors in the Green Forest and the Old Orchard. But once in a great while some foolish hen will make a nest outside the hen house somewhere, and if Blacky happens to find it, the black scamp watches every minute he can spare from other mischief for a chance to steal an egg.

Now, Blacky knows just what a rogue Farmer Brown thinks he is, and for this reason Blacky is very careful about approaching Farmer Brown or any other man until he has made sure that he runs no risk of being shot. Blacky knows quite as well as

anyone what a gun looks like. He also knows that without a terrible gun there is little Farmer Brown or anyone else can do to him. So when he sees Farmer Brown out in his fields Blacky often will fly right over him and shout "Caw, caw, caw, ca-a-w!" in the most provoking way, and Farmer Brown's boy insists that he has seen Blacky wink when he was doing it.

But Blacky doesn't do anything of this kind around the buildings of Farmer Brown. You see, he has learned that there are doors in buildings, and windows, and out of one of these a terrible gun may bang at any time. So though he has suspected that whatever Farmer Brown's boy would have once done, he would not now try to harm him; Blacky is naturally cautious and takes no chances. So when he comes spying around Farmer Brown's house and barn he does it when he is quite sure that no one is about, and he makes no noise about it. First, he sits in a tall tree, from which he I can watch Farmer Brown's home. When he is quite sure that the way is clear he flies over to the Old Orchard, and from there he inspects the farmyard, never once making a sound. If he is quite sure that no one is about, he sometimes drops down into the hen yard and helps himself to corn, if there happens to be any there.

It was on one of these silent visits that Blacky spied something which he couldn't forget. It was a box just inside the hen house door. In the box was some hay, and in that hay he was sure he had seen an egg. In fact, he was sure that he saw two eggs there. He might not have noticed them but for the fact that a hen had jumped down from that box, making a terrible fuss. She didn't seem frightened, but terribly proud.

What under the sun she had to be proud about Blacky couldn't understand, but he didn't stay to find out. The noise she was making made him nervous. He was afraid that it would bring someone to find out what was going on. So he spread his black wings and flew away as silently as he had come.

It was as he was flying away that he saw those eggs. You see, as he rose into the air, he managed to pass that open door in such a way that he could glance in. That one glance was enough. You know, Blacky's eyes are very sharp. He saw the hay in the box and the two eggs in the hay, and that was enough for him. From that instant Blacky the Crow began to scheme and plan to get one or both of those eggs. It seemed to him that he never, never had wanted anything quite so much, and he was sure that he would not and could not be happy until he succeeded.

(*Blacky the Crow*, Chapter 29, "Blacky the Crow Discovers an Egg."

STORY 1382. July 14, 1916

Blacky Screws up His Courage

If out of sight, then out of mind. This is a saying which you often hear. It may be true sometimes, but it is very far from true at other times. Take the case of Blacky the Crow. Blacky had had only a glance into that nest just inside the door of Farmer Brown's hen house, but that glance had been enough to show him two eggs there. Then as Blacky flew away toward the Green Forest, those eggs were out of sight of course.

But do you think they were out of mind? Not much! No, indeed! In fact, those eggs were very much in Blacky's mind. He couldn't think of anything else. He flew straight to a certain tall pine tree in a lonely part of the Green Forest. Whenever Blacky wants to think or to plan mischief he seeks that particular tree, and in the shelter of its broad branches he keeps out of sight of curious eyes and there he sits as still as still can be.

"I want one of those eggs," muttered Blacky as he settled himself in comfort on a certain particular spot on a certain particular branch of that tall pine tree. Indeed, that particular branch might well be called the "mischief branch," for on it, sitting right where he now was, Blacky has thought out and planned most of the mischief he is so famous for. "Yes, sir," he continued, "I want one of those eggs, and what is more, I am going to have one."

He half closed his eyes and tipped his head back and swallowed a couple of times as if he already tasted one of those eggs. "There is more in one of those eggs than in a whole nest-full of Welcome Robin's eggs. It is a very long time since I have been lucky enough to taste a hen's egg, and now is my chance.

I don't like having to go inside that hen house even though it is barely inside the door. I'm suspicious of doors. They have a way of closing most unexpectedly. I might see if I cannot get Unc' Billy Possum to bring one of those eggs out for me. But that plan won't do, come to think of it, because I can't trust Unc' Billy. The old sinner is too fond of eggs himself. I would be willing to divide with him, but he would be sure to eat his first and I fear that it would taste so good that he would eat the other. No, I've got to get one of those eggs myself. It is the only way I can be sure of it.

"The thing to do is to make sure that Farmer Brown's boy and Farmer Brown himself are nowhere about. They ought to be down in the cornfield pretty soon, With them down there I have only to watch my chance and slip in. It won't take but a second. Just a little courage, Blacky, just a little courage! Nothing in this world worth having is gained without some risk. The thing to do is to make sure that the risk is as small as possible."

Blacky shook out his feathers and then flew out of the tall pine tree as silently as he had flown into it. He headed straight toward Farmer Brown's cornfield. When he was near enough to see all over the field, he dropped down to the top of a fence post and there he waited. He didn't have long to wait. In fact, he had been there but a few minutes when he spied two persons coming down the Long Lane toward the cornfield. He looked at them sharply and then gave a little sigh of satisfaction. They were Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy. Presently they reached the cornfield and turned into it. Then they went to work and Blacky knew that so far as they were concerned the way was clear for him to visit the hen yard.

He didn't fly straight there. O, my, no! Blacky is too clever to do anything like that. He flew toward the Green Forest. When he knew that he was out of sight of those in the cornfield he turned and flew over to the Old Orchard and from the top of one of the old apple trees he studied the hen yard and the barnyard and Farmer Brown's house and the

barn to make absolutely sure that there was no danger near. When he was quite sure, he silently flew down into the hen yard, as he had done many times before. He pretended to be looking for scattered grains of corn, but all the time he was edging nearer and nearer to the open door of the hen house. At last he could see the box with the hay in it.

He walked right up to the open door and peered inside. There was nothing to be afraid of that he could see. Still he hesitated. He did hate to go inside that door even for a minute, and that is all it would take to fly up to that nest and get one of those eggs.

Blacky closed his eyes for just a second, and when he did that he seemed to see himself eating one of those eggs. "What are you afraid of?" he muttered to himself as he opened his eyes. Then, with a hurried look in all directions, he flew up to the edge of the box. There lay the two eggs.

(*Blacky the Crow*, Chapter 30)

STORY 1383. July 15, 1916

An Egg That Wouldn't Behave

If you had an egg and it wouldn't behave,
Just what would you do with that egg, may I ask?
To make an egg do what it don't want to do
Strikes me as a difficult sort of a task.

All of which is pure nonsense, of course. Who ever heard of an egg either behaving or misbehaving? Nobody. That is, nobody that I know unless it be Blacky the Crow. It is best not to mention eggs in Blacky's presence these days. They are a forbidden topic when he is about. Blacky is apt to be a little resentful at the mere mention of an egg. I don't know as I wholly blame him. How would you feel if you knew you knew all there was to know about a thing and then found out that you didn't at all? Well, that is the way it is with Blacky the Crow.

If any one had told Blacky that he didn't know all there is to know about eggs he would have laughed at the idea. Wasn't he, Blacky, hatched from an egg himself? And hadn't he, ever since he was big enough, hunted eggs and stolen eggs and eaten eggs? If he didn't know about eggs, who did? That is the way he would have talked before his visit to Farmer Brown's hen house. It is since then that it has been unwise to mention eggs when Blacky is about.

You remember that Blacky finally got his courage up to the point of flying up to the edge of the nesting box just inside the door of Farmer Brown's hen house.

There, just as he had seen them when he got that hasty glance in there about which I have told you, were two eggs. How Blacky did wish that he could take both. But he couldn't. One would be all that he could manage. He must take his choice and go away while the going was good. Which should he take?

It often happens in this life that things which seem to be unimportant, mere trifles in themselves, prove to be just the opposite. Now, so far as Blacky could see, it didn't

make the least difference which egg he took excepting that one was a little bigger than the other. As a matter of fact, it made all the difference in the world. One was brown and very good to look at.

The other, the larger of the two, was white and also very good to look at. In fact, Blacky thought it the better of the two to look at, for it was very smooth and shiny. So, partly on this account, and partly because it was the largest, Blacky chose the white egg. He seized it in his claws and started to fly with it, but somehow, he could not seem to get a good grip on it. He fluttered to the ground just outside the door and there he got a better grip. Just as old Dandycock the Rooster, with head down and all the feathers on his neck standing out with anger, came charging at him, Blacky rose into the air and started over the Old Orchard toward the Green Forest.

Never had Blacky felt more like cawing at the top of his lungs. You see, he felt that he had been very smart, and I suspect that he also felt that he had been very brave. He would have liked to boast a little, but he didn't. He wisely held his tongue. It would be time enough to do his boasting after he had reached a place of safety and had eaten that egg. He was half-way across the Old Orchard when he felt, that egg beginning to slip. Now, at best it isn't easy to carry an egg without breaking it. You know how very careful you have to be. Just imagine how Blacky felt when that egg began to slip.

Do what he would, he couldn't get a better grip on it. It slipped a wee bit more. Blacky started down toward the ground. But he wasn't quick enough. Striped Chipmunk, watching Blacky from the old stone wall, saw something white drop from Blacky's claws. He saw Blacky dash after it and clutch at it only to miss it. Then the white thing struck a branch of an old apple tree, bounced off and fell to the ground. Blacky followed it.

Striped Chipmunk stole, very softly through the grass to see what Blacky the Crow was doing. Blacky was standing close beside a white thing that looked very much like an egg. He was looking at it with the queerest expression ever was.

Now and then he would reach out and rap it sharply with his bill and then look as if he didn't know what to make of it. He didn't. That egg wasn't behaving right. It should have broken when it hit the branch of the apple tree. Certainly it should have broken when he struck it that way with his bill. However was he to eat that egg if he couldn't break the shell? Blacky didn't know. Finally he gave up trying, once more clutched the egg and flew off with it.

(*Blacky the Crow*, Chapter 31)

STORY 1384. July 17, 1916

What Blacky Did With the Stolen Egg

Blacky the Crow was puzzled. He didn't know what to make of that egg he had stolen from Farmer Brown's hen house. It wasn't like any egg he ever had seen or heard of. It was a beautiful looking egg and he had been sure that it would taste as good, quite as good, as it looked. Even now he wasn't sure but that if he could only

Illustrations. July 10 to July 15, 1916.

1378. The Funny Result of Counting Chickens
So Farmer Brown's Boy counted the white chickens very carefully.

1379. Can a Chicken Shrink?
"Can a chicken shrink?" he asked suddenly.

1380. How Greed Cheated Redtail the Hawk
He was glad enough to get away from Mrs. Featherlegs.

1381. Blacky the Crow Discovers Eggs
Blacky the Crow began to scheme to get one or both of those eggs.

1382. Blacky Screws up His Courage
He walked right up to the open door and peered inside.

1383. An Egg That Wouldn't Behave
Half way across the Old Orchard he felt that egg slipping.

taste it, it would be all that he had hoped. But how could he taste it when he couldn't break that shell? He never had heard of such a shell. He doubted if anybody else ever had, either. He had hammered at it with his stout bill until he was afraid that he would break that instead of the egg. The more he tried to break into it and couldn't the hungrier he grew and the more certain nothing else in all the world could possibly taste so good.

But the Old Orchard was not the place for him to work on that egg. In the first place, it was too near Farmer Brown's house. This made Blacky uneasy. You see, he had something of a guilty conscience. Not that he felt at all a sense of having done wrong. To his way of thinking, if he was smart enough to get that egg he had just as much right to it as anyone else, particularly Farmer Brown's boy. Yet he wasn't at all sure that Farmer Brown's boy would look at the matter quite that way. In fact, he had a feeling that Farmer Brown's boy would call him a thief if he should be discovered with that egg. And then, too, there were too many sharp eyes in the Old Orchard. He wanted to get away where he could be sure of being alone. Then if he couldn't break that shell no one would be the wiser. So he picked up the egg and flew straight over to the Green Forest, and this time he managed to get there without dropping it.

Now you would never suspect Blacky the Crow, he of the sharp wits and crafty ways, of being amused by bright things, would you? But he is. In fact, Blacky is in this matter quite like a little child. Anything that is bright and shiny interests Blacky right away. If he finds anything of this kind he will take it away to a certain secret place and there he will admire it and play with it and finally hide it. If I didn't know that it isn't so, because it couldn't possibly be so, I should think that Blacky was some relation to certain small boys I know. Always their pockets are filled with all sorts of useless odds and ends which they have picked up here and there. Blacky has no pockets, so he keeps his treasures of this kind in a secret hiding place, a sort of treasure storehouse. He visits this secretly every day, uncovers his treasures and gloats over them and plays with them and then carefully covers them up again. First Blacky took this egg over near his home, and there he once more tried and tried and tried to break the shell. But the shell wouldn't break, not even when Blacky quite lost his temper and hammered it for all he was worth. Then he gave the thing up as bad matter and flew up to his favorite roost in the top of a tall pine tree, leaving the egg on the ground. But from where he sat on his favorite roost in the tall pine tree he could see that provoking egg, a little spot of shining white. When a Jolly Little Sunbeam found it and rested on it, it was so very bright and shiny that Blacky couldn't keep his eyes off it.

Little by little he forgot that it was an egg. At least he forgot that he had wanted to eat it. He began to find pleasure in just looking at it. It might not satisfy his stomach, but it certainly was very satisfying to his eyes. He forgot to think of it as a thing to eat, but began to think of it wholly as a thing to look at and to admire. He was glad he hadn't been able to break that shell. Once more he spread his black wings and flew down to the egg. He cocked his head to one side and looked at it. He cocked his head to the other side and looked at it. He walked all around it, chuckling and saying to himself: "Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty and all mine, mine, mine, mine! Pretty, pretty and all mine!"

Then he craftily looked all about to make sure that no one was watching him. Having made quite sure, he rolled the egg over and turned it around and admired it to his heart's content. At last, he picked it up and carried it to his treasure house and covered it over very carefully. And there that china nest-egg, which Blacky the Crow stole to eat and couldn't, is still his chief treasure to this day, and Blacky still sometimes wonders what kind of a hen laid such a hard-shelled egg.

(*Blacky the Crow*, Chapter 32)

STORY 1385. July 18, 1916

A Neighbor Who Wasn't Wanted

Early this Spring there had come in the Green Forest a stranger who had at once aroused a great deal of suspicion, not so much because of what he did, but on account of his looks. Perhaps some of you will remember the suspicion with which Ol' Mistah Buzzard was regarded when first he came to the Green Forest to live[25]. All the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, around the Smiling Pool, and along the Laughing Brook shivered with fear every time they looked up and saw him sailing in circles high up in the blue, blue sky. Why did they shiver with fear? Because they mistook him for a member of the Hawk family. Yes, sir, that is what they did. All Summer long they had to be everlastingly on the watch for Redtail the Hawk and his cousin Whitetail the Marshhawk. All Winter Danny Meadow Mouse and Peter Rabbit and Bob White and other little people who remained on the Green Meadows were obliged to watch out for fierce old Roughleg, another of the Hawk family. So when Ol' Mistah Buzzard first appeared, he was mistaken for a member of the Hawk family because he looked so much like one, and it was a long time before his neighbors learned that he wouldn't harm one of them for the world.

The very same thing happened when another big stranger appeared very early in the Spring. He was a big fellow, just a wee bit bigger than Redtail the Hawk, and wore a handsome white waistcoat and his head his head was largely white. Altogether, he was a fine-looking fellow. But he was a member of the Hawk family. There could be no doubt about it this time. One good look at his hooked bill and great claws was enough to settle that question in the minds of all who saw him. So there was no welcome for him when he first arrived at the Green Forest. He wasn't wanted there.

"Just as if we honest people haven't enough worries as it is," grumbled Peter as he watched the stranger flying toward the Big River. "I suppose now we'll have to keep our eyes open for him as well as for Redtail and old Whitetail."

Danny Meadow Mouse quite agreed with Peter. So did all the birds. Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote felt much the same way toward the stranger, only from a very different reason. "That fellow will make our hunting all the harder," grumbled Reddy to Granny as they watched the stranger. The more there are to hunt, the harder the hunting. Somebody ought to send him back where he came from."

Granny was watching the stranger sharply, and pretty soon she caught a gleam of

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white as he turned in the air. Granny gave a little sigh of satisfaction. “Don’t worry,” said she to Reddy. “I guess we can spare all that fellow can take from us.” Then she changed the subject and left Reddy to wonder why she seemed so little concerned about this newcomer. As for the stranger, he paid no attention to anyone. If he noticed that he was given no welcome he apparently didn’t care. He just simply went about his business and didn’t meddle in the affairs of anyone else. After a while his neighbors noticed that his business seemed to always take him in the direction of the Big River. He never visited the Old Orchard. He never hunted in the Green Forest. He never circled about over the Green Meadow, as did Whitetail the Marshhawk. In short, he never bothered anyone. There wasn’t a single thing that could be brought against him save that he was a member of the Hawk family. But that was enough. If he was a member of the Hawk family, he was an enemy to be feared and hated in the eyes of Peter Rabbit and Danny Meadow Mouse and all the other little people who fear Redtail and Whitetail. It wasn’t until Peter saw a surprising thing happen at the Smiling Pool that he learned the truth about the stranger, which was that there wasn’t the least thing in the world to fear from him. And until that time the stranger was a neighbor who wasn’t wanted. Afterward—well, afterward things were different.

STORY 1386. July 19, 1916

The Surprising Thing That Peter Saw

Peter Rabbit had run over to the Smiling Pool for a bit of gossip with Grandfather Frog if he were in sight, or with anyone else who might happen to be there in case Grandfather Frog was not. He had just reached the bank of the Smiling Pool and had time to see that Grandfather Frog’s big green lily-pad was quite lonely looking without Grandfather Frog sitting on it, and that Jerry Muskrat was sitting on the end of an old log which was half in the water and half out, when he looked toward the Green Forest and saw the stranger who belonged to the Hawk family headed toward the Smiling Pool.

“Hello! Goodby!” shouted Peter to Jerry Muskrat and scampered for a hole between the roots of the Big Hickory Tree which grows near the bank of the Smiling Pool. Once in the hole he drew a long breath of thankfulness. Then he turned and watched the big stranger, whose broad wings were bringing him straight over the Smiling Pool. “Queer, I never have seen him try to catch any one, nor have I ever heard any one complain of being chased by him,” muttered Peter. “I wonder what he lives on.”

As Peter said later, things happened then just as if they were in answer to his thoughts. The big stranger was just above the Smiling Pool and headed straight toward the Big River. Just as he got right over the middle of the Smiling Pool he turned a little circle in the air, seemed to hang there perfectly still for a second, and then with his wings closed he shot down, down, down so fast that it quite took away Peter’s breath just to watch him.

Peter’s first thought was of Jerry Muskrat. Of course, that must be who this great

stranger with the ugly great claws was after. From his hiding place he couldn't see the Smiling Pool, although it was so near. And so, of course, he couldn't see Jerry Muskrat. With all his heart he hoped that Jerry saw his danger, and he listened for the splash when Jerry dived into the water. But there was no splash—that is, there was no splash by Jerry. Down plunged the stranger, and Peter watched for him to spread those great wings and stop himself. But he didn't do anything of the kind. He kept right on down and disappeared! Yes, sir, that is just what he did. And when he disappeared there was splash enough. O, my, yes! There was such a splash that Peter could see the water fly higher than the banks of the Smiling Pool.

"Why! Why-e-e! Something must have happened to him and he has fallen into the Smiling Pool," gasped Peter, staring round eyed at the place where the stranger had disappeared. As he stared there was another great splashing, and up in the air rose the stranger, sending a shower of sparkling drops in all directions. With heavy wing-beats he rose, and then Peter saw that in his claws was clutched something—something big. For just a second Peter feared to look lest he should see his old friend Jerry Muskrat clutched in those great, cruel claws. But he did look, and when he saw that that something was shining and silvery, he knew that it wasn't Jerry. It was a fish, a big fish.

Up, up rose the stranger and then turned, and with great wing-beats headed straight back for the Green Forest, taking the big fish with him. As soon as he felt that it was safe to do so, Peter came out of his retreat and hurried to the bank of the Smiling Pool. There sat Jerry Muskrat on his old log quite as if nothing surprising and unusual had happened. He was munching away on a tender lily-root.

"What did you run away for?" he demanded of Peter as soon as Peter came in sight.

"Why, to hide from that fellow, of course," replied Peter, pointing in the direction of the big stranger. "Where did you hide?"

"Hide! Me hide?" exclaimed Jerry, and stopped eating to stare at Peter to see if he were in earnest. "What should I hide for? For that matter, what did you hide for? Do you mean to say you were afraid of that fellow? Ho, ho, ho! That's a joke. Why, he wouldn't harm a hair of your head or mine."

Peter looked doubtful. "Who is he?" he demanded. "He's a Hawk, isn't he? I wouldn't trust a Hawk as far as I can see one."

"That just shows how ignorant you are," retorted Jerry. "That is Plunger the Osprey. He is a Hawk, it is true, but he lives wholly on fish, and you haven't a thing in the world to fear from him."

STORY 1387. July 20, 1916

Plungers Make a Home in the Green Forest

It was very hard for Peter Rabbit to believe what Jerry Muskrat had told him about the harmlessness of Plunger the Osprey, better known as Plunger the Fish Hawk. Peter

wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen for himself how Jerry had no fear whatever of Plunger. You see, it was very, very hard indeed to believe that there could be any member of the Hawk family, at least any large member like Plunger, who was not to be feared by all of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. But Peter remembered the mistake that had been made in regard to Ol' Mistah Buzzard, how for a long time he had been needlessly feared, and this made it a little easier to think that possibly Jerry Muskrat might be right in regard to Plunger the Fish Hawk.

Of course, Peter hurried to tell Danny Meadow Mouse and all his other friends what he had learned at the Smiling Pool. Each was as doubtful as Peter had been, but each hoped that it was true. After this they all watched Plunger whenever they had a chance, and not once did any one see him try to catch any of the little meadow and forest people. In fact, he never seemed to notice them at all. He always flew straight from the Green Forest across the Green Meadows to the Big River and back. Often when he was returning from the Big River they would see something shining in his great claws. It was a fish.

So it came about that after a while no one feared Plunger the Fish Hawk save the fish in the Smiling Pool and the Big River. Presently, from where no one knew, appeared Mrs. Plunger, and it soon became very clear that they had decided to make their home in the Green Forest. They made no secret about it. They didn't seem to care who knew where it was. Peter saw them carrying sticks and once or twice flying from the Big River with water weeds. Peter knew what that meant. It meant that they were building a nest. Right away Peter's curiosity got the best of him. He wanted to see that nest. He wondered if it was like Redtail's. The first chance he got he went over to see. He had watched Plunger and Mrs. Plunger so often that he knew just about where to look for their nest.

He found it quite as easily as he had expected to, for it was only a little way in from the edge of the Green Forest, beside the Laughing Brook as it makes its laughing way to the Smiling Pool. It was in a partly dead tree, a mass of sticks and weeds and dead rushes, not at all neat. Indeed, Peter thought it a very clumsy affair, though he didn't say so when Plunger spied him and asked him what he thought of their new home. Peter was very polite.

"I think it is quite an affair," said he. "It isn't as big as I had thought it might be, but I don't doubt it is very comfortable."

"This is only the beginning," chuckled. Plunger. "It is good enough for this year, but next year we will make it bigger, and the year after that we will make it still bigger."

Peter opened his eyes wide. "Do you mean that you will use this same nest year after year?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Plunger. "Why not?"

"I don't know any reason why you shouldn't," confessed Peter. "I've always wondered why most birds seem to prefer a new house every year. I never could see why an old house, repaired, if necessary, isn't just as good as a new one.'

"It is better when it is treated as we treat it," declared Plunger. "We just make it bigger and more comfortable each year. You see, Mrs. Plunger and I are great lovers of home. Where do you live?"

"Over in the dear Old Brier Patch," replied Peter.

"Ever lived anywhere else?" asked Plunger.

"No," replied Peter.

"Ever intend to?" continued Plunger.

"Certainly not!" replied Peter. "It is the best place in all the Great World."

Plunger chuckled. "You've got the right idea, Peter Rabbit," said he. "Mrs. Plunger and I feel the same way about our home. We've found a place we like, and we have begun housekeeping in a small way. As long as no one bothers us we'll keep right on living here year after year and making our home bigger and better. Can you guess why?"

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Because it is home, and in all the Great World there is no place like home," replied Plunger.

STORY 1388. July 21, 1916

Plungers Make a Home in the Green Forest

Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter do most of their fishing in the Laughing Brook or the Smiling Pool and are content with rather small fish, so long as there are plenty of them. Buster Bear is another fisherman who does all his fishing in the Laughing Brook. This is because Buster does not want to leave the Green Forest. His cousin, Bobby Coon, is also quite content with what he can catch in the Laughing Brook. Longlegs the Heron often fishes along the edge of the Big River, but he, too, is content with minnows and polly-wogs.

But it is not so with Plunger the Fish Hawk. No, indeed. He wastes no time on the little fish of the Laughing Brook or the Smiling Pool. Once in a while he fishes in the Smiling Pool when his keen eyes discover a fish there which is worth catching, but most of his fishing is done in the Big River. Every day he and Mrs. Plunger fly over to the Big River. One goes up the Big River and one goes down. To their broad wings miles are nothing, and so high in the air above the shining water they swing back and forth from shore to shore for long distances their wonderful eyes fixed on the water.

Now, it is a fact which perhaps you do not know that from high in the air, looking straight down into the water, you can see much farther below the surface than you can when close to the water. So the keen eyes of Plunger can look right down into the Big River and see the fish swimming there. When he sees one near enough to the top, he closes his wings and drops like a shot, with his great claws spread ready to seize the fish. But he does not always succeed. O, my, no! Did you ever know a fisherman who

always succeeds? I never did. Plunger is just like all fishermen, missing his fish quite as often and perhaps oftener than he catches one. And he is like all good fishermen in another thing, the possession of patience.

On this particular morning Plunger was having no luck at all. Perhaps it was because, he wasn't as patient as usual. The truth is he was rather impatient. He wanted a fish, a big fish, not for himself but for Mrs. Plunger. Why didn't he leave it to Mrs. Plunger to catch her own breakfast? I'll tell you why. It was because Mrs. Plunger was very busy with household duties. There were three eggs in that nest over in the Green Forest, and Mrs. Plunger was sitting on them to keep them warm, so that by and by they would hatch into three little Plungers. So Plunger wanted a particularly nice fish to take to her to show her how much he thought of her.

But it seemed as if all the particularly nice fish were staying at the bottom of the Big River that morning. Several times he saw splendid fat fish almost near enough to the top, but not quite. Twice he shot down, only to spread his wings just before he reached the water and then flap back up in the air. Both times he had seen just in time that the fish were too deep in the water and he would simply scare them and get a bath for nothing. Once he had discovered a fish taking a sun bath close to the surface, but even as he had steadied himself for the long, swift plunge the fish had dived. Perhaps it had been frightened by the shadow of Plunger.

He was just about ready to think that he and Mrs. Plunger would have no breakfast that day when he saw deep down in the water the biggest, fattest fish he had yet seen. It was lazily swimming or at times remaining quite still.

"That fellow will bear watching," muttered Plunger. "He hasn't anything in particular to do, and perhaps he will come up for a sun bath. My, but he would taste good! I think I'll wait a bit."

So Plunger waited and watched. His way of waiting was to swing in little circles round and round right over the spot where the fish was, only, of course, he was high in the air. Round and round and round and round swung Plunger, never once taking his eyes from that fish down below. Several times he was tempted to give up and try his luck elsewhere, but he didn't. Finally, patience won, as patience almost always will. Slowly the big fish came nearer and nearer to the surface.

At last he was only a few inches below. Plunger steadied himself for an instant to make sure that his aim was good. Then he closed his wings and shot down like an arrow. There was a great splash as he struck the water and disappeared. A few seconds later he burst out in a shower of spray and flapped heavily up. Clutched in his great claws was the big fish, struggling helplessly.

STORY 1389. July 22, 1916

The King Demands Tribute

The King is great! The King is strong!
The King, good sir, may do not wrong!

The king of the birds is Old King Eagle, as everyone knows. He is king because his father was king before him, and his father's father, and so on 'way back to the long-ago time when the world was young. To him all the other feathered folk yield and pay homage because by virtue of his great strength and courage he is their lord and master. Now, Old King Eagle is for the most part a wise and just ruler. He does not have to be waited on, as do kings among men. He demands no tribute, save in one thing.

Of course, you know what tribute is. Tribute is a gift from the weak to the strong, a gift not offered willingly by the giver, but demanded by the one to whom it is given. Kings are apt to demand tribute from those over whom they rule. But Old King Eagle demands no tribute from his subjects, save one, and that one is one of his largest and strongest subjects. Can you guess who it is? It is Plunger the Fish Hawk. Yes, sir, Plunger the Fish Hawk has to pay tribute to Old King Eagle. He doesn't do it willingly, but he does it just the same. He does it because King Eagle is big enough and strong enough to force him to. And the reason that King Eagle demands tribute from Plunger is that King Eagle has learned to like the taste of fish, but has not learned how to catch fish for himself. Therefore he must depend on someone else to catch them for him, and that someone is Plunger.

On this particular morning that Plunger had had to be so patient in order to catch a fat fish to take home to Mrs. Plunger, sitting on the eggs in their nest in the Green Forest, it had come into the head of Old King Eagle that he was hungry for fish. The more he thought about it the hungrier he grew. Sitting on the stump of a tree on the edge of a cliff of the Big Mountain, he could see the Big River like a silver ribbon in the distance that is, it would have looked like a silver ribbon to you or to me had we been in his place. But so wonderful and keen are the eyes of King Eagle that he could see the Big River clearly. He could see more. He could see a speck sailing back and forth over the Big River, and he knew that that speck was Plunger the Fish Hawk. Old King Eagle chuckled. "My fisherman is fishing for me, but he doesn't know it," said he. Then he spread his wonderful great wings and sailed out and up, like the royal master of the air that he is. Up, up he flew until he was but a speck in the sky to anyone watching from below. Straight toward the Big River he flew, and there in majestic, great circles he sailed round and round three times as far above Plunger as Plunger was above the Big River. Plunger, his eyes fixed or the water below, knew nothing of King Eagle above him. So Plunger flew patiently back and forth and round and round over the Big River, watching for fish, and cloud-high above him King Eagle swung in great circles, watching Plunger.

He laughed aloud, did Old King Eagle, when at last Plunger shot down into the water with a great splash and presently flapped upward heavily with a big fat fish in his claws and then headed straight toward the Green Forest. In his turn King Eagle shot downward. The rustle of his great wings was heard by Plunger, who looked up with both fear and anger in his eyes.

"Tribute! Give me tribute!" Old King Eagle cried fiercely.

"I won't. It is my fish, for I caught it!" screamed Plunger.

Illustrations. July 17 to July 22, 1916.

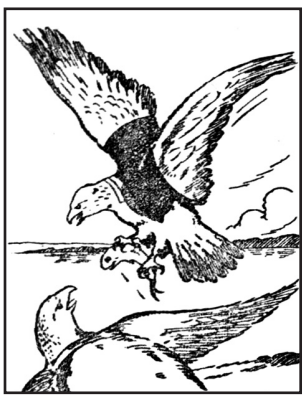
1384. What Blacky Did With the Stolen Egg
He walked around it, saying to himself, "Pretty, Pretty."

1385. A Neighbor Who Wasn't Wanted
"Just as if we honest people haven't enough worries as it is," grumbled Peter as he watched the stranger flying toward the Big River.

1386. The Surprising Thing That Peter Saw
Peter saw that in his claws was clutched something big.

1387. Plungers Make a Home in the Green Forest
"I think it is quite an affair," said he.

1388. Plungers Make a Home in the Green Forest
Round and round and round and round swung Plunger, never once taking his eyes from that fish down below.



1389. The King Demands Tribute
"Tribute! Give me tribute!" cried Old King Eagle fiercely.

"Tribute! Tribute!" demanded Old King Eagle more fiercely than before. Still Plunger clung to the fish for which he had waited so long and patiently.

"I won't!" he screamed again, and this time there was an answering scream. It was Mrs. Plunger. She had heard him and now was coming swiftly to aid him. So Plunger clung more tightly than ever to the big fish and beat his way toward the Green Forest, hoping that something would happen to cheat Old King Eagle of that splendid prize.

STORY 1390. July 24, 1916

The King Has His Way

O, who shall say to the King, "Nay, nay?"
Not I! Not I!
O, who shall refuse the King his way?
Not I! Not I!
For the King is great and the King is strong,
And the King, you know, can do no wrong.

At least that is the way Kings themselves seem to think. Too often they think that might makes right. You and I know better. But Kings, poor things, never have had the advantage that we have. Too often they never have learned to do things for themselves, because they never have had to do things for themselves. They simply command that things be done for them. And so, because they have this power to command, they too often have come to think that they have a right to command anything they please. They cannot understand that other people have rights.

It is something this way with King Eagle. He likes fish, but he never has learned to catch them for himself. So because he likes fish and wants fish and is big enough and strong enough he feels that he has a perfect right to take them from Plunger the Fish Hawk, and that Plunger should gladly give them up at his demand because he is the king. If he were not the king, I suspect he would be called just a plain robber. But no one thinks of calling the king a robber—that is, no one but Plunger.

When fishing is good, and Plunger can catch plenty without half trying he doesn't much mind giving up a few to King Eagle. He may grumble a little, but that is all. But when, as on this particular morning, he has anything that they please. They fished patiently for a long, long time without catching a single fish, and then when he is almost ready to give up does catch a fine, big, fat fish he thinks it rather too much to have King Eagle suddenly appear and demand that fish. So Plunger made up his mind that he would not give it up until he absolutely had to in spite of King Eagle's order to drop it.

Now, Plunger the Fish Hawk is a wonderful flyer; but, wonderful as he is, King Eagle is a still more wonderful flyer, and Plunger knows it. In spite of this, he did his best to out-fly King Eagle. But the fish was big and heavy, and so, of course, Plunger could not fly his best. He dodged this way and that way, mounted high in the air and dropped suddenly, all the time working toward the Green Forest. But all the time King

Eagle kept right with him without half trying, actually flapping his great wings in Plunger's very face, and all the time commanding Plunger to drop that fish. Plunger was about ready to give up when Mrs. Plunger arrived to help him. She flew in King Eagle's way and did her very best to interfere, all the time screaming at King Eagle and calling him a robber and thief, and everything bad she could think of. She was trying to make King Eagle so angry that he would leave Plunger alone and try to punish her.

But King Eagle is altogether too smart to be fooled in any such way as that. He knew exactly what she was trying to do, and he paid no attention to her except to threaten her with his great claws when she ventured too near. He wanted that big, fat fish and he meant to have it. At first he was simply mildly threatening. He did not want to hurt Plunger, not that he cared particularly for Plunger. He didn't. His reason for not wanting to hurt Plunger was purely selfish, I suspect. He wanted that particular fish, but he would want more fish in the future, and if he hurt Plunger and disabled him, who would catch those fish for him in the future? So his whole idea was merely to frighten Plunger into dropping that fish.

Plunger knew this, for Plunger is no fool, and so he held on and hoped with all his might that King Eagle would lose patience and give up. And at last King Eagle did lose patience, but with no intention of giving up. He began to lose his temper. Plunger saw a sudden change in the fierce eyes of King Eagle. They grew still more fierce. Plunger's heart failed and he shivered with fear. "Stop fooling, and drop that fish!" hissed King Eagle.

With a scream of rage and disappointment Plunger obeyed. He didn't dare do otherwise. The king was no longer to be denied. It was might and not right that gave him his way.

STORY 1391. July 25, 1916

Buster Bear Has No Luck

Three times I've turned upon my tail,
  And crossed my toes, but still I fail
To win from Luck my simple wish
  For just one single little fish.

As he said this, Buster Bear sat and stared into the Laughing Brook with wrinkled brows. He had set out that morning to get fish for breakfast, and because he had set his heart on fish nothing else would do. You know, Buster Bear is sometimes what is called pig-headed—that is, he starts to do a thing, and no matter what happens he persists in trying to do it. He had started out for fish that morning, and fish he would have or else go hungry.

Now, everybody knows that it is of no use to try to drink from an empty pail, and every fisherman knows that it is of no use to fish when the fish have gone away from their favorite places. Buster Bear knew that for some unknown reason there were no trout in the little shallow pools where he does his fishing. Of course, he didn't know

this when he started out that morning, but it didn't take him a great while to find it out. Not so much as a glimpse of a fin or tail had Buster had, and he had followed the Laughing Brook almost to the place where it leaves the Green Forest on its way to the Smiling Pool in the Green Meadows.

And just because he couldn't have fish, Buster wanted fish more than anything else in the world. People are that way sometimes. So Buster persisted in wandering along the Laughing Brook, hoping that luck would turn. Fishermen, you know, are great believers in luck, and Buster is like the rest. That is why he said that foolish little verse at the beginning of this story.

Of course he knew it was all foolishness to turn around three times and to cross his toes, and when he did these things he looked around first to make sure that no one would see him. And, of course, his luck didn't change. You see, there isn't any such thing as that kind of luck. No matter what happens there is a cause, a reason for it. The reason Buster Bear saw no fish that fine morning was that there were no fish to see. They had all gone down to the Smiling Pool because the water there was deeper and cooler than in the Laughing Brook. You see, the weather had been so hot for so long that the Laughing Brook was growing smaller and smaller, and so the fish had moved down to the Smiling Pool for comfort and safety. If Buster had used his common sense, he would have known this and given up all thought of fish.

At last, he sat down in a little open place close by the Laughing Brook and not far from where Plunger the Fish Hawk had built his nest. Buster sat down to rest and cool off. He had not been there long when he heard voices, harsh, screaming, voices. They came from high up in the air. Buster tipped his head back and looked up. There he saw Plunger the Fish Hawk and King Eagle, and they were quarreling. Plunger was dodging this way and that way, now up, now down, now to this side and now to that. And clutched in Plunger's claws was a great, big, fat fish. At the sight of that fish, it seemed to Buster that his stomach just flopped right over. Yes, sir, that is the way it seemed. Water began to trickle from the corners of his mouth, water of pure longing. Plunger was high in the air and if that fish was big enough for him to see it at that distance it must be very, very much bigger than any fish Buster had ever caught in the Laughing Brook. Buster could not keep his greedy little eyes off it. He knew by what he saw that King Eagle was trying to make Plunger give up that fish.

"Robber," grumbled Buster Bear, quite forgetting that were he in King Eagle's place he would be doing the same thing. "Robber! I hope Plunger gets away from him." A sudden thought came to him. What if King Eagle should make Plunger drop that fish! Would King Eagle be able to catch that fish before it reached the ground? Decidedly this was a quarrel worth watching. They were almost overhead now and not so very far up in the air. Plunger made a sudden swoop that brought him still nearer the treetops, and at the same instant King Eagle swooped with a scream so fierce that it gave even Buster Bear a funny feeling. And then, right then, something silvery, something shining in the rays of jolly, bright Mr. Sun, dropped straight toward Buster Bear.

STORY 1392. July 26, 1916

Quarrel of Buster Bear and King Eagle

Buster Bear had no luck at all in either his fishing or his wishing. He rather felt that this was a contrary day, which means a day in which everything goes just the wrong way. It didn't occur to him that the contrariness was in him, which it was. If he hadn't persisted in keeping on fishing when it was perfectly clear that there were no fish in the little pools of the Laughing Brook he might have found something else to eat and had a pleasant, comfortable morning instead of one disappointment after another which neither filled his his stomach nor improved his temper. So he had stopped to rest and grumble to his heart's content.

Right into the midst of his grumbling had broken angry screams, and he had looked up to see King Eagle trying to make Plunger the Fish Hawk give up a big, fat fish. Of course they were up in the air, and they were almost over Buster's head. He forgot his own troubles and disappointments in the excitement of watching Plunger try to get away from King Eagle. At first he had hoped that Plunger would get away from King Eagle. Then as he saw how nearly over him they were he wished that Plunger would drop that fish. If he should drop that fish, Buster might dine on fish after all. And such a fish as it was! The very sight of it was enough to make Buster's mouth water.

And just then Buster's wish came true. You know wishes do come true once in a while. Buster's did then. He saw King Eagle rush at Plunger and heard him scream something in a very angry sounding voice. And right then Plunger let go of that fish. It surprised Buster so to have his wish come true that he just stared open mouthed at that shining, silver thing dropping out of the sky straight toward him. He saw King Eagle suddenly turn in the air and shoot down after the fish. He saw Mrs. Plunger sweep across in front of King Eagle and bother him for just an instant. It was just enough to prevent King Eagle catching that fish before it reached the ground.

Open eyed and open-mouthed Buster stared up at the strange thing happening right above him. He was so interested that his wits almost forgot to work. That fish was dropping right straight at him, yet he made no move to get out of the way.

You see he was so interested in watching King Eagle and wondering if he would be able to catch that fish, that until it was too late he didn't once think of what might happen to him if King Eagle didn't catch that fish. He had just taken it for granted that King Eagle would catch it. When he saw that King Eagle wasn't going to, he suddenly realized that while he wanted that fish very much indeed he didn't want it in just the way he was likely to get it. He started to jump to one side, but he was not quick enough. Slap! That big, fat fish dropped from high up in the air, had hit Buster full in the face. In fact, it almost knocked him over. For Just a minute he couldn't see anything. He heard the swish and rustle of King Eagle's great wings as he spread them and brought himself up short to keep from striking Buster Bear, for King Eagle knew better than to run the risk of a blow from one of Buster's great paws.

When Buster got his wits together and could see straight, he saw that the fish had fallen a little to one side after hitting him, and he also saw that King Eagle was hovering over it and just reaching down to seize it in his great claws. Now Buster may

be clumsy looking, but I know of no one else who can move more quickly than he can. He moved quickly now.

"That's my fish!" he roared, rushing at King Eagle so suddenly that King Eagle didn't have time to get the fish, and was thankful to get out of Buster's reach.

"It isn't your fish at all; it's mine!" screamed King Eagle, hovering over Buster Bear just out of reach, and all the time threatening to claw Buster's eyes out.

"No such thing!" roared Buster, slowly turning so as always to face King Eagle. "I wished for that fish and my wish came true. I wished that Plunger would drop it, and he did!"

"He did because I made him!" screamed King Eagle.

And this was the beginning of a dreadful quarrel over something that didn't belong to either of them. Wasn't it foolish?

STORY 1393. July 27, 1916

Buster Bear's Wish Comes True

That was a royal quarrel there in the Green Forest on that beautiful morning, and the more dreadful because of that. Quarrels are dreadful, anyway, but they are especially so when they are between those who are looked up to. Sammy Jay and Chatterer the Red Squirrel are forever quarreling, and it is never nice to see or hear them. But bad as one of their quarrels is, it is nothing compared to this quarrel between Buster Bear and King Eagle. You know, once upon a time, long, long ago, Buster's great-great ever-so-great-grandfather was king of the forest, and King Eagle's great-great-ever-so-great-grandfather was king of the air. And now here were their great-great-ever-so-great-grandchildren quarreling just like the most common of common people. It was shocking.[26]

It would have been bad enough if there had been the least shadow of an excuse, but there wasn't. No, sir, there wasn't the least shadow of an excuse. They were quarreling over a fish which didn't belong to either of them. Plunger the Fish Hawk had caught it, and as he was flying home with it, King Eagle, who has a fondness for fish, had made him drop it, and then hadn't been able to catch it before it reached the ground. It was just chance that that fish had fallen right where Buster Bear was sitting, and so he claimed it as his own.

Now King Eagle is not one to easily give up. You see he has always been used to having his way. That is the way with kings. He had a very wholesome respect for Buster Bear's great strength and his great paws and claws, but he didn't propose to give up that fish without a struggle.

"Robber!" he hissed as he circled above Buster's head watching for a chance to dart down and tear Buster's coat with his great hooked claws.

26 "How Old King Eagle Won His White Head" is the first story in *Mother West Wind's How Stories*, published in 1916. It features a dispute between King Eagle and King Bear.

"Robber yourself!" roared Buster, turning so as always to face King Eagle. "You're just a great bully and nothing more. You can't catch fish, and so you rob those who can."

This was true, and it didn't improve King Eagle's temper to be told so. He called Buster all the bad names, he could think of, and he made fun of him because he was no longer king of the forest. All the time he kept wheeling and turning just out of Buster's reach and pretending to dart down at him.

Once he succeeded in striking Buster from behind before Buster could turn, and once Buster pulled out a couple of King Eagle's white tail feathers. Buster's little eyes blazed with anger, and there was a savage gleam in the eyes of King Eagle. And such a screaming and growling as there was! It brought everyone within hearing to watch. It is queer how quickly news of such unpleasant things can travel. In a surprisingly short time, there was a ring of little forest and meadow people peeping out from safe hiding places. None of them knew what the quarrel was about, but all took sides as a matter of course. The birds wanted King Eagle to win, and the animals wanted Buster Bear to win, and all the time they wondered what this dreadful quarrel was about.

Now as is the way with people who quarrel, it wasn't long before Buster Bear and King Eagle were so intent upon their quarrel that they gave no thought at all to what they were quarreling about, and little by little they got farther away from the fish which had made all this trouble. Suddenly King Eagle remembered. Buster Bear was now so far from where the fish had fallen that if he were quick he might swoop down, snatch it and be away before Buster could get him. Watching his chance, he swooped over Buster's head and down to the place where he had last seen the fish, his great claws outstretched to seize it. There was no fish there!

STORY 1394. July 28, 1916

A Fish Dinner for Two

What had become of the big, fat fish that Plunger the Fish Hawk had caught in the Big River, that King Eagle had forced him to drop, that Buster Bear had claimed as his, and over which Buster Bear and King Eagle had been quarreling most shamefully?

When King Eagle had seen his chance he had swooped down to the place where the fish had fallen, his claws outstretched to seize it. But there was no fish there. No, sir, there wasn't the sign of a fish. King Eagle flew up to the limb of a tree out of reach of Buster Bear just as Buster, snarling and growling all sorts of dreadful things, came rushing over.

When Buster could find no fish his first thought was that King Eagle had somehow got it after all, and this put him into still more of a rage, if possible. But as he glared up at King Eagle he saw that there was no look of triumph in King Eagle's face, as there surely would have been had he obtained the fish. Instead there was a look which said as plainly as words, "Where has that fish gone?" Buster stared up at King Eagle, and King Eagle stared down at Buster, and for a few minutes neither said a word. The anger died

out of their faces, and into each in its place crept a look of foolishness.

"What are we quarreling about?" asked King Eagle mildly.

"Nothing, for there is nothing to quarrel about," replied Buster Bear quite as mildly. "Did I dream that a big fat fish fell from the sky and hit me?"

"Not unless I dreamed that I watched Plunger the Fish Hawk catch one and then made him drop it," chuckled King Eagle. "I had set my heart on a fish dinner."

"No more than I had," replied Buster Bear. "What we should have done was to divide that fish instead of quarreling over it."

"I wonder," said King Eagle slowly, looking this way and that way suspiciously, "if that fish swam away, ran away or flew away. It's gone, and the question is, how did it go? It had to go somehow."

Buster Bear was very busy sniffing about the place where the fish had fallen. Sniff, sniff, sniff! Buster's nose is very keen, and it tells him a great deal. Sniff, sniff, sniff! A frown gathered on Buster's face. Sniff, sniff, sniff! The frown grew heavier, and his little eyes began to snap. It was plain that Buster Bear was once more growing angry.

"That fish RAN away," he growled in his deep grumbly-rumbly voice.

"I thought as much," said King Eagle.

"It ran away on four legs," continued Buster Bear.

"Whose legs?" asked King Eagle.

"The legs of old Granny Fox," growled Buster Bear. "And that means that she will have the dinner you cheated me out of!"

"You mean that you cheated me out of," retorted King Eagle promptly. And then what did these two, Buster Bear and King Eagle do, but fall to quarreling again quite as fiercely as before over something which neither of them had, never had had, and never would have. Silly, wasn't it? But then most quarrels are just as silly.

Meanwhile Granny Fox and Reddy Fox were sitting down to the finest fish dinner they had had for many a day.

"The way to get on in this world," said Granny, is to keep your eyes open for the mistakes of others, and then just step in and take advantage of them. Of course, Buster Bear and King Eagle will say that I stole this fish; but I didn't. It didn't belong to either of them. It belonged to Plunger the Fish Hawk, but he had lost it, and so then it belonged to whoever could get it. Remember this, Reddy: Quarreling is bad business for those engaged in it, but it is likely to be very profitable to someone else. Always try to be that someone else. Keep out of quarrels yourself but be on hand when others quarrel. Did you ever taste a finer fish?"

"I never did," replied Reddy.

STORY 1395. July 29, 1916

Buster Bear's Sweet Tooth

While Buster Bear and King Eagle were quarreling over the big, fat fish which King Eagle had made Plunger the Fish Hawk drop, Plunger and Mrs. Plunger had flown back to the Big River to try for another. Plunger is not one to waste any time crying over spilled milk, which means, you know, fretting about things which have happened and cannot be helped. He had lost the finest, fattest fish he had caught for many a day, but crying about it wouldn't bring it back. The only thing to do was to try to catch another. So Plunger and Mrs. Plunger knew nothing about the quarrel between King Eagle and Buster Bear, nor how neither got the fish after all, but Granny Fox, who ran away with it while the others are quarreling over whose it was. They both believe in making the best of a bad matter, and in this case the best was just trying to forget and going fishing once more.

When Buster Bear and King Eagle grew tired of quarreling over nothing, King Eagle spread his great wings and sailed away, and Buster Bear turned back into the Green Forest. Quite naturally he wasn't in the best of tempers. He had wanted fish, and it was very clear that he couldn't have fish that day. So as he shuffled along he mumbled and grumbled and grumbled and mumbled, and was quite out of sorts, as anyone could see. One reason was that his stomach was empty. He had had no breakfast, and Buster Bear is not one of those people who believe in going without breakfast. He might have had a breakfast had he been willing to eat what he could get, but you remember he had set his heart, or rather his stomach, on fish and had turned up his nose at the thought of anything else. So his stomach was empty and he was cross. Did you ever notice how crossness almost always goes with an empty stomach?

Presently as he shuffled along mumbling and grumbling he came to some plants the roots of which are very good eating. That is, they are very good to Buster Bear. He dug up a lot, for the ground was soft, and his great paws with their big claws made very good digging forks. As he dug, he ate, and when at last he stopped digging it was because his stomach was as full of those roots as it wanted to be. He had had enough. There was still room for some dessert, but of the roots he had had all he wanted.

Dear me, dear me, what an important thing a stomach is! It was Buster Bear's stomach that got him into the quarrel with King Eagle. It was his stomach that put him in such a rumbling, grumbling temper. And now it was this same stomach that restored his usual good nature. He no longer grumbled and mumbled.

He even laughed as he sat there all alone in the Green Forest and thought of how first Plunger the Fish Hawk, then King Eagle, and lastly he himself had been sure of that big, fat fish which Plunger had caught in the Big River, and how after all it had been Granny Fox who had eaten it.

"Three of us quarreled for that fish and someone else who wouldn't have known anything about it, but for that quarrel, got it. It certainly is a funny old world," muttered

Buster. “I guess that quarreling doesn’t pay. Not the ones who do it, anyway. Ha! What is that?”

Buster cocked his head on one side and listened. His little eyes began to twinkle. “That sounds to me very much like the hum of Busy Bee,” said he. He looked eagerly in all directions. Just back of him he discovered some flowers, and there, sure enough, was Busy Bee. “Ha!” said Buster Bear again.

“Hum-m!” said Busy Bee and was gone.

“Honey!” exclaimed Buster Bear. “That’s what I need. Fish would have been good, but honey will be better.”

The hum of Little Busy Bee
  Is sweetest of all sounds to me;
It thrills my heart and stomach, too,
  As nothing else can ever do.

“I wonder where Busy Bee is storing that honey. It is just what I want to top off with.”

Buster smacked his lips and then smacked them again, and little by little his mouth began to water, for Buster Bear has a very sweet tooth, such a sweet tooth that he will risk a great deal for the sake of filling his stomach with sweets.

STORY 1396. July 31, 1916

Buster Bear Waits in Vain

Patience, be you young or old,
Brings its own reward, we’re told.

Buster Bear doesn’t believe it. He doesn’t see it that way at all. He is willing to admit that it does sometimes, but not always. No, indeed, not always! Perhaps that is because the reward isn’t always what Buster wants it to be. You know how it is when we set our hearts on a thing and then don’t get it. The disappointment makes us overlook some of the good things we do get. I suspect that it was this way with Buster Bear that day when he discovered Busy Bee in the Green Forest.

Buster had heard the hum of Busy Bee and then had discovered her at work among some flowers in a little opening among the trees right back of where he was sitting. Then she flew away. Now the sight and the sound of Busy Bee had awakened pleasant thoughts in Buster Bear—thoughts of honey. Can you imagine any sweeter thoughts? Buster knows a great deal about Busy Bee. Ever since he was a little cub he has been interested in Busy Bee. I am afraid it has been a selfish interest, but none the less it has been a real interest. It has led him to find out a very great deal about Busy Bee. He knows that Busy Bee makes honey. He knows that she gathers the sweets from the flowers of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest and that in a secret storehouse she packs these sweets away in the form of honey.

Illustrations. July 24 to July 29, 1916.

1390. The King Has His Way
"Stop fooling and drop that fish!" hissed King Eagle.

1391. Buster Bear Has No Luck
Buster Bear tipped his head back and looked up.

1392. Buster Bear's Wish Comes True
That fat fish hit Buster full in the face.

1393. Quarrel of Buster Bear and King Eagle
"Robber!" he hissed as he circled over Buster's head

1394. A Fish Dinner for Two
The finest fish dinner they had for many a day.

1395. Buster Bear's Sweet Tooth
"Hum-m-m!" said Busy Bee, and was gone.

He knows that sometimes this secret storehouse is in a hollow tree, sometimes in a hollow log, and sometimes even in a cave among the rocks. He knows that Busy Bee never wastes any time, not a single minute, but from morning till night is at work gathering the sweets of the flowers and making them into honey. He knows, too, that she isn't a safe person to interfere with that she carries the sharpest of little lances with her all the time, and little as she is isn't the least bit afraid to use it on even such a big fellow as he is. Yes, indeed, Buster Bear knows a great deal about Busy Bee.

When she flew away from those flowers in the little opening among the trees in the Green Forest, she went so suddenly that Buster didn't see in which direction she flew. "Never mind," said Buster himself, "she'll come back; and next time I'll be sharper and see which way she goes. This is a very pleasant and comfortable place, so I'll just wait until she returns."

So Buster sat down where he could watch those flowers made himself comfortable and waited for Busy Bee to come back. And while he waited, he dreamed, dry dreams, you know, and they were very pleasant dreams. They were sweet dreams, the very sweetest of dreams, for they were all of honey. He dreamed of a great hollow tree somewhere in the Green Forest. He dreamed that he had found that hollow tree and that he had climbed it and with his great strong claws had torn it open and found more honey than he could eat all at once, and Buster can eat a great deal. He smacked his lips quite as if that honey were real, and not just dream honey.

So Buster sat and dreamed and watched the flowers and waited for Busy Bee to return. He waited and waited. He was very patient, was Buster Bear. With such pleasant dreams, it wasn't hard to be patient. You see, he felt that patience might make those dreams come true. When Busy Bee should come back for more sweets he would follow her straight to her secret storehouse. So he waited and waited.

The Jolly Little Sunbeams were very comforting and pleasant. It was very, very still and beautiful there. His stomach was reasonably full. Altogether Buster Bear was very, very comfortable. He blinked at the flowers, He nodded. Presently he lay down, and then—well, then those sweet day dreams became still sweeter sleep dreams.

Yes, sir, Buster Bear fell asleep. And while he slept Busy Bee returned and went away again, not once, but several times. The Black Shadow had begun to creep throughout the Green Forest, when at last Buster opened his eyes. He scrambled to his feet and shook himself. Then he growled a rumbly-grumbly growl of disappointment. He knew that Busy Bee would not return again that day, but had gone to bed for the night. His patience had brought no reward, he thought. You see he quite overlooked the nice long rest and the beautiful sweet dreams. He had wanted a different reward and so he thought he hadn't had any.

STORY 1397. August 1, 1916

Buster Bear Follows Busy Bee

Buster Bear couldn't get out of his head the memory of those sweet dreams of all

the honey he could eat. No, sir, he couldn't. The more he thought about them the more he wanted honey. Whenever he didn't have anything else to do, which was a good part of the time, for the only real business Buster has is to fill his stomach as often as it gets empty, he wandered about looking for Busy Bee. He suddenly took the greatest interest in flowers in the Green Forest, for most flowers, as you know, love the sunlight. But there are a few who prefer the shade, and whenever Buster Bear saw any of these, he promptly looked them over, hoping to find Busy Bee. For several days he was disappointed.

He found plenty of other people of the insect world. Once he heard a sound that sent him hurrying toward a little clump of flowers. It was a familiar hum. Surely this time he would find Busy Bee. But instead of Busy Bee he found her cousin, a big fussy fellow who made a great noise and appeared to think himself the most important person in all the Great World. It was Bumble Bee.

Buster was so disappointed that before he thought he lifted one paw and knocked Bumble down. In just about one little second, he was sorry. He wished he had let Bumble Bee alone. You see Bumble Bee, like his cousin Busy Bee, carries a sharp little lance and isn't afraid to use it[27]. In fact, he is very ready to use it whenever he thinks any one is interfering with him. Certainly no self-respecting Bee would stand being knocked down that way. He was up in a twinkling and before Buster could blink he had thrust that sharp little lance into Buster's nose.

"Wow!" roared Buster.

"Perhaps that will teach you to leave honest people alone!" hummed Bumble Bee angrily, and flew away still humming angrily.

"Ouch!" whimpered Buster Bear, rubbing his nose. "How can such a little thing as Bumble Bee carry so much hurt around with him?" He was still rubbing his nose and wishing with all his might that he had let Bumble Bee alone when he heard another hum, only this time not so loud. He looked to see if it was Bumble Bee returned in better nature. It wasn't. It was Busy Bee! Right away Buster forgot all about his smarting nose. He fixed his eyes on Busy Bee and watched her fly from flower to flower. Presently she flew up high and disappeared over the treetops. This time Buster saw in just what direction she had flown. He gave a little sigh of contentment. He had found out what he wanted to know, the thing for which he had so long waited. He knew now the direction in which Busy Bee's storehouse was.

He knew because when Busy Bee has a load of sweets gathered from the flowers she always flies in a straight line to her storehouse. She knows that the shortest way to a given point is in a straight line, and she is far too industrious to waste any time following a crooked course.

What especially pleased Buster was the fact that Busy Bee had headed deeper into the Green Forest. If she had headed the other way, he would have suspected that her storehouse was beyond the Green Forest where he wouldn't dare go. But she had headed straight in and so Buster Bear counted that storehouse as good as found. He In

27 Burgess continues, wrongly, to describe male bumble bees as stinging insects.

his turn wasted no time. He started after Busy Bee. All he had to do now was to keep going in a straight line until he came to that hollow tree. It might be very near and it might be a long distance away. But he didn't worry about that.

Now, it seems a very simple matter to go in a straight line, doesn't it? Just try it some time, especially in the Green Forest. Trees have a most inconvenient habit of growing right in the way. After you have gone around a few it is not so easy to be sure that you are still going in a straight line. Buster Bear had not gone far before he found this out. It had seemed simple enough when he started, but in a little while he wasn't at all sure that he was on the line Busy Bee had taken. He had found no hollow tree, although he had looked sharply at every tree he had passed. Still he plodded on and still he studied the trees. But there was no sign of Busy Bee or her storehouse. Finally, Buster sat down to think things over. Should he keep on or should he go back to the place he had started from?

STORY 1398. August 2, 1916

Buster Bear Seeks Aid

Buster Bear sat in the Green Forest scratching his head as he tried to decide what to do. He had started to follow Busy Bee, but he had found that this was by no means as simple a matter as he had thought. He had watched her dart away in a certain direction. He knew that she had gone in a straight line to her storehouse. It was that storehouse he wanted to find. He knew that the chances were that it was in a hollow tree, so he felt sure that all he had to do was to follow that straight line until he came to a hollow tree. So he had started out bravely enough, but though he had walked and walked he hadn't come to a hollow tree. Now he began to suspect that, in walking around trees that grew in his way, and in going around brush piles, he might have got off that straight line. Should he keep on or should he go back and start over again.

He hated to go back. So he sat scratching his head, unable to make up his mind. His head was tipped back and his eyes were idly looking through the treetops when suddenly they became fixed. Yes, sir, they became fixed on the top of one particular tree. That tree was alive, very much alive, but near the top was a place where there was no bark. Buster Bear knew that part of the tree was dead. Buster knows enough about trees to know that dead places in trees are quite likely to be hollow.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid!" grumbled Buster Bear. "Here I've been looking for a tree all hollow. Probably I've passed a dozen that have got hollows somewhere up high. The thing for me to do is to go back and start over. My, if I had that honey this minute, I wouldn't ask for another thing in the wide world, not one!"

He turned around and shuffled along back to the place from which he had started to follow Busy Bee. Then another thought came to him. How was he to know which trees had hollows in them high up and which didn't unless he climbed each one to find out? A funny look of dismay crept over Buster Bear's face. He wouldn't mind climbing one or two trees, but the idea of having to climb a whole lot of trees before finding the right one wasn't at all to his liking. You see Buster, like most folks, doesn't like to do

any more work than he has to.

So once more Buster sat down to think. Presently Sammy Jay came flying along and spied him there. “Hello, Buster Bear!” said he. “You look as if you are trying to think, and I didn’t like suppose you ever did anything that.

“Sometimes I do; I am now” replied Buster, his little eyes winkling shrewdly as he looked up at saucy Sammy Jay. “I would advise you to try it just once yourself, Sammy.”

“I don’t have to. I get my thoughts ready made,” retorted Sammy. “What is it you have on your mind. Buster?”

“I am wishing for wings,” replied Buster as soberly as if it were really so.

“Wings!” shrieked Sammy Jay. “You wishing for wings! Say, wouldn’t you be a sight with wings! Ho, ho, ho! Buster Bear with wings! What under the sun do you want wings for?”

“Sh-h-h! Can you keep a secret?” replied Buster, looking very mysterious.

Right away Sammy was all attention. “Certainly I can,” said he, flying down to a branch just over Buster’s head.

“WILL you keep it?” asked Buster.

By this time Sammy was all curiosity. “Of course I will. Cross my heart and hope I die if I don’t,” he replied.

Buster looked all about as if to make sure that no one else was near. “I want to find a lot of trees that are hollow high up and I wish I had wings so that I could do it without having to climb every tree I come to in order to find out if it has got a hollow in it where I cannot see it from the ground,” said he in what was meant to be a whisper. “You have no idea what a lot of work it is for a big fellow like me to climb a tree.”

Sammy looked as astonished as he felt. “What under the sun do you want with hollow trees?” he demanded.

“That is something I can’t tell even you,” replied Buster, “but if you can think of any way to help me find them you can come along and see for yourself what I want of them.”

“Get Drummer the Woodpecker to find them for you,” replied Sammy promptly. “You know he is what is called an expert on hollow trees.”

STORY 1399. August 3, 1916

Buster Flatters Drummer the Woodpecker

Be sure when you are flattered that the one who flatters you
Has something that he hopes to gain or wants that you should do.

I never knew it to fail. Flattery is simply the saying of nice things about others

for selfish ends. It is a wise head that sees through flattery and isn't turned by it. When Sammy Jay suggested to Buster Bear that he should get Drummer the Woodpecker to find hollow trees for him Buster just jumped at the idea. Yes, sir, he just jumped at it. It was just as Sammy said, Drummer is an expert on hollow trees. An expert is one who knows all about a certain thing. Drummer the Woodpecker knows all about hollow trees. He uses them to drum on. You know there are times when he would rather drum than eat.

And then, too, he has himself made a great many of them hollow. You know each Spring he finds a dead branch, a dead tree or a dead place in a live tree and cuts out a hollow in which to make him his home. Yes, indeed. Drummer the Woodpecker is most certainly an expert on hollow trees.

"Sammy," said Buster Bear, "you are a wonder. You certainly are. I didn't once think of Drummer. He can save me a lot of work if he will. Whenever I get the chance, I will do something for you. I wonder where Drummer is."

"Over in the Old Orchard," replied Sammy promptly. "I saw him there just a little while ago. I'll go right back there and get him."

"Thank you, Sammy," replied Buster. "If you will I'll never forget it."

At once Sammy spread his blue wings and flew away in the direction of the Old Orchard. Buster Bear stretched out on the ground and chuckled as he made himself comfortable. He knew he would have to wait some time for Drummer to get there, so he just gave himself up to day dreams and they were all of that honey which Busy Bee had been storing up ever since the arrival of gentle Mistress Spring and the coming of the first flowers. He had to wait even longer than he had expected, but at last he heard the scream of Sammy Jay and knew that at last Sammy was coming. He scrambled to his feet and brushed the leaves from his black coat. In a few minutes Sammy arrived, and behind him came Drummer the Woodpecker. Sammy had had no difficulty in getting Drummer to come. Though he wouldn't have admitted it, Drummer felt very much flattered that such a big fellow as Buster Bear, to whom everyone in the Green Forest looked up with the greatest respect, had sent for him.

"It is very kind of you to come such a long distance, Drummer," said Buster as Drummer settled himself in a tree over Buster's head. "I appreciate it very much. You see, I know that there is no one who knows as much about what I want to know, and that is why I sent for you."

At this Drummer tried to look very important. "It was no trouble at all," said he. "If there is anything that I know which you want to know I shall be only too glad to tell you what I can. There is no one I would rather do a favor for than you."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Buster. "That is the true spirit. There isn't anybody in the Great World can help me as you can. Do you know, Drummer, I think you are very wonderful?"

Drummer swelled right up with pride that Buster Bear should say such a thing as

that, but he tried not to show it. “In what way?” he asked modestly.

“In knowing so well how to find hollow trees,” replied Buster. “Now, of course I know a hollow tree when it is hollow way down to the ground. That is easy enough to find out. But to find out what trees have got hollows hidden in them way up, high is too much for me. I suppose you know every hollow tree in the Green Forest.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” replied Drummer, still speaking modestly. “I guess I know every hollow in the Old Orchard, and I know a good many in the Green Forest, but I seldom come so far in as this, so I suppose there may be some around here I do not know.”

Buster pretended to look disappointed. “That’s too bad,” said he. “I want to find a few hollow trees around here, and I thought you might tell me where they are. I’m sorry I called you way over here for nothing.”

“But you didn’t,” protested Drummer eagerly. “I guess if there are any around here, I can find them. I’ll be tickled to death to try.”

“Will you?” cried Buster, brightening up. “I’ll be ever so much obliged if you will.”

STORY 1400. August 4, 1916

Drummer Hunts for Hollow Trees

If Drummer the Woodpecker wondered why Buster Bear was so anxious to find hollow trees he didn’t say anything about it. Probably he didn’t think anything about it. You see he was so flattered by all the nice things Buster had said that he was as eager to hunt for those hollow trees and show Buster what he could do as Buster was to have him.

“How many hollow trees do you want me to find?” he asked. “And where shall I begin?”

“Begin right here and go in a straight line in that direction, said Buster, pointing in the direction in which he had seen Busy Bee disappear. “Find as many as you can.

“All right,” replied Drummer, nodding his red head. “Here I go.”

With this he flew to the next tree, and, beginning half-way up, went round and round, all the time climbing higher and higher, and tapping with his stout bill as only Drummer can. When he reached the top, he flew to the next tree and did the same thing. It was surprising how rapidly he could examine each tree. Buster Bear followed along beneath. They had gone some distance before Drummer found a tree that had a hollow in it. When he did find one, he stopped to drum. Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a- tat-tat! Drummer’s red head fairly flew as he beat his long roll.

“One,” said he, looking down at Buster.

“Fine!” replied Buster. “Now for another.”

So Drummer went on from tree to tree. Every once in a while he found one with a hollow in it, and at the sound of his rat-a-tat-tat Buster would sit up and stare at where Drummer was drumming, and in his face there would be the most eager look. When Drummer found a particularly nice sounding hollow he would stop to drum just for his own pleasure, for you know the sound of his drumming is music to Drummer the Woodpecker. Buster Bear would get terribly impatient, but he took care to hide his impatience and pretended to enjoy the drumming.

So they went on farther and farther into the Green Forest. Most of the hollows which Drummer found were small ones. Each time Buster would sit up with that eager look on his face and then as Drummer drummed that look would change to one of disappointment, and he would sigh as he waited for Drummer to go on to the next. Sammy Jay went along, too. Of course, Sammy is smart.

He knew that Buster had some particular reason for wanting to know which trees were hollow, and he meant to find out what that reason was. He saw that eager look in Buster's face very time Drummer found a new drum, and the look of disappointment which would follow after a minute or two.

"Buster wants to find one particular hollow," thought he shrewdly. "Now I wonder why. It must be that Buster knows of something hidden in some hollow and wants it, but he doesn't know where that hollow is, and so has got Drummer to find it for him. What can it be?"

Sammy scratched his head and thought and thought, but for the life of him he couldn't think of anything which he had ever found hidden in a hollow tree which would be likely to interest Buster Bear. It made Sammy so curious that it was on the tip of his tongue to ask Buster Bear what he was so anxious to find, but he wisely kept his tongue still and silently followed Buster and Drummer.

By and by they came to a great big hemlock tree. Half way between the bottom and the top on one side was a long gray streak on the trunk where there was no bark. Some time or other lightning had struck that big hemlock tree, and that long gray streak was dead wood where the lightning had struck. Drummer saw it at once and flew straight to it, for he knew that such places are quite likely to be hollow. Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a—. The drumming stopped right in the middle, and in its place there was a faint humming sound that grew and grew, and it was a note of anger.

"Bees!" cried Drummer, and without waiting a second flew as hard as ever he could to a safe distance.

STORY 1401. August 5, 1916

What Happened in the Big Hemlock Tree

When Drummer the Woodpecker broke off short his drumming on the big hemlock tree deep in the Green Forest, and crying "Bees!" flew with all his might to a safe distance, Sammy Jay flew with him, for Sammy was of no mind to stay where there were angry bees. But Buster Bear didn't run. Not he! He gave a little grunt of joy, and

his greedy little eyes fairly danced as he stared up at the dead piece on the big hemlock tree where Drummer had started to drum. Around it the air was filled with a cloud of flying specks, and the angry humming of them was music in Buster's ears. He had found what he had been looking for so long—the storehouse of Busy Bee. He was so greedy for the honey that he knew was in it that he forgot his manners altogether.

He forgot to thank Drummer the Woodpecker for helping him to find that tree. He thought of nothing but that honey. With a grunt he began to climb that big hemlock tree.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Sammy Jay, who was watching from a safe distance, "doesn't he know that those bees will sting something terrible?"

"I hope they will," snapped Drummer the Woodpecker. "If I had known that it was to rob Busy Bee of her honey that he wanted me to find hollow trees for him I wouldn't have come. Did you know it when you told me that Buster Bear wanted to see me, Sammy Jay?"

"No," replied Sammy quite truthfully. "I didn't have the least idea what he was after. Listen!"

The humming of the angry bees had grown louder. Buster was half way up the tree, and there was a perfect cloud of them around his head.

It was very clear that they didn't intend to be robbed without fighting for their own. Into the humming broke a sharp whine. Buster had stopped and was hanging on with one hand, while with the other he was slapping at the bees and brushing them away from his face.

"He must want that honey more than I ever wanted anything!" exclaimed Sammy Jay as Buster began to climb again.

By this time there was a tremendous racket going on in the big hemlock tree. The bees were humming until the sound was almost a roar. Buster Bear was whining and growling and snarling. But he kept on climbing, stopping now and then to slap at the angry bees and to brush an army across his face.

And those bees were busy. Yes, siree, they were busy! They were doing a lot more than hum. They were using those sharp little lances in their tails and every one they thrust into Buster Bear was like a red-hot needle.

"What is that fellow made of?" muttered Sammy Jay.

At last Buster reached the dead place in the trunk of the tree. Near the top of it was a little hole, and out of it still more bees were pouring. Buster saw it. He climbed a little higher and worked around on the back side of the tree, where the bees were not so thick. Then he reached around and hooked the great claws of one hand in that little hole and pulled with all his might. There was a ripping sound, and a long strip of dead wood pulled away, and Sammy and Drummer could see something yellow and glistening inside the hollow. Once more Buster reached around and hooked his claws over the edge of the opening he had made. When he pulled this time a big piece of wood gave

Illustrations. July 31 to August 5, 1916.

1396. Buster Bear Waits in Vain
So Buster watched the flowers and waited for Busy Bee.

1397. Buster Bear Follows Busy Bee
"Perhaps that will teach you to leave honest people alone!" hummed Bumble Bee.

1398. Buster Bear Seeks Aid
"What is it you have on your mind, Buster?"

1399. Buster Flatters Drummer the Woodpecker
"It is very kind of you to come such a long distance," said Buster.

1400. Drummer Hunts for Hollow Trees
Buster would sit up and stare at where Drummer was drumming.

1401. What Happened in the Big Hemlock Tree
Buster Bear was whining and growling and snarling.

way, leaving plenty of room for Buster to put his big hand inside.

In it went and out it came with a great mass of honeycomb dripping with honey. "Um-m-m," said Buster as he scooped it into his mouth. "Um-m-m." He hitched around where he could see what he was doing, and then he paid no more attention to those bees than if they had been so many flies. As fast as he could scoop it out he crowded the honey-comb into his greedy mouth, all the time making sounds which told Sammy Jay and Drummer the Woodpecker plainer than words could have that he was perfectly happy.

STORY 1402. August 7, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Seeks a Cool Place

It was a hot day, a very hot day. Farmer Brown's Boy fanned himself with his straw hat as he stood on the doorstep of his home and looked over toward the Green Forest. The Green Forest looked cool. It was the only cool place Farmer Brown's Boy could think of. The house was hot and stuffy. Even the Old Orchard was hot. But the Green Forest was cool. Anyway, it looked so. It looked—well, it looked inviting. I guess you know how that is. It seemed to promise comfort when there was comfort nowhere else. Farmer Brown's Boy thought of Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat and Little Joe Otter and Spotty the Turtle and Grandfather Frog, and he was almost envious of them. No matter how hot the day might be, they could keep cool and comfortable in the Smiling Pool. Lastly, he thought of Paddy the Beaver, who also could keep cool and comfortable. And this gave him an idea.

"It is a long time since I have been over to Paddy's Pond," said he. "I believe I'll go make it a visit now. It certainly is a lot better in the Green Forest than it is here. Those little Quacks must be as big as their parents by this time. I wonder if they are still in Paddy's Pond. I guess I'll take them some corn."

So Farmer Brown's Boy filled his pockets with corn and started for the Green Forest. Bowser the Hound saw him start off and whined. Farmer Brown's Boy stopped and looked back at Bowser. He was just about to tell Bowser to come along when he changed his mind. He wanted to watch those ducks. He hoped that he might even see Paddy the Beaver. But if Bowser went along, he might scare them. "Not this time, Bowser, old fellow," said he. "I know you want to go along, but I'm afraid you would upset my plans."

So he left Bowser whining with disappointment and went on to the Green Forest. Once in among the trees he found it just as he had expected, cool and comfortable. That is, it was cool as compared with any other place, though even there it was too warm to hurry. So he went slowly, and as he walked he kept his eyes and his ears wide open. But it seemed as if even in the Green Forest the little people who live there knew that on such a day it was a great deal more comfortable to keep still than to move about. For a long time, he saw no one, and he heard no one. The stillness could almost be felt. Deeper and deeper into the Green Forest went Farmer Brown's Boy. He was drawing near Paddy's Pond when he heard the first sound to tell him that there was anybody

there but himself. It was the voice of Sammy Jay.

Farmer Brown's boy stopped to listen. He knew by the sound of Sammy's voice that Sammy was excited. "Sammy has discovered something. I wonder what it can be to make him scream like that on such a hot day. I think I'll go see," said Farmer Brown's Boy, and turned in the direction of Sammy's voice. As he drew near the place where Sammy was screaming, he moved very slowly and carefully, slipping from tree to tree. Pretty soon he heard other noises that made him stop and listen with a funny look on his face. First there was a humming sound that reminded him of the bees about the hives in his own yard. Then there was the queerest sound of whining and growling, all mixed together like nothing under the sun he had ever heard before. What could it mean? Farmer Brown's Boy couldn't even guess. He meant to find out. So once more he began to steal forward, stopping every minute or so to listen and to peer ahead eagerly.

Now the trees grow very close together in that part of the Green Forest and one cannot see far ahead. The noise grew louder and louder, and finally Farmer Brown's Boy made out that it came from up high. Just ahead of him was a big hemlock tree, one of three biggest trees in the Green Forest. The queer noise seemed to come from somewhere in that. Farmer Brown's Boy stole softly to a place where he could look up and see what was going on there. He was very close to the big hemlock tree. In fact he was almost under it. He saw a cloud of insects. "Bees," he muttered to himself. "Bees as sure as I live. That is a bee tree. I wonder what is exciting them so."

Just then he reached a spot where he could see clearly. Halfway up the tree was something black, and it was around this that the bees were thickest. The black thing moved. The heart of Farmer Brown's Boy gave a great jump. That black thing was Buster Bear.

STORY 1403. August 8, 1916

A Hot Place in a Cool Place

How can it be so hot in a cool place? Just ask Farmer Brown's Boy. He knows. He had gone to the Green Forest because he had thought it would be cooler there than anywhere else on that dreadfully hot day. And he was right. In the depths of the Green Forest it was fairly cool. You see the trees made shade, and it was only here and there that the Jolly Little Sunbeams could find a way through the millions of little leaves of the trees. So Farmer Brown's Boy was quite comfortable as he walked silently through the Green Forest looking for the cause of Sammy Jay's excitement.

When at last he reached the big hemlock tree which was Busy Bee's storehouse, and which at that very moment Buster Bear was robbing of its honey, Farmer Brown's Boy was still quite cool and comfortable.

But no sooner did he discover what was going on than he broke out into perspiration just as if he had suddenly stepped into a very warm place. Of course the air wasn't any warmer there than elsewhere in the Green Forest. It was excitement and

perhaps a little uncertainty as to what might happen if Buster Bear should discover him that made Farmer Brown's Boy perspire and feel suddenly hot all over.

For a few minutes he just stood right where he was and stared. He knew that Buster Bear was very fond of honey. You remember that once Buster had stolen some honey from the bee-hives in Farmer Brown's barnyard, and that time Farmer Brown's Boy had frightened him away. But he never had realized how very, very fond Buster is of honey as he is now. Like Sammy Jay he wondered what Buster could be made of to stand the stings of all those bees just for the sake of something to put in his stomach.

Buster was making the funniest noises you can imagine. There would be a growl and whine of pain as a bee found a particularly tender spot and thrust her sharp little lance into it, and right on top of that would be a grunt of pure enjoyment as he scooped a lot of honey into his mouth.

It was funny. Yes, sir, it was a funny sight to see. Buster squirmed and twisted as the bees stung him, but he didn't once stop his greedy scooping out of that honey. It was smeared all over his greedy face. It had dripped down on his black coat. He was getting himself into a dreadful mess. But it was plain to see that he didn't mind this in the least. In fact, he didn't mind anything, not even the stings of the bees. He had forgotten everything but his stomach.

Farmer Brown's Boy wanted to stay and he wanted to go. He wanted to stay to see what Buster would do when he finished all the honey. He wanted to go because in spite of the fact that every time they had chanced to meet, Buster Bear had run away as fast as ever he could. Farmer Brown's Boy couldn't get over the idea that Buster might not always run. You see Buster is such a big fellow with such great claws and teeth that Farmer Brown's Boy just couldn't help feeling a wee bit afraid of him.

Now about this time Busy Bee and her fellow workers made up their minds that do what they might, they couldn't drive Buster Bear away, and the least excited of them began to load themselves with sweets from their storehouse to carry to a new storehouse. They knew that they had got to begin their Summer's work all over again, and they didn't propose to waste any time in crying over what had happened.

They would save something from the wreck with which to make a new beginning. So most of them hurried to load themselves with honey before greedy Buster Bear should get all of it. But a few, still mad clear through, were flying about looking for new enemies, and some of these discovered Farmer Brown's Boy.

In an instant they had darted at him. Before he knew that he was discovered, what felt like half-a-dozen red-hot needles were thrust into him and the angry hum was all about him. That part of the Green Forest to which he had gone because of its coolness had suddenly become a hot place, and with every thrust of those little lances it became hotter. Farmer Brown's Boy was no longer in doubt. His mind was made up. He wanted to go, and to go as quickly as he knew how.

STORY 1404. August 9, 1916

Buster Bear Loses Half His Feast

To do a thing that must be done
There's usually more ways than one.

This means, of course, that if one way fails you shouldn't give up and think the thing cannot be done. You should try to find some other way. Often it will be a most unexpected way, a way that you discover by accident. There was the case of Busy Bee and her fellow workers when Buster Bear found their storehouse and began to rob it of their honey. They had done their best to drive him away. They had used the sharp little lances in their tails for all they were worth. If it had been any one but Buster Bear, they would have succeeded in driving the robber away. But though they fought as hard as they could, and stung with all their might, they couldn't drive Buster away from that honey. To Buster's way of thinking that honey was worth all the pain of the stings.

And then, quite by accident, they discovered a way of getting rid of him. Some of them flying about found Farmer Brown's Boy watching what was going on, and in the blindness of their anger mistook him for another enemy, and promptly treated him as they had treated Buster Bear.

Now Farmer Brown's Boy has no such thick skin as has Buster Bear. At the first sting, which felt as if a red-hot needle had been thrust into him, he jumped from his hiding place. Before you could say Jack Robinson half a dozen bees had stung him and a cloud of them were about him. He forgot his interest in Buster Bear. In fact he forgot all about Buster Bear. He had but one thought, and this was that he couldn't get away from that place quick enough. It had suddenly become altogether too hot a place for him. He let out a yell. Yes, sir, he let out a yell, and it was a good loud yell. Then he started to get away from there as fast as his legs would take him, and he didn't care how much noise he made in doing it.

Now Buster Bear had been so greedily stuffing himself with honey that he had had no thought for anything else. He had no idea that Farmer Brown's Boy was anywhere near. Usually his ears and his nose are ever ready to warn him of the presence of others, but this time his ears were filled with the angry hum of the bees, and his nose was clogged with honey. So he had not heard Farmer Brown's Boy approach, and he had not smelled him. Then right into the middle of his enjoyment broke that wild yell. He couldn't help hearing that.

Now, as you know, the one thing Buster Bear fears is man. He knows all about the dreadful firesticks which no one but man carries, and at the least suspicion that man is about Buster runs away. If he were cornered and couldn't run, he would fight as bravely as the bravest, but he is a firm believer in the old saying that he who runs away will live to fight another day when man is concerned.

The instant he heard that wild yell he forgot everything but that he was caught in a bad fix. He was caught up a tree, and that was no place for a bear to be with a man about, even though that man were only a boy. He lost all interest in honey. He had but

one thought, and that was to get away from there as quickly as ever he could. To climb down would take too long. So Buster just simply let go and dropped. Yes, sir, that is what Buster Bear did, he let go and dropped. Buster's bones are not like other bones. They are not brittle and easily broken. The branches below broke his fall somewhat, and he broke the branches. Down he came to the ground with a thump that would have knocked the wind from anyone but Buster Bear. And the instant he touched the ground he rushed away through the Green Forest as if the Old Nick were at his heels.

Sammy Jay and Drummer the Woodpecker saw it all, Farmer Brown's Boy running for all he was worth in one direction, stumbling as he ran, and slapping at angry bees, and Buster Bear tearing off in the opposite direction with a little whimper of fright with every jump, his face and coat all smeared with honey, and dirt and leaves sticking all over him. It was so funny that they laughed until they almost made themselves sick.

But Busy Bee and her fellow-workers wasted no time chasing either Farmer Brown's Boy or Buster Bear. They promptly fell to work to save what honey was left and take it to another storehouse which they knew of. And this is how it happened that Buster Bear got only half a feast after all.

STORY 1405. August 10, 1916

Buster Bear and Farmer Brown's Boy

When Buster Bear got over his first fright after he dropped from the big hemlock tree where Farmer Brown's Boy had surprised him feasting on the honey of Busy Bee he stopped running. By this time, he was some distance from the tree, for big as he is and clumsy as he appears to be Buster can run very fast and can cover a lot of distance in a very short time. He turned and listened for sounds of someone following him, but heard none. Of course not, for the very good reason that no one was following him. You know Farmer Brown's Boy had run in just the opposite direction. But Buster Bear had been too badly frightened when he dropped from the hemlock tree to know in which direction Farmer Brown's Boy had gone. So now he sat very still and strained his ears for some sound that would tell him that he was being followed.

The Green Forest was very still. Only once did he hear anything to tell him that there was another living thing there. A Merry Little Breeze wandering through the treetops brought him the sound of Sammy Jay's voice. It was very faint, but it was enough to make Buster growl a deep rumbly-grumbly growl. Sammy Jay was laughing and Buster knew perfectly well why. Sammy was laughing at him, at the way he had dropped out of that tree and run at the sound of Farmer Brown's Boy's yell. It hurt Buster's pride, for Buster is no more fond of being laughed at than anyone else.

The Merry Little Breeze passed on and Buster heard nothing more, though he listened and listened with all his might. He tried to use his nose to find out if there was any man smell in the air. You know Buster has a very wonderful nose, and he depends on it a great deal. But all he could smell was honey. You see it was still smeared all over his face and nose. After a while he felt sure that no one was following him and then he began to think of other things. Yes, sir, he began to think of other things.

In the first place, he ached from the bumps he had received when he dropped out of that tree. He had been too frightened to feel them at the time, but he felt them now. But worse than these were the stings of the bees. He hadn't minded these while he was filling his stomach with that delicious honey, but he did now. It seemed to him that those bees had found every tender place on his whole body. He ached and he smarted all over, but the smarts were worse than the aches, a great deal worse. It seemed to him that he felt one in a new place every other second.

"O, dear! O, dear me! I almost wish I had never found that honey," groaned Buster. "It wouldn't be so bad if I had gotten all of it (Buster is very greedy), but to be cheated out of half of it, and then have to ache and smart the way I do is dreadful. I can't stand this much longer.

"I've got to do something. I've got to find some mud, and I've got to find it soon. I'll go crazy if I don't. There's nothing like good cool mud to take the smart out of bee stings. And I guess I need a bath. I'm a mess. Honey certainly is sticky stuff. There's isn't water enough in the Laughing Brook for a bath. There's just one place for me and that is the pond of Paddy the Beaver. O, dear! O, dear! I wish I was there this minute." So Buster set out for the pond of Paddy the Beaver.

Now Farmer Brown's Boy's one thought when he yelled and ran, was to get away from those bees as soon as possible. At the moment he quite forgot Buster Bear. He heard the crash of breaking branches as Buster dropped out of the tree, and then he heard Buster crashing his way through the Green Forest as he ran away, but he was too busy fighting angry bees to realize what it all meant then.

Later he did and he chuckled as thought of what a fright Buster must have had. The bees did not follow him far, and pretty soon, quite out of breath, Farmer Brown's Boy stopped to rest. But it wasn't for long. The stings from the bees smarted too much. My, how they did smart!

"Mud," said Farmer Brown's Boy. "I've simply got to get some mud. My face will be swelled up like a balloon if I don't. Let me see, this isn't far from the pond of Paddy the Beaver. There will be plenty of mud there. I was going there anyway." So Farmer Brown's Boy set out for the pond of Paddy the Beaver.

STORY 1406. August 11, 1916

Paddy the Beaver Sees Strange Things

Paddy the Beaver sees other people a great deal oftener than they see him. Paddy is one of those who believe in seeing, but remaining himself unseen. There isn't much that goes on around that little pond which he himself made deep in the Green Forest of which Paddy doesn't know. It is one of the advantages of living in the water most of the time that you can disappear any time anywhere, and no one on shore know where you have gone, at least you can if you can swim like Paddy the Beaver or his cousin, Jerry Muskrat, or Billy Mink, or Little Joe Otter. All you have to do is to dive and then swim under water to some place where no one will see you, but where you can watch all that

goes on. Simple, isn't it?

On this particular day, the very day when Buster Bear found the storehouse of Busy Bee and Farmer Brown's Boy discovered both, Paddy the Beaver had spent most of his time sleeping in his house out in the pond. You see inside that house it was dark and cool and comfortable, while outside the sun was very, very bright and hurt Paddy's eyes, which are not very strong. The air was hot and even the water was warm, warmer than Paddy liked. He much prefers to be abroad at night any way. So inside his house Paddy dozed and was very comfortable and was sorry for his neighbors who had no such cool place to go to on a hot day. Once in a while he would go out just to see that all was well or to pass the time of day with Mr. or Mrs. Quack. It was on one of these occasions that Paddy's keen ears heard just the faintest sound in the Green Forest.

He was among some rushes which grew on one side of the pond, a favorite retreat of the Quack family. Mr. Quack heard it too. "Someone is coming," he whispered, and with a low quack wakened all the young Quacks, for they were taking a nap. Instantly their heads popped out from under their wings, and with heads stretched up they sat perfectly still listening. Paddy swam to the edge of the rushes where with only his head out of water he could see and not be seen.

The noise grew louder. Whoever was coming was not trying to steal up to the pond silently, and this was a good sign. No one who wanted to harm them ever would approach so noisily. Nearer came the noise, and it was clear to Paddy and to all the Quack family that whoever it was, was in a hurry. Presently Paddy saw something moving among the trees on the other side of the pond, and in a minute out stepped Farmer Brown's Boy. At the edge of the pond, he stooped down and scooped up a handful of soft, wet mud. "What can he want of that?" thought Paddy. Then his eyes grew round with wonder. Farmer Brown's Boy was plastering that black, wet mud on his nose and his forehead and the back of his neck and on one of his hands! Then he sighed, and so still was it there around Paddy's pond that sigh could be heard over where Paddy was.

Paddy wasn't sure, but it sounded to him very much like a sigh of relief. Then Farmer Brown's Boy sat down in the shade of a tree half hidden by an old stump and once more it was as still as if there were no living being around Paddy's pond.

But it wasn't still very long. A twig snapped over in the Green Forest near the foot of Paddy's pond where he had built his dam. Someone else was coming and wasn't trying to walk softly. Paddy looked at Mr. Quack and Mr. Quack looked at Paddy, and then both fixed their gaze on the place from which the noise was drawing near. Out on the shore of the pond walked Buster Bear. And such a sight as he was! Bits of bark and twigs and dead leaves and plain dirt stuck all over him. He was a sight! He surely was a sight!

He was grumbling and whining. For just a minute he sat up and looked all over Paddy's pond. He wrinkled his nose as if trying to test the air for any strong smells, and then blew sharply in disgust. He couldn't smell anything but honey. Then he dropped to all fours again and walked across Paddy's dam and along the shore until he came to a certain place where there was a great deal of mud. Then what do you think he

did? He lay down and rolled and rolled in it until he was a sight. He was covered with mud from head to feet. He rubbed his nose and the top of his head in it. When he got through, he certainly was the worst looking bear ever was. Paddy blinked and looked at Mr. Quack. Mr. Quack blinked and looked at Paddy. They were seeing strange things that afternoon.

STORY 1407. August 12, 1916

An Interrupted Bath

"It is queer. It is very queer. It is the queerest thing I've ever known," muttered Paddy the Beaver to himself. "What under the sun are they covering themselves with mud for? That is what beats me. Mud is all right to build houses and dams with, but why anyone should want to plaster it all over themselves is more than I can understand. My, but each of them is a sight!"

Of course you know who Paddy meant. He meant Farmer Brown's Boy, half hidden on the farther side of the pond, his face and neck covered with mud, and Buster Bear rolling in mud not very far from where Paddy was hiding with the Quack family in the rushes, only his head out of water. It was more than Paddy could understand, because Paddy never had been stung by Busy Bee, and so never had had a chance to find out that mud is of use in more ways than plastering houses and dams.

He didn't know what Farmer Brown's Boy and Buster Bear knew, that it would take the smart out of stings. So he couldn't guess what they had covered themselves with mud for and he just itched to ask.

But he didn't do anything of the kind. He didn't even let them know that he knew that they were there. He had a feeling that more interesting things might happen, and so he kept perfectly still right where he was. You see Paddy had more than a suspicion that Buster Bear didn't know that Farmer Brown's Boy was anywhere about.

"Something is bound to happen when he finds it out," chuckled Paddy. You see he and Buster Bear are old acquaintances, and he knows just how Buster feels toward all mankind. So he remained right where he was so as not to miss anything.

After Buster Bear had rolled and rolled in the mud until he was covered with it, until he was the worst looking bear that ever was seen, he stretched out on the edge of the pond. The cool wet mud drew out the pain of the stings which Busy Bee and her comrades had given him when he robbed their storehouse of honey, and in a little while Buster was fairly comfortable. He even dozen off for a little nap. All the time Farmer Brown's Boy sat perfectly still in his hiding place on the other side of the pond. He had seen Buster Bear cover himself with mud, and he knew why he did it. It was for the same reason that he had covered his own face and neck with mud.

"We've got a fellow feeling," he chuckled, but he took care it should be a silent inside chuckle. It was the first chance he ever had had to watch Buster Bear, and he meant to make the most of it. The mud on his face and neck was beginning to dry and felt uncomfortable, but he didn't dare move to wash it off or put more on. He was

afraid of frightening Buster Bear.

The Jolly Little Sunbeams were very bright and warm. In fact, they were hot. As Buster Bear dozed, they dried the mud on his coat. By and by he awoke, and like Farmer Brown's Boy he felt uncomfortable. He looked at his coat and a sheepish grin spread over his mud-covered face.

"My, but I am a sight!" he grumbled. "If this mud dries much more, I'll never get it off until it wears off. The thing for me to do is to take a bath. The water will feel good anyway.

So Buster Bear got to his feet lazily and waded out into the water. First he washed his face until he had got off all the mud and the honey as well. Then he waded out until the water became so deep that he was forced to swim. Now Buster Bear likes an occasional swim. He enjoys it just as much as any small boy. He likes to paddle about, and this is just what he did now. He swam out almost to the middle of Paddy's pond.

Just then a wandering Little Breeze danced out from the other shore and tickled Buster's nose. By this time all the honey had been washed away, and Buster's nose was ready to do its duty. Just out of habit he sniffed when that Merry Little Breeze tickled his nose. A suspicious look flashed into his eyes. He sniffed again. There was no doubt about it, that Merry Little Breeze was bringing him the dreaded man-smell! It was bringing him the smell of Farmer Brown's Boy!

Like a flash, Buster turned and started for the shore. This was no place for him. He headed for the nearest place, and this happened to be the rushes in which Paddy the Beaver and the Quack family were hiding. Paddy saw him coming and dived to get out of the way. The Quack family couldn't get out of the way so easily. They started to swim, but there wasn't time for this.

STORY 1408. August 14, 1916

An Exciting Minute

He longest lives whose wits work fast,
Nor stop until the danger's past.

Every one of the Little People on the Green Meadows, in the Green Forest, and around the Smiling Pool knows that this is true. It is those with the quickest wits who have the longest lives. Almost every day every one of them has to depend on his wits to get him out of danger, unexpected danger. There isn't time for thinking. He must act first and do his thinking later. Such times may come to you and to me, but they are not likely to come often. We go days and days and days without meeting any real danger. But with the Little People it is different. Right when they think themselves safest, they are likely to have to use their wits and to use them quickly to save their lives. That is one reason why we should do all we can to help them and protect them and never give them reason to fear us.

Now it didn't seem possible that there was the least bit of danger for any one as

Illustrations. August 7 to August 12, 1916.

1402. Farmer Brown's Boy Seeks a Cool Place
The heart of Farmer Brown's Boy gave a great jump.

1403. A Hot Place in a Cool Place
Before he knew that he was discovered, what felt like half-a-dozen red-hot needles were thrust into him.

1404. Buster Bear Loses Half His Feast
Down he came to the ground with a thump.

1405. Buster Bear and Farmer Brown's Boy
"O, dear! O, dear me! I almost wish I had never found that honey," groaned Buster.

1406. Paddy the Beaver Sees Strange Things
"What can he want of that?" thought Paddy.

1407. An Interrupted Bath
Then he waded out until the water became so deep he was forced to swim.

Buster Bear swam about in the pond of Paddy the Beaver that hot Summer afternoon. It was as quiet and peaceful there as a place could possibly be. Then along came a mischievous Little Breeze and carried the smell of Farmer Brown's Boy to Buster Bear swimming out there in the pond. That doesn't seem like much, for Farmer Brown's Boy couldn't possibly have hurt Buster Bear if he had wanted to do anything of the kind. But when Buster Bear was a very little cub, he was taught that man is never to be trusted and is a creature to be feared, the only one, in fact, that any self-respecting bear need be afraid of. Buster never had got over that fear.

So the instant Buster caught the faint smell of Farmer Brown's Boy, his wits said: "Get away from here as quickly as you can! This is no place for you! That is the dreadful man-smell. Get ashore at the nearest place and run!"

Buster didn't stop to think. He turned and made for the shore right where Paddy the Beaver and the Quack family were hiding among the rushes. Now they knew perfectly well that Buster Bear wasn't coming on purpose to hurt them. They knew he didn't know that they were there. But that wouldn't help any if one of his big feet landed on one of them. Buster Bear was frightened, and now they in their turn were frightened. Buster's fright was needless and foolish, but theirs was not. You see they knew by the way he was coming that he wasn't going to be polite and ask them to get out of his way. No, sir, Buster was too frightened to be polite; he was in too much of a hurry.

The wits of Paddy the Beaver worked quickly. They always do. He didn't have to stop to think to dive. He just dived without any thinking, and by the time he could do any thinking he was safely out of the way of Buster Bear. At the first splash Buster made as he headed for the shore, the Quack family started to swim out the way. But Buster Bear was coming too fast for them to get out of his way in that manner. Mr. Quack's wits just opened his wings and sent him up into the air like a rocket. He didn't stop to think to fly; he simply flew. It was the one sure way of getting out of Buster Bear's way. Mrs. Quack did the same thing, and the 10 young Quacks, now almost as big as their parents, like dutiful children, followed.

It all happened in just a little minute, it seemed to Farmer Brown's Boy. One minute everything was as quiet and peaceful as could be, and the next Buster Bear was splashing through the rushes on the other side of the pond and the air was filled with ducks flying in all directions and quacking with fright. It was a very exciting minute, and just to add to the excitement, Farmer Brown's Boy stood up and yelled. That yell seemed to double Buster Bear's speed. The mud and water flew as he dashed through the rushes and disappeared in the Green Forest, running as if he never would stop. In no time he was quite out of sight, but Farmer Brown's Boy could still hear him crashing his way through the Green Forest.

Then once more everything became quiet and peaceful. Farmer Brown's Boy washed the mud from his face and neck. Then he hid and waited patiently. Presently Mr. Quack came on whistling wings and flew twice around the pond. Seeing no one, he dropped down on the water with a splash and then quacked loudly. At once Mrs. Quack and the young Quacks appeared, and soon they were busy talking it all over.

STORY 1409. August 15, 1916

Poor Jumpy Buster Bear

Oh, Buster Bear, Oh, Buster Bear—
  What makes your heart so thumpy?
How is it you, so big and strong,
  Can be so very jumpy?

Dear me, what a lot of things can happen from one small beginning! You drop a stone in a pond and at once start a lot of little waves in the shape of rings that travel and travel and grow bigger and bigger until at last they reach the shore and once more the pond is quiet and smooth. That stone is a little thing of no account in itself, but the ripples it starts cover the whole pond. It is just that way in life. You never can tell what you are starting or where it will end. It is a whole lot like a row of blocks. You push the first one so that it falls against the second one, and the second one falls against the third, and so on until the whole row has fallen.

It was just like that when a mischievous wandering Little Breeze found Farmer Brown's Boy sitting half-hidden on the bank of the pond of Paddy the Beaver and carried the smell of him out to tickle the nose of Buster Bear, who was having a bath and a beautiful time as well swimming about in Paddy's pond. Now wasn't that a simple thing to do? Wasn't it? Yet see what happened. One minute the pond lay quiet and peaceful in the heart of the Green Forest with Buster Bear lazily swimming about happy and contented, and the next minute Buster was plunging for the shore in great fright, Paddy the Beaver was diving for his life, the air was filled with quacking ducks trying to get out of Buster's way, and excitement and fear had taken the place of quietness and peace, all on account of that mischievous wandering Little Breeze.

Poor Buster Bear! When at last he stopped running and had listened and listened and sniffed and sniffed until he was sure that Farmer Brown's Boy was no longer near him, his heart was still thumpy and his nerves were jumpy, terribly jumpy. What a day it had been! First, he had found the storehouse of Busy Bee, and in spite of the stings of Busy Bee and her comrades, had been perfectly happy as he greedily feasted on the honey which the bees had worked so hard to make and which is the one thing in all the Great World which Buster likes best. Then had come a yell from Farmer Brown's Boy which had frightened him so that he had simply let go and dropped from that tree clear to the ground, covering himself with bumps, but worse still, having to leave half that delicious honey.

After this he had gone to the pond of Paddy the Beaver, and in the comfort of a peaceful swim had almost forgotten the fright he had had, when along came that wandering Little Breeze and brought him that dreaded man-smell, and once more he had to take to his heels.

Now you know, and I know, that Farmer Brown's Boy had had no idea of seeing Buster Bear again when he went to the pond of Paddy the Beaver. He had gone there for the very same reason that a little later Buster had gone there—to get cool wet mud

to take out the smart from the stings of bees. But Buster didn't know this. He was sure that Farmer Brown's Boy had followed him. There wasn't the least doubt of it in Buster's mind. And the fact that Farmer Brown's Boy had surprised him twice in one day quite upset Buster Bear.

It destroyed all confidence in himself. It gave him the feeling that he couldn't get away from Farmer Brown's Boy. He never had been so uneasy in all his life. He couldn't sit still. No place in the Green Forest seemed lonesome enough. His nerves jumped at every little sound. He more than half expected to see Farmer Brown's Boy step out from behind each big tree or brush-pile or rock which he approached. So all the rest of that afternoon Buster wandered about from place to place, listening, sniffing, ready to run at the first suspicious sound. Fear, foolish fear, had taken complete possession of Buster Bear. His heart was thumpy and his nerves were jumpy. Poor Buster Bear.

STORY 1410. August 16, 1916

The Wood Mouse Makes Buster Bear Run

Of all the little people who live in the Green Forest, Whitefoot the Wood Mouse, own cousin to Danny Meadow Mouse, is one of the smallest, the most beautiful and the most timid. They say of Whitefoot that he actually tries to run away from his own shadow, and that the sound of his own voice makes him jump. Of course we don't believe this. It is just a way of saying that he is very, very timid. But I guess you and I would be just as timid were we in Whitefoot's place. You see he is such a little fellow, such a dear little fellow! He has no way of protecting himself except by running away and hiding. He is too little to fight. So it isn't that he is a coward that makes him so timid. It is because he knows if he is caught, he can do nothing to help himself, and because he knows that night and day sharp eyer are watching for him, keen ears are listening for him, and wonderful noses are trying to find him.

You see there are many people who are fond of Whitefoot, very fond indeed. Not in the way that you and I are fond of him, are these neighbors of his fond of him, but as a choice tidbit for their stomachs. So they are forever hunting for him—in the daytime most of the members of the Hawk family and even Blacky the Crow when he has nothing better to do; in the night Hooty the Owl and Reddy and Granny Fox, and day or night, as the fancy takes them, Shadow the Weasel and Billy Mink. Even Buster Bear hunts Whitefoot when he has nothing else on his mind. Do you wonder that Whitefoot is very shy, very timid, and always ready to run and run and hide at the least sound?

On the day when Buster Bear had twice been frightened by Farmer Brown's Boy, and really had no cause for being frightened, Whitefoot had himself twice been badly frightened, but, unlike Buster, he had had real cause for fright. Once he had failed to see Redtail the Hawk watching from the top of a tree and had ventured out for a bite to eat. Redtail's great claws had missed him by so little that it was five minutes before Whitefoot could make himself believe that he really was safe. Once Billy Mink had chased him into a hole just a wee bit too small for Billy to follow. Both times Whitefoot

had been terribly frightened, but in a little while he had forgotten his fright. He was used to such frights. They happened every day of his life. Once they were over there was no use in thinking about them. He had escaped, for which he was duly thankful, so why think about them?

Just at dusk, when the Black Shadows were beginning to creep through the Green Forest, he went out again. This is the time of day Whitefoot loves best, and in which he feels safest. It is a little too late for Redtail and the other hawks to be hunting, and a little too early for Hooty the Owl to be abroad. It is his play time. So Whitefoot ran about and frolicked all by himself and was quite as happy as if there were no such things as hungry neighbors with a liking for tender wood mice.

Suddenly he heard heavy steps approaching and dodged under an old piece of bark. Nearer came those steps and Whitefoot held his breath. Peeping out he saw Buster Bear. Right away he noticed that something was wrong with Buster. He kept turning his head from side to side and looking behind him uneasily. All the time he kept sniffing and sniffing, but when he did this he held his head high.

Whitefoot gave the tiniest sigh of relief. “He isn’t looking for me, that is sure,” thought he. “If he was he would be sniffing along the ground instead of up in the air. I wonder what ails him, anyway. He acts as if he were afraid.”

Buster passed so close that he almost stepped on that piece of bark under which Whitefoot was hiding, and Whitefoot held his breath. The instant Buster was past Whitefoot decided that it was no place for him. Buster might take it into his head to come back. Just a few feet away was the entrance to a secret little tunnel. He would be safer there. Whitefoot darted out from under the piece of bark and scurried across to the secret tunnel, and as he did so his scampering little feet rustled some dead leaves. Then then a surprising thing happened.

With a frightened “Woof!” Buster Bear gave a great jump and ran away. Whitefoot could hardly believe what his eyes told him to be true. He, little Whitefoot the Wood Mouse, had frightened great, big Buster Bear and made him run! A few minutes later he saw Buster come back very stealthily with a sheepish look on his face, and he knew that Buster had guessed who had frightened him, and he was wise enough to remain hidden. But all the rest of that night he chuckled happily every time he thought of how he actually had frightened Buster Bear. You see he didn’t know about the other frights Buster had had that day, and how jumpy they had left his nerves.

STORY 1411. August 17, 1916

Whitefoot Tells Timmy the Flying Squirrel

Some things there are we cannot keep,
Like those o’er which we laugh or weep.

Whitefoot the Wood Mouse kept to himself just as long as he could the wonderful fact that he had frightened Buster Bear and made him run. I suspect that one reason he kept it to himself was that he knew that no one would believe him if he told it. It was

absurd to ask anyone to believe that he, tiny, timid Whitefoot, actually had made great, big Buster Bear run away.

"I wouldn't believe it myself if I didn't know it was so," thought Whitefoot. "It isn't the least use in the world to tell anyone. It will only get me laughed at. I'll just keep it to myself and enjoy it."

But Whitefoot just couldn't do that. He had to tell someone. You see it is this way with most folks. There is a great deal of pleasure in knowing that you have done a big thing, but there is a great deal more pleasure in having other people know it. That was the way Whitefoot the Wood Mouse felt. He was tickled almost to death over what he had done, but he wanted others to know of it. He knew that all his friends and neighbors looked on him as too small and timid to frighten anything bigger than a good-sized fly. And yet he had frightened the biggest, strongest, most looked-up-to person in the Green Forest. Do you wonder that he wanted to tell about it?

He kept his tongue still as long as he could, but when Timmy the Flying Squirrel, who is one of Whitefoot's particular friends, wanted to know what was making him so happy, he couldn't keep it to himself another minute.

"It's a joke, a great joke," replied Whitefoot.

"All right, tell me what it is. I like jokes, and no one who knows a good joke has any business to keep it to himself; it's selfish. That's what it is—selfish," said Timmy. "You don't want to be selfish, do you, Whitefoot?"

"No," retorted Whitefoot promptly. "I don't want to be selfish. But if I should tell you this joke you wouldn't believe it, and I guess I'd rather be thought selfish than one who tells untruths."

"But I would believe it," insisted Timmy. "Haven't you and I always been the best of friends?" Whitefoot nodded and Timmy continued, "Then why should you think that I won't believe you if you tell me the joke?"

"Because it is too big a joke for anybody to believe. It is all I can do to believe it myself," replied Whitefoot. All the time he was just itching to tell.

"I'll believe it," declared Timmy. "You ought to know me well enough by this time, Whitefoot, to know that I wouldn't doubt your word. I would believe anything you told me if you said it was true. I don't think it is treating an old friend very nice to keep a good joke all to yourself. I wouldn't treat you that way. I don't believe your old joke is much anyway. I'm going. Good-by."

"Wait a minute, Timmy! I'll tell you the joke, only you mustn't tell anybody else because I don't want everybody laughing at me," cried Whitefoot.

Timmy didn't stop. He ran swiftly up to the top of a tall tree, jumped and sailed down through the moonlight to the foot of another tree more than a hundred feet away. It was more like flying than jumping, but it wasn't flying. He scampered up this three and jumped again. Whitefoot could see him no more. He choked down a little sigh, partly of envy of Timmy and partly of disappointment that Timmy wouldn't stay. For a

few minutes he sat right where he was. Then he made up his mind to go home. He was just ready to start when there was a soft thump on the stump on which he was sitting.

"Now tell me that joke," said Timmy the Flying Squirrel, for it was he who had made that thump as he landed close beside Whitefoot after sailing down unseen from the top of a tall tree.

Whitefoot did. He told how he had frightened Buster Bear and made him run. Timmy stared at Whitefoot with his great, soft, gentle eyes and then when Whitefoot had finished, burst out laughing. Whitefoot laughed too. "It's a great joke, isn't it?" said he.

"It's a great joke that you actually think that you frightened Buster Bear," replied Timmy. "That is the best joke I've heard for a long time."

It was quite clear that Timmy didn't believe Whitefoot's story after all.

STORY 1412. August 18, 1916

Whitefoot the Wood Mouse is Laughed at

There's nothing makes one feel so small
As laughter; nothing else at all.

Whitefoot the Wood Mouse feels very small anyway. He is small. He is one of the very smallest of all the little people in the Green Forest. That is why he is so timid. But now he felt smaller than ever. Yes, sir, he felt smaller than ever, and all because he was being laughed at. Friends and enemies alike were laughing at him. Wherever he went he heard their laughter. You see, Timmy the Flying Squirrel, one of Whitefoot's best friends, hadn't been able to keep the joke Whitefoot had told him of how he had frightened Buster Bear and made him run. He had meant to keep it, but somehow it had slipped out, and once out it had traveled all through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows until everyone had heard it.

And every one took it exactly as Timmy had taken it. That is, no one saw it as a joke on Buster Bear, for the simple reason that no one believed that Whitefoot had scared Buster Bear at all. But they did believe that Whitefoot believed that he had, and to them this was the real joke. It was too funny that timid, tiny Whitefoot should actually believe that he had made Buster Bear run. It was the best joke of the season. They teased him about it. At first Whitefoot grew very angry whenever one of his neighbors would joke him about it. He would insist that it was so, and this made it all the funnier to everybody but Whitefoot himself.

Poor Whitefoot. How he did wish that he had kept his secret all to himself. He felt that everything was all wrong. It should be Buster Bear who was being laughed at and not himself.

It got so that he never showed himself when he could help it, not even to those whom he used to think were his best friends. But even then, he couldn't get away from it. You know laughter is one of the hardest things in the world to get away from. The

other little people would come over where he lived, and though he was hidden where they couldn't see him, they knew that he could hear them, and they would say things to tease him—things that would make him grind his little teeth in rage. Sammy Jay would stop in a tree over-head and scream:

"'Tis here that Whitefoot lives. Beware! He frightens even Buster Bear!"

Then Sammy would fly away screaming as if in great fright.

When Whitefoot just happened to meet Happy Jack Squirrel, what did Happy Jack do but scramble up a tree as fast as he could go, as if terribly afraid. "Please don't hurt me, Whitefoot," he begged, and then scampered away through the treetops, chuckling as hard as he could.

Reddy Fox, than whom Whitefoot fears no one more unless it is Shadow the Weasel, met Bobby Coon close by Whitefoot's house. Reddy was walking as softly as he knows how and was looking from side to side as if very anxious.

"You seem to fear something, Reddy," said Bobby Coon.

"Sh-h-h!" replied Reddy. "That terrible chaser of bears lives around here somewhere, and he may hear us. We are not safe here.".

Then the two scamps took to their heels as if frightened half to death.

Unc' Billy Possum came along talking to himself.

"Ah reckon Ah better hurry past here," said he. "Ah don' feel safe no way. Brer Whitefoot might make a mistake and take me for Brer Bear. Yes, sah, Ah reckon Ah better hurry." Then he went off chuckling.

And so it was with all the little people of the Green Forest. If one of them caught sight of Whitefoot he was sure to hear: "Look out! Here comes Terrible Whitefoot the bear chaser!" or something like that. It was the best joke of the Summer, and they were making the most of it. Not one of them thought how it hurt Whitefoot They didn't mean to be cruel. It was all fun to them, but it wasn't fun at all to him. He was miserable, more miserable than he ever had been in his whole life before. He couldn't sleep for thinking about it. He lost his appetite. And there was nothing he could do about it.

STORY 1413. August 19, 1916

The Real Bigness of Buster Bear

Buster Bear is big. Everybody knows that. He is the biggest of all the people in the Green Forest. Only in the Great Woods is there any one bigger—Flathorns the Moose. But people may be very big and at the same time very small. Did you know this? They may, in fact, some of the biggest people are the smallest. They are big in body, but small in nature, small in heart and feelings, doers of mean things. And by the same rule some small people really are very big people.

Now, as I have said, Buster Bear is very big, but no one knew how big he was until Whitefoot the Wood Mouse found it out. You know how tiny Whitefoot is. He isn't so

very much bigger than one of Buster's toes. Beside him Buster is a tremendous giant. Yet once, as you and I know, Whitefoot actually frightened Buster and made him run. That was because Buster had already been badly frightened by Farmer Brown's Boy and his nerves were very jumpy. But when Whitefoot told how he had made Buster run no one believed him. They believed that Whitefoot thought he had frightened Buster, and this seemed to them the greatest joke ever was. And so they all teased Whitefoot by laughing at him and pretending that they were terribly afraid of him until Whitefoot was so miserable that he lost his appetite and couldn't sleep. You know there is nothing hurts quite so much as being made fun of and laughed at.

Of course in time Buster heard about it and he laughed, too. He knew that Whitefoot's story was true, but he didn't let on. You see he knew that if he did the laugh would be on him, and he didn't want to be laughed at any more than did Whitefoot. But it didn't once enter his head that Whitefoot was feeling so badly about it until one day he happened over near Whitefoot's house. Suddenly he heard a little squeaky voice say:

"O, dear! O, dear! I wish I were dead! I do. I wish I were dead."

Buster stopped short and looked up with a funny look of surprise on his face. There, looking out of a little round hole near the top of a small stump, sat Whitefoot the Wood Mouse, and it was very clear that Whitefoot was so busy feeling sorry for himself that he hadn't seen Buster Bear at all.

"Woof, woof! What is all this?" demanded Buster in his deep, rumbly-grumbly voice.

With a little squeal of fright Whitefoot dodged back out of sight, but in a minute he popped out again. "It's all your fault," he sobbed. "I wish I were dead. I've half a mind to come down right now and let you catch me."

Wrinkles of sheer good nature made puckers around Buster's eyes. "I wouldn't do that," said he mildly. "I'm not feeling hungry for mouse just now, and I would rather have you wait until I am. Now, you little pinch of fur and bones, what ails you, and what is it that is my fault?"

Whitefoot looked down into the good-natured face looking up at him. He felt that he had just got to tell someone his troubles, and it might as well be Buster Bear as anyone else. Besides, Buster was to blame for it all, anyway. If Buster hadn't run away that time, he, Whitefoot, wouldn't be the laughing stock of all the Green Forest. So Whitefoot began at the beginning and told Buster how he had seen Buster run that day when he had rustled the dead leaves right behind Buster, of how he had told it as a joke, and how no one had believed him, but ever since then had teased him and laughed at him."

Buster's face grew sober as he listened. Suddenly he realized what it must have meant to little Whitefoot to feel that he had frightened him, had actually made him run, and then what it must mean to have no one believe it, but instead to laugh at him and make fun of him for believing it himself.

"Don't you feel bad anymore," said he gruffly. "I'll fix it so that no one will laugh

Illustrations. August 14 to August 19, 1916.

1408. An Exciting Minute
Buster Bear was splashing through the rushes on the other side of the pond.

1409. Poor Jumpy Buster Bear
So all the rest of the afternoon, Buster wandered from place to place.

1410. The Wood Mouse Makes Buster Bear Run
With a frightened "Woof" Buster Bear gave a great jump and ran away.

1411. Whitefoot Tells Timmy the Flying Squirrel
"It's a joke, a great joke," replied Whitefoot.

1412. Whitefoot the Wood Mouse is Laughed at
"Ah reckon Ah better hurry past here," said he.

1413. The Real Bigness of Buster Bear
"Woof, Woof! What is all this?" demanded Buster Bear in his rumbly-grumbly voice.

at you or make fun of you anymore."

And Buster Bear was as good as his word. He went all through the Green Forest telling everyone he met that it was true that he had run from Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. It was a hard thing to do because then everyone laughed at him, but he did it. And this shows how really big Buster Bear is. He did a great big thing for tiny Whitefoot. He showed that he has just as big a heart as he has body. So Whitefoot became something of a hero. Folks stopped teasing him and teased Buster Bear instead. But down in their hearts they thought more of Buster Bear than ever before. As for Whitefoot, he was as happy as he had been miserable.

STORY 1414. August 21, 1916

A Lone Fisherman

Who watchful waits and patience keeps.
Is sure to dine before he sleeps.

Longlegs the Blue Heron said this over to himself again and again just to keep his courage up. He needed to, for he was hungry and all the time growing hungrier. He was standing among the bulrushes on the edge of the Smiling Pool. He had been standing there for ever and ever so long. You know Longlegs is a fisherman, a famous fisherman, and long ago learned that the greatest virtue a fisherman can possess is patience. So ever since he was a little fellow Longlegs has trained himself to be patient.

This particular morning, he had arrived at the Smiling Pool a wee bit later than usual. Just before he arrived Plunger the Fish Hawk had chanced that way and had seen a tempting fish in the Smiling Pool. He had shot down out of the sky into the Smiling Pool with a great splash which had given all the fish, big and little, a great fright. Then he had flown away and taken with him that tempting fish which had led him to make the plunge. Hardly had the ripples he had made when he plunged into the water disappeared when Longlegs arrived. There was nothing to show that anything had happened there in the Smiling Pool, and Longlegs didn't have the least doubt that he would soon catch a good breakfast. If he had known about Plunger the Fish Hawk he would have tried his luck somewhere else. But he didn't know, and no one told him.

"It is no business of mine," said Jerry Muskrat to himself as he watched Longlegs drop his long legs, close his wings, and take his stand among the bulrushes, "but if I know anything about it he is going to wait a long time for his breakfast unless some foolish pollywogs happen his way, and I suspect that Grandfather Frog will see that they don't."

Jerry was quite right about Grandfather Frog. Plunger had frightened him quite as much as he had frightened the fish, and he had dived head-long from his big green lily pad. When he cautiously poked his head out of water again it was just in time to see Longlegs arrive. He knew what Longlegs had come for. He had no fear for himself because the water was so deep where his big green lily pad grew that Longlegs couldn't wade near enough to reach him, but he was worried on account of his children and

grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who are sometimes called pollywogs and sometimes tadpoles. He knew that they dearly love to play among the bulrushes.

"I'll have to keep them away from there," he grumbled and once more disappeared. He passed the word along to all the pollywogs that if they wanted to grow up to be respectable and respected Frogs they must keep away from the bull-rushes that morning and find some other place to play. Then he climbed up on his big, green lily pad to watch for foolish green flies and keep an eye on Longlegs the Heron.

It was some time before Longlegs suspected that anything was wrong. He just concluded that he had been seen when he arrived. He counted on this being forgotten if he kept perfectly still. He knows how easy it is to forget.

"If I keep perfectly still those who saw me come will forget all about it or else think that I have gone away," thought he. So he stood among the bulrushes without moving for the longest time. Had you seen him there you might have thought him asleep unless you had happened to see his eyes. There was nothing sleepy about these. They were very very bright and keen as they watched for some sign of careless minnows or heedless pollywogs.

So Longlegs stood among the bulrushes and waited and waited, a perfect image of patience, all the time growing hungrier and hungrier. Not a single silvery gleam of a minnow, not the wriggle of a pollywog's tail did he see. It was strange, very strange. He was tempted to give up and try his luck somewhere else, but he remembered that patience is almost sure to be rewarded sooner or later, and so he waited and kept on waiting like the good fisherman that he is. And at last his patience was rewarded. He saw a school of little minnows playing about and coming nearer and nearer to the bulrushes. Longlegs' eyes sparkled and once more he repeated that little verse:

Who watchful waits and patience keeps
Is sure to dine before he sleeps.

STORY 1415. August 22, 1916

Longlegs' Breakfast is Snatched Away

Don't count your chickens till they're hatched,
  Nor eat your dinner till you get it.
Don't try to fly till you get wings,
  Nor wash your face until you wet it.

Longlegs the Heron stood among the rushes on the edge of the Smiling Pool and his eyes were bright with joy. Just a little way out in front of him a school of minnows were at play, and little by little they were drawing nearer and nearer. Longlegs knows all about minnows. He knows just how heedless and careless they are when at play, and he knows that they dearly love to play among the bull-rushes. You see, when Longlegs isn't about, they are safer there than anywhere else, and they know it. Out in the deep water live big fish, who are quite as fond of minnows as is Longlegs himself, but where the bull-rushes grow the water is very shallow. It is not deep enough for the big fish,

but plenty deep enough for little minnows. Then, too, there is always plenty to eat there.

So Longlegs felt sure that these minnows he was watching would soon come swimming around his very feet, for he knew that they did not know that he was there. He had waited so long that his stomach was so empty that he felt as if the bottom was dropping out of it. Not so much as a single polly-wog had shown itself. This was because Grandfather Frog had seen Longlegs when he arrived and had warned the pollywogs to keep away from where he was. You know the pollywogs are Grandfather Frog's children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. So when at last Longlegs saw those minnows he was happy. He felt absolutely sure of at least one of them, and he meant to pick out the biggest and fattest.

Now, it is one of the laws of the Great World that no one can be sure of a thing until he has it. People think they are sure of things. Buster Bear thought he was sure of all the honey in Busy Bee's storehouse, but you remember what happened. He had eaten but half of it when Farmer Brown's Boy gave him such a fright that he ran away, leaving the other half. More than once Reddy Fox has thought he was sure of catching Peter Rabbit, only to have Peter get away most unexpectedly. Then there was a time when little Mr. Striped Snake caught one of the children of Stickytoes the Tree Toad and had already begun to swallow him. He had every reason to think that he was sure of little Stickytoes, but along come Farmer Brown's Boy and made him cough up little Stickytoes.[28] So you see it is of no use to even think you are sure of anything until you have it where it cannot get away from you. The only time you can be sure of a dinner is when it is in your stomach.

Longlegs knew this. Anyway he ought to have known it. But the fact, the plain fact, remains that he thought he was sure of one of those minnows. He could almost feel the comfortable sensation of one of them wriggling down his long throat to his empty stomach. Nearer the careless minnows came, and nearer. The head of Longlegs was drawn back ready to be shot forward with the speed of lightning. The biggest, fattest minnow was lazily swimming straight toward him and was almost within reach.

Right then something happened. Out from the Big Hickory Tree on the bank of the Smiling Pool flew another fisherman. He was not very big. He wore a pointed cap which made his head look too big for his body, and he was modestly but handsomely dressed in blue and gray and white. Straight out right over that school of minnows he flew, and for just a second seemed to stand still in the air. Then he closed his wings and shot down. There was a silvery splash and then up he came with the biggest, fattest minnow in his stout bill. With a harsh rattling cry of triumph he flew back to the Big Hickory Tree, where he thumped the minnow on a branch and then began to gulp it down head first. It was Rattles the Kingfisher.

Of course all the other minnows darted away in great fright, while poor Longlegs could only stare across at that breakfast he had thought he was so sure of, and which was now going down the throat of Rattles the Kingfisher.

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STORY 1416. August 23, 1916

Longlegs Calls Rattles a Thief

The reckless tongue is quite the worst
Of all the things I know.
So watch your tongue and guard your tongue,
And let your tongue be slow.

A quick tongue is apt to be a reckless tongue, and a reckless tongue is one that says things without stopping to think if they be true or of what harm they may do by being repeated. The tongues of some people seem to be reckless all the time. Gossipy tongues become reckless when their owners lose their tempers. It was this way with the tongue of Longlegs the Heron that beautiful Summer day. Longlegs lost his temper and then he said things which he wouldn't have said if he had stopped to think.

You see Longlegs was very hungry and he had waited patiently for a long, long time for his breakfast. You know Longlegs is a fisherman, and he is one of those who wait for their meals to come to them instead of going after them. Little Joe Otter is a fisherman, but he is the other kind. He is such a famous swimmer that he can chase and catch fish. Longlegs isn't a swimmer at all, so he has to wait for the fish to swim near enough to where he is standing for him to catch one by darting his long neck downward like lightning and snapping up the fish in his great spear-like bill.

So on this particular morning when Longlegs had waited and waited so patiently and at last a school of minnows had come swimming in almost within reach, it had been more than he could stand to have Rattles the Kingfisher suddenly dart down and seize the very biggest, fattest minnow which Longlegs had counted as surely his, at the same time frightening away all the other minnows.

"You're a thief!" he screamed at Rattles. "You're a robber! That was MY fish!"

Rattles the Kingfisher chuckled. It wasn't a pleasant chuckle to hear because Rattles hasn't a pleasant voice. In fact it is a very unpleasant voice. He didn't reply at once because he was too busy swallowing that big, fat minnow. It was so big that it stuck in his throat, and he had to twist and squirm and wriggle and gulp and gasp to get it down. But at last it was down. Then he looked across at Longlegs and chuckled again

"If it was yours, why didn't you catch it?" he asked. "I didn't even know you were over there. Not that it would have made any difference," he added with another harsh chuckle, "for fish belong to whoever can catch them, and that that minnow didn't belong to you because you hadn't caught it."

"It did too!" retorted Longlegs, and his voice was as harsh as Rattle's voice. "I was just going to catch it when you stole it. You're a thief. I tell you. I'm going to tell everybody that you're a thief. You stole my breakfast!"

Rattles chuckled again. You see, having that big fat minnow in his stomach he simply couldn't lose his temper. You know temper is very largely a matter of an empty or a full stomach. The stomach of Longlegs was empty and so his temper was very,

very bad, while the stomach of Rattles was full, and so his temper was very, very good.

"Go ahead! Go ahead, Longlegs!" said he. "You tell everybody that I'm a thief, and I'll tell everybody that you are a long-legged, long-necked, cross-grained, bad-tempered, lazy do-nothing, who waits for his meals to come to him instead of going after them. Everybody knows that I never stole anything in my life, and everybody knows that you are just what I have said you are. It is true I haven't many friends, but it is because I don't want them. But it is just as true that you haven't either. It is easy enough to call names, and I guess I can do that as well as you can. So go ahead. Calling me a thief doesn't make me one, and you know as well as I do that that minnow didn't belong to anybody until it was caught. Just to pay you for losing your temper, I'm going to stay right here by the Smiling Pool, and you ought to know, if you don't, that I can beat you fishing every time. If you'll take my advice you'll go over to the Big River. You'll fill your stomach sooner there, and then you'll feel better."

Longlegs opened his mouth for an angry retort, then closed it without saying a word. He knew that what Rattles said was true, and to tell the truth he was a wee bit ashamed. Finally he spread his big wings and flapped away in the direction of the Big River. Rattles the Kingfisher chuckled noisily. Then he fixed his bright eyes on the Smiling Pool to watch for minnows.

STORY 1417. August 24, 1916

Why Rattles the Kingfisher is Let Alone

No one has much of anything to do with Rattles the Kingfisher. He and Mrs. Rattles live their lives quiet by themselves. Others of the little feathered people are very social, and you often find them together. Many of them are close neighbors in the Old Orchard, and when the time comes for the long journey to the far away sunny Southland a great many of them take the journey together, and the same thing is true when they come back in the Spring. But the Rattles family is not social. Mr. and Mrs. Rattles always are found by themselves, and if the truth must be told, they seem to prefer it that way.

Now I suspect that it is partly because they want to be alone and partly because the other birds will have nothing to do with them. And the reason that they will have nothing to do with Rattles is because they do not understand him. In the first place he isn't at all like other birds save that he wears a feathered coat and flies. He perches in trees, but never walks or hops about on the ground. Yet he makes his home IN the ground, a thing that no self-respecting bird does save one other, a cousin of Skimmer the Swallow.

Pert little Jenny Wren, the gossip of the Old Orchard, happened to hear his harsh rattle as he flew over the Old Orchard one day. It set her gossipy little tongue to going as only it can go. There isn't any tongue that can wag faster than that of Jenny Wren.

"Just hear that noisy fellow," said she. "I don't wonder he and Mrs. Rattles want to live by themselves. If I had a voice like that, I would want to do the same thing. Did

you ever hear such a voice? Is it awful? He can't sing a single note, and I've heard say that when he makes love to Mrs. Rattles, he doesn't have a single soft note. Blacky the Crow has a harsh enough voice, goodness knows, but he can soften it when he wants to. The same thing is true of Sammy Jay. He screams most of the time, but sometimes his voice is really beautiful. There must be something wrong with any one whose voice is always as hard as that of Rattles. And then, too, his head is too big for his body. I never could hear people with big heads."

"But you will have to admit that Rattles has a handsome coat even if he hasn't a fine voice," spoke up Welcome Robin with a sly wink to Goldie the Oriole. You know Jenny Wren has a very sober coat, a plain little brown coat.

Jenny tossed her head and jerked her tail. "Fine clothes never make fine people," she snapped. "I would rather have a fine voice than voice than a fine coat. Rattles has rather a good looking coat, though I don't know as I would call it handsome. He needs something good. I'm told his home smells something awful. But what could you expect of any one who lives in a hole in the ground and eats nothing but fish?"

"I live in a hole in the ground, and I know a good many others who do the same thing, and let me tell you that our houses are as neat and clean and sweet as those of people who live in holes in trees," spoke up Johnny Chuck, who had been listening. "For my part I think Rattles the Kingfisher has more sense than some people I could mention, if it is true that he makes his home in a hole in the ground."

"That is all right for you folks who cannot fly," retorted Jenny Wren sharply, but for a bird—Bah! It gives me the feeling that he is only half bird. And they say that he makes his nest of fish bones! Did you ever hear of anything like that? No self-respecting bird will have anything to do with another who lives in a hole in the ground and uses fish bones for a nest. Fish bones! Think of it!"

"I don't know that that is any worse than using Mr. Blacksnake's old clothes to line a nest with, and that is what Cresty the Flycatcher does," said Chatterer the Red Squirrel, who had been listening.

"Certainly it is!" snapped Jenny Wren. "And then think how the place smells!" And so Jenny Wren chattered on and on, and the other birds said little. But it was so clear to Johnny Chuck that they agreed with Jenny Wren. They didn't like Rattles the Kingfisher, and all because he didn't live as they did.

STORY 1418. August 25, 1916

The Home of Rattles the Kingfisher

When Peter Rabbit first heard that Rattles the Kingfisher's house was a hole in the ground he didn't believe it. No, sir, Peter didn't believe it. He knew that some of his feathered friends built their homes on the ground, Mrs. Grouse, for instance, and Bob White, and Carol the Meadow Lark, but he just couldn't imagine a real bird living in the ground. Johnny Chuck told him about it. Johnny had heard the feathered folks of the Old Orchard talking about it.

"I'll believe it when I see it," declared Peter.

You know a great many people are like Peter, in that they must see a thing in order to believe it. So Peter refused to believe that Rattles the Kingfisher actually makes his home in the ground, but his curiosity was aroused and once Peter's curiosity is aroused he has no peace and he gives his friends no peace until it has been satisfied. So the first chance Peter got he hurried over to the Smiling Pool. He knew that Rattles spends most of his time there or along the Laughing Brook, or over by the Big River, and he knew that the other people who live there must know something about him. Grandfather Frog was sitting on his big, green lily pad watching for foolish green flies. Peter has a great deal of respect for Grandfather Frog, who is accounted very old and very wise. He waited until Grandfather Frog had caught several foolish green flies, for he had learned by experience that Grandfather Frog was a great deal more likely to answer questions when his stomach was full. When he thought that it was wise to do so he ventured a question.

"If you please, Grandfather Frog, where does Rattles the Kingfisher make his home?" asked Peter in his most polite manner.

"Chug-a-rum! How should I know?" replied Grandfather Frog gruffly.

"Because you are so wise that you know everything," said Peter.

"No such thing. No such thing. Nobody knows everything," retorted Grandfather Frog, still speaking gruffly, but it was plain to be seen that he was a wee bit flattered.

"Well, you know so much that it amounts to the same thing," declared Peter. "I have heard such a queer thing about Rattles the Kingfisher that I can't believe it. I guess it is just gossip among the other birds, who don't seem to like Rattles very well."

"What is it you have heard?" demanded Grandfather Frog.

"That Rattles makes his home in a hole in the ground," replied Peter.

"Well, I don't see anything hard to believe about that," grunted Grandfather Frog. "Why shouldn't he live in a hole in the ground?"

"Why, because he is a bird," replied Peter.

"Chatterer the Red Squirrel lives in a hole in a tree, doesn't he? And Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel builds a nest in the top of a tree, doesn't he?" asked Grandfather Frog.

"Ye-s," replied Peter slowly, trying to see what Grandfather Frog was driving at.

"Well, they are not birds; they are animals. If they make their homes in the trees why should not birds make their homes in the ground?" continued Grandfather Frog.

This was too much for Peter. Why shouldn't they? There wasn't any reason why they shouldn't. "Then it IS true that Rattles makes his home in a hole in the ground!" cried Peter.

"Of course it is true," replied Grandfather Frog gruffly. "There isn't any reason in

the world why it shouldn't be true. Rattles is a bird of sense."

"Where is it," asked Peter eagerly.

"That is none of my business, nor is it any business of yours," declared Grandfather Frog. "I never have asked Rattles where it is, and if I knew I wouldn't tell you. I never pry into other people's secrets, and if you will take my advice, you won't, either. No good ever comes of it. Now run away and attend to your own affairs. I want to take a nap."

Peter knew that he had learned all he could from Grandfather Frog, so he thanked him and started off. But as he hopped along, lipperty-lipperty- lip, he was more curious than ever about the home of Rattles the Kingfisher, and he quite forgot Grandfather Frog's advice to mind his own business. He made up his mind that he would find the home of Rattles.

STORY 1419. August 26, 1916

Peter Rabbit Looks for the Home of Rattles

Peter Rabbit was both happy and unhappy. That is a funny way to be, isn't it? But it was true. He was happy because he was trying to satisfy his curiosity. He is always happy when he is trying to do this. And he was unhappy because he didn't know just how to go about it. You see he was trying to find the home of Rattles the Kingfisher, and he didn't know just where to look for it. He knew very little about Rattles, who lives very much by himself and has little to do with the rest of the Quaddies. Peter had been told that Rattles makes his home in a hole in the ground. At first he didn't believe it. The idea of a bird living in the ground! But when Grandfather Frog said that it was true Peter had to believe it because he has the greatest respect for what Grandfather Frog says. What Grandfather Frog doesn't know about his neighbors is hardly worth knowing, for he is very old and accounted very wise.

He had told Peter that he didn't know just where the home of Rattles was because it was none of his business, and that if he had known he wouldn't have told Peter because it was none of Peter's business. This was quite true, but I suspect that it made Peter all the more anxious to find that home. Peter is always interested in the affairs of other folks. He just cannot seem to help it. So he made up his mind to find the home of Rattles if it took him all Summer. He began to suspect that it might. Hunting for a particular hole in the ground without any idea where it was likely to be was a good deal like hunting for a needle in a haystack. You see there are so many holes in the ground, some in the Green Forest, some in the Green Meadows, some in the Old Orchard, some in the Old Pasture, some along the Laughing Brook, some around the Smiling Pool, and, though he had never been there, been there, he suspected that there were some along the Big River.

First Peter sat down and tried to remember all the holes of which he knew, and he knew of a great many. You know he makes use of holes to escape from his enemies, and so he makes it his business to know about all the holes where he is in the habit of going.

"It must be a hole that someone else has dug," thought Peter, "because however could a bird with such little feet as Rattles the Kingfisher has dig a hole; Of course it isn't a hole that anyone else is using, so it must be an old hole. I'll go visit all the old holes I know of."

Off he started, lipperty-lipperty-lip, to visit all the old holes he could remember on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest. He didn't once stop to think that never had he seen Rattles on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest, except along the Laughing Brook. If he had he would have saved himself a lot of trouble. But Peter is that way; he thinks of only one thing at a time. Just then it was holes in the ground. So he pretty nearly ran his legs off visiting all those old holes. Finally he just had to sit down and rest. He was tired and he was discouraged, but he was just as curious as ever, and he had no idea of giving up. Jimmy Skunk happened along just then. Although Peter didn't know it, Jimmy had been watching him for some time.

"Lost something?" inquired Jimmy.

Peter looked at Jimmy with such a look of surprise that Jimmy laughed right out. "No, I haven't lost anything. Why do you ask?" said Peter.

"You have been running about as if you were trying to find something, and so I thought you must have lost something," replied Jimmy, who didn't think anything of the kind, but said it just to find out what Peter would say.

For a few minutes Peter said nothing. He fairly ached to ask Jimmy if he knew where the home of Rattles was, but he was a little ashamed to. He knew that the chances were that Jimmy would tell him that it was none of his business. But at last, he decided to risk it.

"I've heard," sad he, "that Rattles the Kingfisher makes his home in a hole in the ground, and it seems such a funny thing for a bird to do that I have been visiting all the old holes I know of just to see if it is true, but I haven't found it yet. You don't happen to know where his home is, do you, Jimmy?"

"No," replied Jimmy, "and I don't want to know. But if I did, I wouldn't spend my time on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest. I'd look around those places where Rattles is most often seen. Did you ever see him very far from water?"

"No," confessed Peter. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, think about it now," replied Jimmy Skunk, and went on about his business.

STORY 1420. August 28, 1916

Peter takes Jimmy Skunk's Advice

What you don't think of, others may,
So lend a heedful ear.
The thing that most perplexes you
May thus be made quite clear.

Illustrations. August 21 to August 26, 1916.

1414. A Lone Fisherman
"It's no business of mine," said Jerry Muskrat.

1415. Longlegs' Breakfast is Snatched Away
Then he closed his wings and shot down.

1416. Longlegs Calls Rattles a Thief
Rattles the Kingfisher chuckled.

1417. Why Rattles the Kingfisher is Let Alone
Mr. and Mrs. Rattles are always found by themselves.

1418. The Home of Rattles the Kingfisher
"What is that you have heard?" demanded Grandfather Frog.

1419. Peter Rabbit Looks for the Home of Rattles
"No, I haven't lost anything. Why do you ask?" said Peter.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid!" exclaimed Peter Rabbit as he watched Jimmy Skunk out of sight. He didn't mean Jimmy; he meant himself. "Here I have been running my legs off trying to find the hole of Rattles the Kingfisher without once stopping to think that I never have seen him near the place where I have been looking.

Jimmy Skunk is right. He certainly is. The place to look for Rattles is near water. No one sees him anywhere else except when he is flying across from one body of water to another. Of course if he lives around the water he must have his home near it. That means it is somewhere along the Laughing Brook or near the Smiling Pool or over by the Big River.

"I wonder which place to visit first. Let me think! Let me think! I most often see him at or near the Smiling Pool. If his home was over near the Big River, I don't believe he would be at the Smiling Pool so much. Probably his home isn't far from there.

"I think I will visit the Smiling Pool and do a little watching. There is nothing like watching if you want to find out things about other people. It ought to have stayed there in the first place when I asked Grandfather Frog about Rattles and he refused to tell me anything, except that it is true that Rattles makes his home in the ground."

So Peter headed for the Smiling Pool once more. When he got there he sat down behind the Big Hickory Tree where Grandfather Frog could not see him. Somehow he didn't want Grandfather Frog to see him. He knew that Grandfather Frog was sharp enough to guess just why he was there, and after what Grandfather Frog had said about minding his own business Peter didn't feel just like being seen.

So he kept out of sight of the big lily-pad on which Grandfather Frog spends much of his time. It wasn't long before he heard the harsh rattling noise that Rattles the Kingfisher makes. He was coming up the Laughing Brook from below the Smiling Pool. Peter peeped out from behind the Big Hickory Tree and watched Rattles dive into the Smiling Pool and come up with a shining little minnow. Instead of flying over to the Big Hickory Tree and there swallowing the little fish, as Peter so often had seen him do, he turned and flew back down the Laughing Brook with it.

Peter scratched his head thoughtfully. "I wonder," thought he, "if that means that he has some babies at home and is taking that little fish to them. I wonder."

The more he wondered the more likely it seemed. He was still wondering when he heard that harsh rattle again, and there was Rattles the Kingfisher flying straight toward him. With a final rattle he perched in the Big Hickory Tree where he could see all over the Smiling Pool. There he waited and watched. Peter behind a big hickory tree waited and watched.

Presently Rattles darted out and down hung another little fish. Just as before, he paused for a paused for a moment in midair, and flew away down the Laughing Brook. Peter's heels fairly itched to follow along the bank, but he waited and tried to be patient. After a while back came Rattles and did the same thing all over again.

The last doubt in Peter's mind vanished. Rattles was taking those fish to his

children just as Welcome Robin takes worms to his children, and those children were somewhere down the Laughing Brook, and not so very far judging by the short time it took Rattles to go and come.

He, Peter, would go down the Laughing Brook a little way and hide where he could watch Rattles as he passed back and forth. He would find out that secret from Rattles himself. So the next time Rattles disappeared with a little fish Peter kicked up his heels and scampered along the bank down the Laughing Brook to look for a new hiding place.

STORY 1421. August 29, 1916

Peter Continues to be Patient

Patience is a virtue possessed by very few.
I try to cultivate it, and so, I hope, will you.

Peter Rabbit was cultivating it. To cultivate anything is to make it grow. Peter is naturally impatient when his curiosity is, aroused, and so he was finding it very hard work to cultivate patience when he wanted so much to find out where Rattles the Kingfisher had made his home.

But he was beginning to suspect that just as the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way to a given place, so the practice of patience is sometimes the quickest way of finding out a thing you want to know. So now as he lay in the long grass on the bank of the Laughing Brook a little way below the Smiling Pool watching Rattles pass up and down just above the water, he felt sure that he was doing the wisest thing.

When Rattles flew down the Laughing Brook he always had a minnow or a tiny trout in his big spear-like bill. When he flew past the Smiling Pool he carried nothing.

"Just as sure as Jenny Wren flirts her tail he takes those little fish home to his babies, and that means that his home is down the Laughing Brook still farther," muttered Peter. "I'll go a little farther down and watch again." So Peter did.

This time it was not nearly so long after Rattles disappeared with a fish till he flashed past on his way back to the Smiling Pool.

"That means that I am getting nearer," thought Peter. "It can't be very far from here. I'll go a little farther and wait again." So Peter waited until Rattles the Kingfisher had gone back to the Smiling Pool, and then scampered along down the bank of the Laughing Brook. This time he went farther than before, and once more hid in the long grass. He waited and waited and waited, but not a glimpse of Rattles did he get, although now and then he heard his harsh rattle farther up the Laughing Brook. After he had waited a long, long time, or at least what seemed to him a long, long time, he thought of something. It must be that he had passed the home of Rattles without knowing it. He had come too far. Yes, sir, that must be the reason that he no longer saw Rattles the Kingfisher coming and going. That home must be somewhere between the place where he had last hidden and the place where he was then hiding.

Once more Peter decided to change his hiding place. He poked his head out over the edge of the bank and looked up the Laughing Brook. A little way above was a bend in the Laughing Brook which shut off the view. From just beyond that came the sound of the unmusical voice of Rattles. "That's the place for me," thought Peter. "I'll hide just where I can see around that bend and see what I shall see."

Now all this time Peter hadn't once thought of how unfair it was to be spying on a neighbor in this way. He was just trying to satisfy his curiosity. He didn't once think that it was not the way one Quaddy should treat another Quaddy. So his conscience, which, you know, is that small voice inside, didn't bother him a bit as he hurried over to his new hiding place. There he could see above the bend in the Laughing Brook, and almost the first thing he noticed was a big sandy bank on the other side. But Peter had seen big sandy banks before, and he didn't think anything about this one. Then he saw Billy Mink swimming up the Laughing Brook. He was tempted to call Billy, but decided not to. It would be fun to watch Billy and see what he was up to. So Peter held his tongue and used his eyes instead.

Billy Mink seemed to be looking for something. As he swam along, he kept watching the banks of the Laughing Brook, first one and then the other. Where the water was deep, he swam, but where it was shallow he ran swiftly over the rocks or along the shore, every few steps stopping to look and to sniff. It was very clear that Billy was hunting for something. Suddenly a harsh rattle sounded from the direction of the Smiling Pool. Rattles the Kingfisher was coming. For a moment Peter forgot Billy Mink. When he thought of him again Billy had disappeared. You know Billy Mink can disappear the quickest of anyone unless it is Shadow the Weasel.

"Now where did he go?" muttered Peter, and then straightway forgot all about him as he saw Rattles the Kingfisher coming swiftly down the Laughing Brook with a little fish in his bill. Peter felt sure that at last his patience was to be rewarded.

STORY 1422. August 30, 1916

Peter Discovers the Secret of Rattles

Peter Rabbit was so excited that he almost forgot that he was spying and that if he showed himself, he might miss the very thing for which he had waited so long. There was Rattles the Kingfisher coming straight down the Laughing Brook with a minnow in his bill, and of course he was bringing it to his babies in their secret home! In a minute or two he, Peter, would know the secret!

In his excitement Peter started to sit up so as to see better. Just in time he remembered that he wasn't supposed to be there at all. If Rattles should see him, he certainly wouldn't go to his home in spite of the hungry babies Peter knew must be there waiting for a fish. He wouldn't be so foolish as to show where his home was by entering it when he knew that he was being watched. To do such a thing as that wouldn't be good sense.

So just in the very nick of time Peter ducked down among the grasses, and

peeping between them watched Rattles. He could see the sharp eyes of Rattles looking suspiciously at both banks as he came swiftly on. Peter knew without being told that Rattles was trying to make sure that no one was watching him, and he chuckled as he snuggled down a little closer to the warm earth among the grasses.

"I wonder what he would do and say if he knew he was being watched," thought he.

But Rattles didn't know, and he saw nothing to make him the least bit suspicious. He came straight on until he was right opposite the big sandbank across from Peter. Then he turned and flew straight toward it, and a second later had disappeared.

Peter couldn't believe it, but it was so. It seemed somehow as if that bank of sand had swallowed Rattles the Kingfisher. He had disappeared so quickly that Peter hadn't seen exactly where he did go. Peter raised his head and stared across at the sandbank. It was yellow and smooth, and nowhere could he see a hole.

"Great Jumping Jupiter!" exclaimed Peter, and rubbed his eyes that he might look better. But this didn't help him any. Rattles the Kingfisher had disappeared as completely as if he never had been.

Peter was still staring foolishly when he saw a few grains of sand trickle down from the very edge of the bank where some grass and weeds hung over the edge. Without thinking why he did it, he ducked down out of sight and then peering between the grasses watched the spot from which he had seen the sand trickle down.

Was there a dark spot there just below the edge of the bank half hidden by the grass and weeds? Peter blinked and started again. Yes, there certainly was a small dark spot there. Could it be a hole? It might be. Peter decided that he would watch it.

He didn't have to watch long. In fact, it was hardly a minute before he saw something move over there. He held his breath. Then what do you think he saw? Why he saw first a big stout spear-like bill thrust out and then a head with a queer rough topknot. It was the head of Rattles the Kingfisher! There was no doubt about this, for no one else has a head like his. For a moment Rattles was perfectly still, looking this way and looking that way up and down the Laughing Brook. Then, as if satisfied that no one saw him, he shot out into the air and was away toward the Laughing Brook, rattling as only he can rattle.

There was no doubt in Peter's mind now. He had found the home of Rattles and it was a hole in the ground, just as he had been told.

"I never!" exclaimed Peter as he sat up and stretched. "I never! Can you beat that? A real live bird living in a hole in the ground! I never!"

What more Peter might have said will never be known, for a movement down below in the Laughing Brook caught his attention. It was Billy Mink, and it was very clear that Billy had also discovered the home of Rattles the Kingfisher. His bright beady eyes were fixed on that hole in the bank, and he was swimming straight across to the shore just below. Peter wondered what would happen next.

STORY 1423. August 31, 1916

Peter Rabbit Worries

Peter Rabbit had a queer feeling inside. Yes, sir, he did. It wasn't a comfortable feeling. It was the feeling that he was going to see something dreadful happen, something which he couldn't stop, no matter how much he wanted to.

You see from where he was sitting on the bank of the Laughing Brook below the Smiling Pool he looked right across to a big sandbank near the top of which was a hole which was the entrance to the home of Rattles the Kingfisher, and right down below him in the Laughing Brook was Billy Mink swimming straight across with his beady little eyes fixed on the doorway. He was swimming very fast, was Billy Mink, as if in a great hurry.

Peter guessed why Billy was in such a hurry. He guessed that Billy had guessed that there were young kingfishers in that home in the sandbank, and that Billy, who has a liking for young birds, was in a hurry to get them for his dinner before Rattles, their father, should return from the Smiling Pool where he was fishing.

Now Peter never harms any one himself, and he cannot bear to think of anyone else being harmed, but he knows that Billy Mink cannot live on grass and vegetables and bark as he can. So he knew that Billy was doing nothing wrong in trying to get a dinner of those young Kingfishers.

He had been born a hunter, and he was simply obeying the natural instinct to fill his empty stomach. He was not breaking one of Old Mother Nature's laws. Billy Mink had simply been smart enough to do what Peter himself had done—find the home of Rattles the Kingfisher, and now it was for Rattles himself to protect his babies.

Still Peter wished with all his might that he could do something to those babies. If only Rattles would come back! He even thought of running with all his might up to the Smiling Pool and warning Rattles of the terrible danger which his babies were in, but he knew that by the time he could do this it would be too late. If only Rattles would return!

Billy had reached the shore and was standing perfectly still listening and sniffing. He took a step forward. At that very instant the harsh voice of Rattles sounded up the Laughing Brook. Like a flash Billy Mink turned and dived. Peter ducked out of sight with a sigh of relief. Down the Laughing Brook came Rattles with a tiny fish and vanished in the hole in the sandbank. There was nothing to warn him that anyone had been near.

It wasn't long before he was out again and off for another fish. The instant he was out of sight Billy Mink was once more at the foot of the foot of the sandbank. Where he had come from Peter didn't know. You know there is a saying that Billy Mink can hide in his own shadow. This time he promptly began to scramble up the bank. It was clear that he wanted to get those babies and get away before Rattles returned. Peter wished that something would happen to stop Billy. How he did wish it. But nothing did, save

that the sand was so loose that it kept slipping under Billy's feet, and he made slow work of climbing up to that hole.

But at last he reached it. He sniffed cautiously, and it seemed to Peter that he could almost see a smile of satisfaction cross Billy's sharp little brown face. Then Billy put his head inside and his body followed.

"O, dear! O, dear!" cried Peter. "O, dear! O, dear!" And big tears filled his eyes.

But Peter wept too soon.

STORY 1424. September 1, 1916

Billy Mink's Mistake

Peter Rabbit had been quite right about Billy Mink. Billy was hungry. He was especially hungry for a dinner of tender young birds. He had eaten fish until he felt as if he would turn into a fish himself. He was tired of fish and wanted a change.

I guess you know how he felt. No matter how fond of a thing we may be there comes a time when our stomachs grow tired of it. This is true even of candy and ice cream when we have had too much of them. And it was just that way with Billy Mink.

When he had started out that morning Billy had had no particular plan. He just trusted to luck to find something beside fish to eat. He had stopped at the Smiling Pool to pass the time of day with Jerry Muskrat, and it was while he was there that he had noticed Rattles the Kingfisher flying down the Laughing Brook with a tiny fish in his big bill.

It wasn't long before he was back watching for another fish, and when he caught it, he took it off down the Laughing Brook. This was enough for Billy Mink. He knew right away what it meant. It meant that somewhere down the Laughing Brook was a home with babies in it.

The very thought made Billy's mouth water. He cut his visit with Jerry Muskrat short and started down the Laughing Brook.

Now, unlike Peter Rabbit, Billy knew just what to look for, and where to look for it. He knew all about the ways of Rattles the Kingfisher, and just what kind of a place he would choose for a home, and he didn't have a doubt of being able to find it. But he took precious good care not to let Rattles the Kingfisher catch a glimpse of him. He knew that if Rattles once saw him going down the Laughing Brook he would mount guard over his home, and Billy was of no mind to face that sharp, spear-like bill which Rattles possesses. So whenever he heard Rattles coming Billy hid until the way was clear once more.

You remember that Billy was hiding right near the sand bank where Rattles had made his home at the time Peter Rabbit, watching from the opposite shore, discovered it. All that Peter saw Billy Mink saw too.

He saw the little hole close up under the edge of the high sand bank where the

grasses hung over and partly hid it. He saw Rattles go in and come out again. And when he swam across to the foot of the bank and tested the air with his keen little nose he smelled young kingfishers.

Before he had made up his mind just what to do, he heard Rattles returning, and once more hid. The instant Rattles departed again for another tiny fish for those hungry babies Billy scrambled up the bank. There was no time to lose. He wanted to get those babies and get away before Rattles should return. He had nothing to fear from the little kingfishers; they would be quite helpless and harmless.

So Billy scrambled up the sand bank and in the hole. The instant he put his head inside he forgot everything but the feast he would have, for his nose told him that way back at the end of a long hall was a nestful of young birds.

If he had stopped to smell a little more carefully that nose of his might have told him something else. But he was so eager that he didn't stop to find out all that his nose might have told him. That was where he made a mistake—a very great mistake. If he had heeded his nose, he would have remembered something which he had quite forgotten in his greedy haste.

He would have remembered that he hadn't seen anything of Mrs. Rattles, and Mrs. Rattles carries quite as big and sharp a bill as does Rattles himself.

But Billy had forgotten all about this, and in his greedy haste pushed on along that narrow hall where there wasn't room to turn around. It was a mistake, a very great mistake. Half way to the nest at the end of that long hall Billy found it out.

STORY 1425. September 2, 1916

Peter Rabbit Sees Things Happen

Peter Rabbit sat on the bank of the Laughing Brook staring across at a little, hole near the top of the big sandbank opposite. Billy Mink had just vanished in that hole and Peter knew why. He knew that that hole was the entrance to the home of Rattles the Kingfisher, and he knew that somewhere back beyond that entrance was a nest, and in it were the babies of Rattles. He knew, too, that it was for those babies that Billy Mink had entered that hole in the sandbank, that Billy meant to make a dinner of them.

Tears were in Peter's eyes as he stared across at that little hole, for there was nothing he could do to save those babies. He didn't want to stay, and yet somehow he couldn't make up his mind to go. He knew just how dreadfully Rattles would feel when he returned and found that hole empty, and it made his heart ache. So he sat staring at the hole in the bank across the Laughing Brook and wishing with all his might that there had been some way for him to save those baby kingfishers.

Suddenly he noticed sand begin to trickle down from the edge of that hole. First there was a little, then more and more. Strange noises reached him, smothered noises. There was an angry spitting sound and growls and little squeals of pain. No baby kingfishers ever made sounds like that.

What could it mean? Peter crept to the very edge of the bank and stared across with eyes that looked as if trying to pop right out of his head. He didn't have long to wait. More sand poured out of that hole, and then the tail of Billy Mink followed by Billy's long slim body. Billy Mink was backing out of that hole, and he was doing it in a hurry!

Just then there was a sharp rattle from up the Laughing Brook. Rattles the Kingfisher was bringing home another fish. He reached the sandbank just as Billy Mink was half way out of the hole. Dropping the little fish he had brought, Rattles shot down like a fury and his sharp bill struck Billy Mink, leaving a red mark where it had torn Billy's coat. Billy squealed and then he rolled over and over down that steep sandbank. He didn't stop to come down gracefully. No, sir, he just rolled over and over any way to get to the water.

Billy Mink was a sorry sight. He certainly was. His coat was torn and there were bright red marks on the top of his brown head where something sharp and stout had struck him. What that something was, Peter soon saw, for hardly was Billy out of that hole when the spear-like bill of Mrs. Rattles followed, and then she herself, as angry a kingfisher as ever was seen.

As Billy dived into the cool, welcome water of the Laughing Brook, both Rattles and Mrs. Rattles shot after him. But they were just too late. Then rattling excitedly, they hovered over the water waiting for Billy to show his head.

But he didn't show it. He knew all too well what was waiting for him. He swam under water until he could crawl out for air at a place where the bank overhung the water and he couldn't be seen. There he licked his wounds and then, whimpering softly, made his way down the Laughing Brook toward the Big River, taking the greatest care to keep out of sight. He had lost all appetite for young kingfishers.

As for Rattles and Mrs. Rattles, they flew about excitedly watching for Billy and ready to give him more punishment. At last when they were quite sure that he had left and there was no more danger, they flew to a little tree near Peter, and then how their tongues did fly as they talked it all over.

As for Peter, his heart fairly bounded with joy. The little kingfishers were safe after all. He, like Billy Mink, had forgotten all about Mrs. Rattles. He might have known that with babies there she would not be far away. As it happened, she was right in the nest with them as Billy Mink had found out to his sorrow.

Peter watched Mr. and Mrs. Rattles for a few minutes. Then he kicked up his heels and started for the dear Old Brier Patch to tell little Mrs. Peter all about it, and that it really is true, that Rattles the Kingfisher lives in a hole in the ground.

STORY 1426. September 4, 1916

Sooty the Chimney Swift

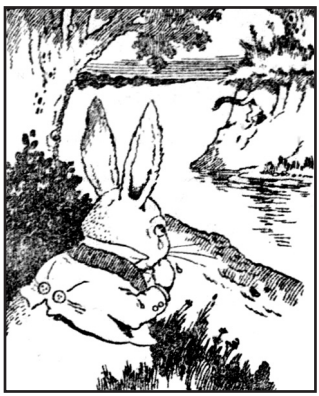
Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was just going to bed behind the Purple Hills as Peter

Illustrations. August 28 to September 2, 1916.

1420. Peter takes Jimmy Skunk's Advice
Peter peeped out from behind the Big Hickory and Watched Rattle's Dive.

1421. Peter Continues to be Patient
Peter felt that at last his patience was to be rewarded.

1422. Peter Discovers the Secret of Rattles
Then, as if satisfied that no one saw him, he shot out into the air.



1423. Peter Rabbit Worries
"Oh, Dear! Oh, Dear!" cried Peter.

1424. Billy Mink's Mistake
He had stopped to pass the time of day with Jerry Muskrat.

1425. Peter Rabbit Sees Things Happen
Billy squealed and then he rolled down that sandbank.

Rabbit stole into the Old Orchard. It was just that beautiful hour between daytime and nighttime, when the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest who have been busy all day are beginning to get drowsy and are thinking of going to bed, while those who have been sleeping all day are getting the sleepwinks out of their eyes and are thinking about filling empty stomachs. The Old Orchard always is very pleasant at this hour. Peter likes to steal up there and sit for a while near Johnny Chuck's doorstep to chat with Johnny Chuck while they watch the first of the Black Shadows steal among the trees and listen to the good-night twitters of the feathered folk and the beautiful evening song of Brownie the Thrush.

"Chitter-chitter-chitter-chit! Chitter-chitter-chitter-chit! Chit, chit, chit, chit!"

Peter put his head back to look up. Over the tops of the trees raced a black form, this way, that way, turning, wheeling and then with rapid wing-beats racing straight ahead, all the time shouting joyously. It was a bird. Of course, Flitter the Bat is the only animal who can fly, and he cannot fly anything like the darting little black form Peter was watching. It was Sooty the Swift.

Sooty gets more fun out of flying than anybody I know of," declared Peter. "Just listen to him! He shouts just for pure joy of using those queer little wings. I know how he feels. He feels just as I do when I race around and kick up my heels just for pure joy in being alive. Sometimes I wish I could shout then, but you know I can't because I haven't any voice for shouting. Just listen to Sooty! He isn't much to look at, but he seems to have more fun than any bird I know of unless it is Skimmer the Swallow, and then after all Sooty is a swallow himself."

"Huh!" It was Johnny Chuck. "Huh!" exclaimed Johnny again.

Peter turned to look at Johnny and was puzzled at the look of disgust on Johnny's face. "Huh!" exclaimed Johnny Chuck once more. "For a fellow who goes about as much as you do and pokes his nose into other people's affairs as much as you do, Peter Rabbit, you know mighty little about your neighbors. Whoever told you that Sooty is a swallow!"

"Why-why-why, I don't know that any one did," replied Peter slowly, looking more puzzled than ever. "I didn't have to be told. Anyone can see that he is a swallow, just to look at him."

"Huh!" Johnny Chuck seemed very fond of that exclamation. "I suppose any one can make themselves see what they want to see if they don't use their brains enough to find out about things. Sooty isn't a swallow, never was a swallow, and never will be a swallow. He belongs to another family altogether. He's a swift. That's what he is—a swift."

Peter didn't know just what to say. Johnny Chuck spoke as if he knew exactly what he was talking about, and Peter had to admit to himself that he really didn't know a thing about Sooty.

"Chitter-chitter-chitter-chit-chit!" Once more Sooty raced high overhead shouting joyously.

"He looks like a swallow, anyway," declared Peter, "but if you say he isn't one I suppose he isn't. If he is a swift he is well named, for he certainly is swift enough in the air. I guess I don't know much about him."

"I guess you don't," declared Johnny Chuck, "if you call him a swallow. The trouble with a lot of people is that they don't know anything about their neighbors and just guess at things. You've known Sooty by sight a long time, haven't you?"

"Ever since I can remember," replied Peter. "Summer wouldn't be Summer without Sooty cutting up and racing around up in the air. But I've never seen him close to or sitting still, and I've never thought much about him. He never before seemed to me very interesting."

"Huh!" exclaimed Johnny Chuck. "Everybody is interesting if you take the trouble to get acquainted."

STORY 1427. September 5, 1916

Peter Grows Curious About Sooty

Now, up to the time that Johnny Chuck had informed Peter Rabbit that Sooty the Swift was not a swallow at all, Peter had not been the least curious about Sooty. But the minute he found that he didn't know as much as he supposed he did about one of his neighbors, whom he saw every day in his life in Summer, he just bubbled over with curiosity. He asked questions so fast that Johnny Chuck suddenly decided that it was time to go to bed. He lived down his long hall, leaving Peter sitting alone on his doorstep, and the last thing he heard as he curled up in his snug bedroom, way down in the ground, was Peter's voice, asking wistfully, "Please, Johnny Chuck, where does Sooty live?"

But that was a question that Johnny left unanswered and, after a little, Peter made up his mind that there was no use in staying there. So he left Johnny Chuck's house and went on across the Old Orchard until he had reached a place where, by sitting up, he could peep over the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard and see Farmer Brown's house and a little of the dooryard. That great house and the things that went on in and around it always fascinated Peter. He often went to that particular place in the Old Orchard at that hour, just between daylight and dark, just to stare at Farmer Brown's house and Farmer Brown's boy doing his evening duties, and Black Pussy sitting on the doorstep, waiting for her supper, and Bowser the Hound thumping the ground with his tail every time his master spoke to him or passed close by him.

It was all very interesting to Peter and he never grew tired of it. Especially was he interested in that tail of Bowser's. He studied a great deal over that tail, or rather over the use Bowser made of it. If Bowser happened to be sitting or lying down when Farmer Brown's boy passed, he thumped the ground with it. If he happened to be standing, he wagged it from side to side.

Peter never could make out what it meant. The first time he had heard Bowser's tail thumping the ground he had thought that it was some kind of signal. You know,

Peter himself signals Mrs. Peter by thumping the ground with his feet. But there never was any answering signal, and, though he watched and watched, nothing ever happened. Finally Peter gave up trying to guess what it meant. You see, having no master himself, he couldn't know that it meant love.

But he never lost interest in watching, and so this evening, as soon as he peeped over the old wall, he quite forgot Sooty the Swift in watching Bowser and Black Pussy and Farmer Brown's boy. The Black Shadows were creeping everywhere very fast now. A soft dusk, which, you know, is the beginning of darkness, covered all things.

"Chitter- chitter-chitter-chit-chit!" The voice of Sooty the Swift shouted joyously from right above Peter and made him look up. He was just in time to see a swiftly-moving little black form race over straight toward Farmer Brown's house. It brought back to Peter all the curiosity which Johnny Chuck had awakened, and for a moment he forget everything else as he watched Sooty race through the air. Against the sky Peter could see Sooty very clearly.

Peter watched until Sooty was right over Farmer Brown's house. Then an astonishing thing happened. It seemed to Peter as if something happened to Sooty right in midair. One instant he was racing through the air as only Sooty can, and the next instant he seemed to be dropping straight down, fluttering queerly as if something had happened to his wings and he could no longer fly. Down, down, down he dropped and disappeared. He had fallen into the great chimney on the top of Farmer Brown's house! There wasn't any doubt about it. Peter had seen it happen with his own eyes.

It gave Peter a queer feeling. For a long time he waited to see if Sooty would come out again, but he didn't, and at last Peter was forced to believe that something had happened, and that never again would he see Sooty the Swift or hear Sooty's joyous voice. The thought made Peter feel bad. Somehow he wanted to get away from there. So with a last look he turned and hopped away through the Old Orchard, and his thoughts were all of Sooty the Swift and the dreadful thing he had seen happen. And with these sad thoughts was a renewed curiosity to know more about Sooty and how he had lived.

STORY 1428. September 6, 1916

Peter Tells What He Saw and is Laughed At

The very first chance Peter Rabbit got, he slipped up to the Old Orchard at break of day so as to be on hand when the feathered folks awoke. He was anxious to tell how he had seen Sooty the Swift fall down the chimney of Farmer Brown's house. He felt sure that no one else had seen it and so he was sure it would be news—sad news, but news just the same. You know, there is no one more eager to tell news than Peter Rabbit. Then, too, Peter wanted to ask questions. He wanted to find out more about Sooty, and he knew that no one would know as much about him as his feathered comrades and neighbors.

The first person Peter met was Jenny Wren. Peter's eyes brightened, Jenny Wren

was the one bird of all those living in the Old Orchard from whom he could get the most information. You see, Jenny Wren is a great gossip, and what she doesn't know about her neighbors and their affairs is hardly worth knowing. At least that is what she thinks.

"O, Jenny Wren, do you know what has happened to Sooty the Swift?" cried Peter as soon as Jenny was near enough.

"No," cried Jenny, hurrying to a branch just over Peter's head. "I didn't know anything had happened. What has?"

"The most dreadful thing!" replied Peter. "The other evening, when I was watching him, he flew over Farmer Brown's house. Then something happened to him. I don't know what it was, but he couldn't seem to fly any more. He just fluttered his wings as if he couldn't use them anymore and dropped straight down. The worst of it is he was right over the chimney and he fell right down inside it. I waited and waited, but he didn't come out again, He's probably lying down there now dead. Isn't it dreadful? And what do you suppose could have happened to him up there in the air?"

Jenny Wren stared very hard at Peter, as if to make sure that he was in earnest. When she saw that he was she turned her head away with a queer little gasp and began to shake all over. At first Peter thought that she was crying.

"It's dreadfully sad, isn't it?" said he.

Jenny Wren shook harder than ever. "Excuse me," said she. "The news has quite overcome me. I'll be back in a minute. The other birds ought to know it, and I want them to hear it right from you because you are the one who saw it happen."

She flew away, but in a very short time she was back with all the other birds of the Old Orchard, Welcome Robin, Winsome Bluebird, Skimmer the Swallow, Chippy the Sparrow, Goldie the Oriole, Drummer the Woodpecker, and many more. "Peter has some sad news to tell," said she and turned away her head.

"What is it?" cried all the birds together.

So Peter told his sad story all over again, and he felt very important, as most people do who bear news, whether it be bad or good. As Peter finished one by one the birds turned away their heads and began to shake all over, just as Jenny Wren had done. He had expected that the other birds would feel badly when they learned what had happened to Sooty, but he had not expected that they would feel as badly as they seemed to. "They must have thought a great deal of Sooty," thought Peter, and his own eyes filled with tears.

"Chitter-chitter-chitter-chit-chit! What is going on here?"

If Peter had stepped on something red hot he couldn't have jumped higher or further.

"Chitter- chitter-chitter-chit-chit! What is all this fuss about?"

There could be but one voice like that. Peter looked up. Overhead, circling, diving,

racing, was a little dark bird with narrow, stiff wings. It was Sooty the Swift. There could be no doubt about it, for there is no one at all like him. Hastily Peter glanced at his neighbors. They were still shaking, but it wasn't with grief. No, sir, it wasn't with grief. They were shaking with laughter!

"O, you stupid, stupid Peter!" cried Jenny Wren when she could get her voice. "Sooty was just going to bed when you saw him. He lives in that chimney. Wherever have your eyes been that you never have seen him go down there before? O, dear, O, dear, was there ever such a joke?"

And all the other birds agreed that there never was.

STORY 1429. September 7, 1916

Peter Learns More About Sooty

When people laugh at you—why, then,
Laugh with them, and then laugh again.

Whatever happens, never get angry just because you are being laughed at. Very few folks really enjoy being laughed at, but almost everybody likes to laugh at somebody else. So whenever you are being laughed at, just think that you are someone else and laugh harder than the rest. That is what Peter Rabbit did when all the birds of the Old Orchard laughed at him for his mistake about Sooty the Swift. You remember that he saw Sooty go down the chimney of Farmer Brown's house, and thought something had happened to Sooty, and that he had fallen down that chimney. That was because he didn't know anything about Sooty and his ways. So when he told it as sad news to his feathered friends of the Old Orchard they laughed themselves almost sick.

At first Peter was too mortified to laugh. He was even inclined to be a wee bit angry. But in a minute or two he had the good sense to see how really funny his mistake was and to smile a little and finally to laugh with all his might. In fact, he laughed the hardest of any one. That made Jenny Wren and the other birds think more of him than ever, and when they had got through laughing they all gathered around Peter and declared that it was high time that he learned some things about this little neighbor of the air, whom he had seen ever since he could remember, but of whom he knew so little that he could make such a funny mistake.

"Where did you think Sooty the Swift lives?" asked Jenny Wren, cocking her head and tail in the pert way she has.

"I don't believe I ever had thought a thing about it," confessed Peter. "If I had, I would have supposed that he made his home in a hollow tree, like Skimmer the Swallow. You see, I always supposed that Sooty was a Swallow until Johnny Chuck told me that he didn't belong to the Swallow family at all. If you please, did Johnny Chuck know what he was talking about?"

"I should say he did!" declared Skimmer the Swallow. "Do you suppose my family would admit any one with such a tail as Sooty has? I guess not! We swallows are not

what you call proud, but we like to look as well as we can and for this a good tail is very important. Sooty might just as well have no tail at all. No, sir, he doesn't belong to the swallow family. If you'll notice he doesn't even fly like a swallow."

"Skimmer is jealous," whispered Welcome Robin to Winsome Bluebird.

"I'm not any such thing!" snapped Skimmer, who had overheard. "I don't have to be. Sooty may be fast with his wings, but I would rather be graceful than simply fast, and if I do say it there are few prettier fliers than the members of the swallow family."

"All of which isn't telling me anything about Sooty and where he lives," interrupted Peter, who feared that Skimmer might lose his temper if teased too much. "If he really and truly went to bed in the chimney of Farmer Brown's house, I suppose that is where he lives, though it seems to me a mighty funny place for anyone to live."

"It doesn't seem any more queer to you than it does to the rest of us," spoke up Jenny Wren, "but that is where Sooty builds his nest and raises his children. I flew over to the top of that chimney once and looked down. Of all the black, horrid-looking places ever I've seen that is the worst. What any one wants to live there for when there is all the beautiful world outside is more than I can understand."

"Huh! You live in a box of a house yourself, Jenny Wren!" Welcome Robin broke in. "If you're so fond of the beautiful world outside why don't you build in it as most of the rest of us do? You know Jenny Wren's home is in a little box put up for her by Farmer Brown's boy."

"I believe in safety first!" retorted Jenny Wren sharply. "My babies can't be drowned in a heavy rain, and no one can get in at my little round doorway to harm them. That is more than you can say, Welcome Robin."

Welcome couldn't find a word to say to that, and while he was trying to think up a sharp reply, Peter once more broke in. "It seems to me that Sooty beats you all for safety, but will someone please tell me how under the sun he builds a nest in a chimney?"

STORY 1430. September 8, 1916

Peter Asks a Poser

Do you know what it means to ask a poser? Well, it means to ask something which no one can answer. Now, when Peter Rabbit said, "Will someone please tell me how under the sun Sooty builds a nest in a chimney?" he asked a poser so far as his feathered friends of the Old Orchard were concerned. They had just been laughing at him and poking fun at him because he knew so little about Sooty the Swift that when he had seen him go down Farmer Brawn's chimney, he had thought that something had happened to Sooty as a result of which he had fallen down the chimney. This had seemed to the feathered folk of the Old Orchard a great joke. Peter took it good-naturedly and laughed, too, which was the sensible thing to do. Then the birds declared that Peter ought to know something about Sooty and had started in to tell him the

things he didn't know. They started in by telling him that Sooty makes his home in a chimney. Right then Peter asked that simple little question and discovered that he had asked a poser.

He discovered it by the sudden silence that fell. Each one seemed to be waiting for someone else to answer. Peter asked it over again and waited, his eyes beginning to twinkle. He suddenly suspected that the very ones who had laughed at him for his mistake about Sooty didn't know as much about their feathered neighbors as they pretended to.

"Don't all speak at once," said Peter as the silence became rather painful. "You tell me, Jenny Wren," he continued. "You know so much about your neighbors."

For once Jenny Wren's lively tongue seemed to have something the matter with it. "Why-why-I suppose he builds it the same as the rest of us build our nests," she stammered.

"But you all build differently," persisted Peter. "You build yours inside a box or in a hollow tree where it cannot fall. Welcome Robin builds his in a crotch of a tree or on a big branch where it cannot fall off. Goldie the Oriole fastens his to the twigs on the end of a branch and lashes it so that it cannot come loose no matter how hard the wind blows. But if a chimney is the same inside as it is outside, there is nothing for Sooty to build on, and how can he fasten it to the side? Perhaps he builds it at the very bottom. You ought to know, Welcome Robin. I've often seen you sit on the top of Farmer Brown's chimney."

Welcome Robin stammered as badly as had Jenny Wren. "I-I-I never have seen Sooty's nest," he confessed. Then with a toss of his head, he added: "I never meddle with the affairs of my neighbors. It is none of my business how Sooty builds his nest, and I've never tried to find out. I know he builds it in that chimney, and that is enough for me. If he wants to go down in that black dirty place, he is welcome to. I wouldn't go down there for the world."

"Chitter-chitter-chitter-chit-chit! You wouldn't because you couldn't. There isn't one of you who can go straight down in a place like that and you know it," cried a voice right over their heads. It was the voice of Sooty himself. He had been circling around just over them and had heard all that had been said. "If they laughed at you for what you didn't know, Peter Rabbit, it is your turn to laugh now. Not one of them ever has seen my nest or knows how I build it. You asked them a poser when you asked them that question, Peter, and if they are honest, they will admit it. They pretend to know what they don't know at all. I tell you what I'll do. I invite every one of you birds to come right over to Farmer Brown's chimney with me right now and come down inside and see my nest. Then you can tell Peter all about it. Come on, Jenny Wren."

But Jenny Wren suddenly remembered that her babies needed her. Welcome Robin had an important engagement. Goldie the Oriole tried to slip away unseen. Chippy the Sparrow remembered that he had had no breakfast. In short, every one of the birds had an excuse and hurried away. Presently Peter found himself quite alone, with Sooty the Swift circling overhead and laughing just as the other birds had laughed at Peter in the

beginning.

"Chitter chitter-chitter- chit-chit," cried Sooty, racing over Peter's head. "I'll tell you how I build my nest, Peter, and then you'll know something that will give you the laugh on those who laughed at you and pretended to know so much."

STORY 1431. September 9, 1916

An Acrobat of the Air

You know what an acrobat is. Of course. He is one of those funny fellows who turn somersaults in the air and do all sorts of funny things that you wish you could do, but cannot. Sooty the Swift is the acrobat of the air. That is what Peter Rabbit says, anyway, and Peter ought to know. You see Sooty has shown Peter what he can do in the air and Peter is quite sure that he can do some things which no other bird can do. Anyway, Peter never has seen any other bird do them. It came about in this way: Sooty had promised to tell Peter about his nest and how he builds it in the chimney of Farmer Brown's house. But Sooty didn't want the other birds to hear. "I tell you what," said he to Peter, "you go back to the dear Old Brier Batch and late this afternoon I'll come over there and tell you about my nest just as I have promised. I don't want the other birds to hear, for it is none of their business."

"That will be fine," replied Peter. "There will be no one else in the dear Old Brier Patch but Mrs. Peter, and of course you won't mind her."

"Not at all," replied Sooty. "Now run along and I'll see you later."

So Peter scampered back to the dear Old Brier Patch and told Mrs. Peter all that he had learned about Sooty the Swift, which wasn't a great deal, and how Sooty had promised to come over to the dear Old Brier Patch late that afternoon to tell them about his home in the chimney of Farmer Brown's house and how he builds it there. Peter dozed away the day while little Mrs. Peter looked after the children. In the cool of the afternoon Peter was wakened from a nap by a voice just overhead.

"Chitter - chitter - chitter- chit chit!" cried the voice, and Peter's eyes popped wide open. Sooty the Swift had proved true to his word and had come as he had promised he would. At once Peter called Mrs. Peter, and they hurried out to the edge of the dear Old Brier Patch, where they could watch Sooty without any twigs or branches to interfere.

Sooty saw them at once and came racing over them as only he can. "Chit-ter-chitter-chit-chit!" he shouted as his short, narrow, odd-shaped wings beat the air so rapidly that Peter couldn't for the life of him tell whether he used both wings together like other birds, or first one and then the other, as some people say he does. Then he held them spread and sailed in a little circle right over Peter and Mrs. Peter. "I'll have to do all my talking while I am flying," he shouted.

"Why?" asked Peter. "Why don't you rest in one of these little trees here in the dear Old Briar Patch?"

"Can't!" shouted Sooty as he once more sailed over them. "I never alight in trees,

at least not on the branches of trees. My feet are not made for perching like those of other birds. They are made for clinging with the help of my tail to the inside of a hollow tree or chimney. I prefer a chimney because it is easier to get in and out of. So I couldn't sit on one of the branches of these trees if I wanted to, and goodness knows I don't want to; I want to be in the air."

"I've told Mrs. Peter how I saw you go down Farmer Brown's chimney and thought you had fallen. I wish—" Peter stopped.

"What do you wish?" cried Sooty.

"I wish," replied Peter the next time Sooty sailed overhead, "that you would show us how you do it. Will you?"

Sooty chuckled. "Of course," replied he. I'll show you what real flying is like. I don't want to boast, but I can do things that no other birds can do. That is one reason the other birds have never seen my nest and really know nothing about it. Now watch!"

Sooty raced through the air and circled higher and higher while Peter and Mrs. Peter sat with their heads tipped back so far that it was a wonder they didn't tumble over backward. Round and round went Sooty, making his circles smaller and smaller. Then with a queer fluttering of his wings he came straight down, not on a slant, you know, but straight, as if he were dropping. Down, down, down he came until he was nearly to the ground and then he swept off in a circle. In a moment he was back and then he went straight up Just as he had come straight down.

"That is the way I go up and down a chimney," he explained, "and it is something no other bird can do. That is why none of them ever sees my nest. Now I'll tell you about that and how I build it."

STORY 1432. September 11, 1916

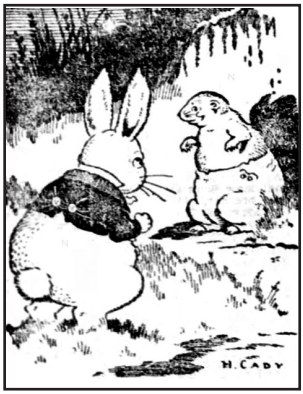
Peter Learns How Sooty Builds His Nest

It's queer what interesting things
  Are happening every day
Beneath our very noses
  While we blindly go our way.

And all because we haven't learned to see. We think we see, but we don't. We only see the things that we have been trained to see, and not always those. Most of you have seen Sooty the Chimney Swift flying about, but how many of you ever have seen him gathering material for his nest? You have seen other birds picking up straw or feathers or mud or other things with which to build their homes, but have you ever seen Sooty picking up such things? I know you haven't.

How do I know? Because Sooty doesn't pick up things for a nest. He doesn't pick them up because he never comes down on the ground. You remember he told Peter Rabbit that he is always in the air, except when he is in the chimney where he makes his home. And yet he has to make his nest of something. How does he get it? Listen to

Illustrations. September 4 to September 9, 1916.



1426. Sooty the Chimney Swift
Peter was puzzled at the look of disgust on Johnny's face.

1427. Peter Grows Curious About Sooty
The voice of Sooty the Swift shouted joyously.

1428. Peter Tells What He Saw and is Laughed At
So Peter told his sad story all over again.

1429. Peter Learns More About Sooty
"Where did you think Sooty the Swift lives?" asked Jenny Wren.

1430. Peter Asks a Poser
"Chitter-Chitter-Chitter-Chit-Chit!" cried Sooty.

1431. An Acrobat of the Air
"I'll have to do all my talking while I am flying," he shouted.

what he told Peter.

"What do you build your nest of down inside that chimney?" asked Peter, as usual, all curiosity.

"Sticks," replied Sooty, as he darted above Peter.

"Sticks!" exclaimed Peter as if he couldn't quite believe that. "Sticks!"

"Yes, sticks," retorted Sooty. "What is there queer about that? Other birds use sticks, so why shouldn't I?"

"There is no reason why you shouldn't that I know of," replied Peter. "I was just wondering where you get them. I never have seen you picking up any, and you have said yourself that you never alight."

"Where should I get them but where they grow?" retorted Sooty.

"Do you mean in the trees?" asked Peter in a wondering tone.

"Of course. Where else would I mean?" retorted Sooty. "Watch me!" He darted straight toward a little tree growing in the dear Old Briar Patch, and without stopping just brushed the tip of a branch. Then he turned and darted back over Peter, and as he passed, he dropped something.

It fell at Peter's feet. Peter stopped to look at it. It was a tiny dead twig. Wonderingly, Peter stared at the little tree, and for the first time noticed that there were some little dead twigs near its top. Sooty had simply snapped one off as he flew. He passed over Peter once more and chuckled.

"Do you see now how I gather sticks?" he inquired.

Peter nodded. "I know how you do it, and I guess that is what you mean,' said he. "I can't say that I SAW you do it because you did it so quickly that I didn't SEE it done at all. Do you always gather sticks that way?"

"Always," replied Sooty; "Just the same as I always catch my food while I am flying. It is very handy. I eat and have a good time in the air at the same time."

"How do you fasten those sticks together to make a nest, and what do you build it on?" persisted Peter.

"I stick them together and stick the nest right to the side of the chimney down inside," replied Sooty in the most matter of fact way.

Peter's ears stood right straight up with astonishment. "Stick the sticks together and the nest to the side of the chimney!" he exclaimed. "What under the sun do you stick them with?"

"O, I have some sticky stuff in my mouth just for that purpose. I only have it when I am building a nest," replied Sooty in the most matter of fact tone.

"When it dries, it hardens and I have one of the most solid little nests you can imagine. I don't have to have strings or roots or mud to fasten my nest together like

some folks I know. It is a little black inside a chimney, but it is the safest place I know of. No one can bother me or my babies there. Now I must go back. Goodby, Peter, and remember that what I have told you is a secret."

"Goodby!" cried Peter and Mrs. Peter together. And this is how Peter Rabbit learned something of Sooty the Chimney Swift and his ways.

STORY 1433. September 12, 1916

The Quacks Grow Uneasy

Peter Rabbit doesn't like the very hot weather of midsummer any more than you or I do. He cannot go to the seashore or the mountains, as we can, and, just think, he has to wear a fur coat all the time! Of course, in this respect Peter is not worse off than a lot of his neighbors. In fact, none of them likes the very hot weather. So with the coming of the first cool days in September new life seemed to fill Peter. He loves the Fall.

Next to the Spring, he likes the Fall best. But for two things, he thinks he might even like it the best of all the year.

Those two things are the parting with old friends who are leaving for the faraway sunny Southland, or who are preparing to sleep all Winter, and the fact that the Fall brings the dreadful hunting season, when men with terrible guns delight in spreading terror and suffering over the Green Meadows, through the Green Forest, along the Laughing Brook, around the Smiling Pool, up in the Old Pasture, and even deep in the Great Woods.

The Fall is a busy time for Peter. You see, there are so many friends to say goodby to that he is afraid that someone will slip away before he sees them. The first of the cool days had already come, and Peter knew by things he saw that it would not be long before many of his feathered friends started on their long journey.

Everywhere he saw them in flocks now instead of in pairs, as he saw then: in the Spring. They were making up parties for the long journey, for they prefer to travel in this way. It is quite necessary, because you know there are so many young birds for whom this will be the first time to make the long journey, and they must be shown the way by the older birds. Then it always is much pleasanter to travel with company.

A great party of blackbirds flying over the dear Old Brier Patch reminded Peter that it was quite likely that certain other friends would soon be starting, the Quack family, who had spent the Summer in the pond of Paddy the Beaver. So the first chance he got Peter hurried over to Paddy's Pond deep in the Green Forest. He was half afraid that they might have left already, and he half hoped that they might decide to stay all Winter.

When he got there, he found Mr. and Mrs. Quack and the 10 young Quacks, now as big as their father and mother, still there.

"O, I'm so glad!" cried Peter.

“What are you so glad about?” demanded Mr. Quack, swimming in close to where Peter was sitting on the bank.

“That you are still here,” replied. Peter. “I was afraid you might have gone away. Are you going to take that terrible journey again this year, Mr. Quack?”

“Certainly,” replied Mr. Quack. “What else can I do?”

“Why, stay here all Winter the same as I do,” replied Peter.

“And what would we do when all the water has turned to ice, stupid?” demanded Mr. Quack.

Peter looked foolish. “I hadn’t thought of that,” said he. “Of course, you have to go where the water doesn’t freeze. Just the same I think it is dreadful that you have to take that terrible journey.”

“It wouldn’t be so bad if it were not for the hunters with terrible guns,” replied Mr. Quack. “We don’t mind the journey; it is the terrible guns. Have you seen any hunters near the Old Brier Patch yet?” Mr. Quack asked this anxiously.

“No,” replied Peter.

“This cool weather is sure to bring them out,” replied Mr. Quack uneasily. “I almost wish we had started earlier, but we have been so happy here this Summer that I cannot bear to leave until we have to. What’s that?” Mr. Quack started nervously and stretched his head up to listen. All the other ducks did the same thing. It was only the snapping of a twig under Buster Bear’s feet, and in a moment he appeared.

At once the ducks dropped their heads and began swimming about again, for they did not fear Buster Bear. But it was very clear that they were uneasy, very uneasy indeed, especially Mr. and Mrs. Quack. The young Quacks had had no experience with hunters, but they were uneasy too. The truth is they were anxious to try their wings. They were looking forward to that long journey as something very wonderful. They were anxious to be on their way. Something inside was urging them to start for their beautiful sunny Southland. It is often that way with the young. They did not fear because they did not know.

STORY 1434. September 13, 1916

Peter Sees the Quacks Off

The days were growing shorter and the nights cooler. The leaves of the Green Forest, except those on the pine and the spruce and the hemlock trees, were turning red and yellow and brown and dropping to carpet the ground and rustle beneath unwary feet. As often as possible Peter Rabbit slipped over to the pond of Paddy the Beaver to see if Mr. and Mrs. Quack and the 10 young Quacks were still there, and each time he found them growing more and more uneasy. He knew that it would take very little to start them on their long journey to spend the coming Winter in the far away Southland, the sight of other Ducks flying overhead or a sudden fright.

Just at dusk every evening they flew over to the Big River to feed among the rushes there, Mr. Quack leading. His wing, which you remember had been broken by shot from a terrible gun in the Spring, was as sound and strong as ever. In fact, Mr. Quack was quite himself, big, strong, and handsome. As for the young Quacks, they were full grown now and eager to try their wings in long flights and to see the Great World. Very early every morning they returned to the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest to spend the day resting, sleeping, and perhaps playing a little. At least the young Quacks played.

One afternoon Peter slipped away from the dear Old Brier Patch over to the Green Forest and hurried straight to the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Peter had something on his mind. Just by chance he had peeped out of the dear Old Brier Patch just in time to see a man passing, and under one arm he carried a terrible gun. There was no doubt about that. Peter knows a terrible gun when he sees it. He watched the man out of sight, and he disappeared in the direction of the Big River. Right away Peter thought of the Quack family. Just supposing that hunter should be hiding near where the Quacks usually ate their evening meal! Peter shivered a little at the thought of what might happen. Mr. and Mrs. Quack ought to be warned, and there was no one to do it but himself.

Peter started early enough, but as is his way he had to stop ever so many times to look at things which aroused his curiosity. When he had satisfied it he would remember his errand and scamper lipperty-lipperty-lip as fast as he could until something else stopped him. So it was almost the Quack dinner time when at last, quite out of breath, he reached the edge of the pond of Paddy the Beaver. He was greatly relieved to see all the Quack family still there.

"Oh," he panted, "I'm just in time."

"Just in time for what?" asked Mr. Quack.

"To warn you that it isn't safe for you to go to the Big River tonight," cried Peter. "I saw a hunter with a terrible gun going that way this afternoon, and he may be there yet."

If Peter expected that his news would excite the Quack family he was mistaken, very much mistaken. In fact, it wasn't news at all. "We saw a hunter over there last night, and so we knew that the time has come for us to go," explained Mr. Quack. "We're ever so much obliged to you, Peter, for trying to warn us, and we're glad you've come in time to say goodby. Perhaps we'll see you again next Spring. Take care of yourself and don't let Reddy Fox catch you. Goodby, Peter. Goodby, Paddy."

"Good-by and good luck," cried Peter and Paddy the Beaver together.

Mr. Quack swam out to the head of his flock. Very faintly from far away there came the bang of a gun. As if this was a signal, Mr. Quack shot into the air, and behind him rose all the other Quacks. There was a shrill sound of whistling wings which grew fainter and fainter until it could no longer be heard. High in the air 12 black specks grew smaller and smaller and then disappeared. Mr. and Mrs. Quack and their 10 children had started on their long terrible journey to the faraway Southland.

Peter felt a lump in his throat. “I do hope nothing will happen to them,” said he in a husky voice.

“If it were not for the hunters with terrible guns nothing would, for Mr. Quack is smart enough to keep them from all other dangers, and he has brought his children up to mind. They are as well trained a lot of young ducks as ever I’ve seen, and I’ve seen a great many,” replied Paddy. “But I dread those terrible guns,” he added.

STORY 1435. September 14, 1916

Peter Rabbit Meets Lightfoot

Peter Rabbit was on his way back from the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest. He had just seen Mr. and Mrs. Quack and their ten young Quacks start on their long, terrible journey to the far-away Southland. Farewells are always rather sad, and this particular farewell had left Peter with a lump in his throat—a queer, choky feeling.

“If I were sure that they would return next Spring it wouldn’t be SO bad,” he muttered. “It’s those terrible guns. I know what it is to have to watch out for them. Farmer Brown’s Boy used to hunt me with one of them, but he doesn’t any more, and he won’t let anybody else near the Old Brier Patch with one over here in the Green Forest. But even when he did hunt me it wasn’t anything like what the Quacks have to go through.

“If I kept my eyes open, I could tell when a hunter was coming, and could hide in a hole if I wanted to. I never had to worry about my meals. But with the Quacks it is a thousand times worse. They’ve got to eat while making that long journey, and they can eat only where there is the right kind of food. Hunters with terrible guns know where those places are and hide there until the ducks come, and the ducks have no way of knowing whether the hunters are there or not. That isn’t hunting. It’s—it’s—”

“Well, what is it? What are you talking to yourself about, Peter Rabbit?”

Peter looked up with a start to find the soft beautiful eyes of Lightfoot the Deer gazing down at him over the top of a little hemlock tree.

“It’s awful,” declared Peter. “It’s worse than unfair. It doesn’t give them any chance at all.”

“I suppose it must be so if you say so,” replied Lightfoot, “but suppose you tell me what all this awfulness is about.”

Peter grinned. Then he began at the beginning and told Lightfoot all about Mr. and Mrs. Quack and the awful dangers they must face on their long journey to the far away Southland and back again in the Spring, all because of the heartless hunters with terrible guns. Lightfoot listened and his great soft eyes were filled with pity for the troubles of the Quack family.

“I hope they will get through all right,” said he, “and I hope they will get back

in the Spring. It is bad enough to be hunted by men at one time of the year as no one knows better than I do, but to be hunted in the Spring as well as in the Fall is more than twice as bad. Men are strange creatures. I do not understand them at all. None of the people of the Green Forest would think of doing such terrible things. I suppose it is quite right to hunt others in order to get enough to eat, though I am thankful to say that I have never had to do that, but to hunt others just for the fun of hunting is something I cannot understand at all.

"And yet that is what men seem to do it for. I guess the trouble is they never have been hunted themselves and they don't know how it feels. Sometimes I think I'll hunt one someday just to teach him a lesson. What are you laughing at, Peter?"

"At the idea of your hunting a man," replied Peter. "Your heart is right, Lightfoot, but you are too timid and gentle to frighten anyone. Big as you are, I wouldn't fear you."

With a single swift bound, Lightfoot sprang out in front of Peter. He stamped his sharp hoofs, lowered his handsome head until the sharp points of his horns[29] pointed straight at Peter, lifted the hair along the back of his neck, and made a motion as if to plunge at Peter. His eyes, which Peter had always thought so soft and gentle, seemed to flash fire.

"O" cried Peter in a faint, frightened sounding voice, and leaped to one side before it entered his foolish little head that Lightfoot was just pretending.

Lightfoot chuckled. "Did you say I couldn't frighten anyone?" he demanded.

"I—I didn't know you could look so terribly fierce,' stammered Peter. "Those horns look really dangerous when you point them that way. Why—why, what is that hanging to them? It looks like bits of old fur. Have you been tearing somebody's coat, Lightfoot?" Peter's eyes were wide with wonder and suspicion.

(*Lightfoot the Deer*, Chapter 1)

STORY 1436. September 15, 1916

Lightfoot's New Horns

Peter Rabbit was puzzled. He stared at Lightfoot the Deer a wee bit suspiciously. Lightfoot had just shown Peter how very fierce he could appear when he wanted to, and now Peter had discovered what looked like bits of old fur hanging to Lightfoot's horns. "Have you been tearing somebody's coat?" he asked. He didn't like to think it of Lightfoot, of whom he always had thought as being quite as gentle, harmless and timid as himself. But what else could he think?

Lightfoot slowly shook his head. "No," said he, "I haven't torn anybody's coat."

"Then what are those rags hanging on your horns?" demanded Peter.

Lightfoot chuckled. "They are what is left of the coverings of my new horns," he

29 All mentions of deer "horns" are replaced by "antlers" in the book version.

explained.

"What's that? What do you mean by new horns?" Peter was sitting up very straight with his eyes fixed on Lightfoot's horns as if he never had seen horns before.

"Just what I said," retorted Lightfoot. "What do you think of them? I think they are the finest horns I've ever had. When I get the rest of those rags off, they will be as handsome a set of horns as ever was grown in the Green Forest."

Lightfoot rubbed his horns against the trunk of a tree till some of the rags hanging to them dropped off.

Peter blinked very hard. He was trying to understand, and he couldn't. Finally he said so. "What kind of a story are you trying to fill me up with?" he demanded indignantly. "Do you mean to tell me that those are not the horns that you have had as long as I've known you? How can anything hard like those horns grow? And if these are new ones, where are the old ones? Show me the old ones and perhaps I'll believe that these are new ones. The idea of trying to make me believe that horns grow just like plants! I've seen Bossy the Cow all Summer and I know she has got the same horns she had last Summer. New horns, indeed!"

"You are quite right, Peter, quite right about Bossy the Cow. She never has new horns, but that isn't any reason why I shouldn't, is it?" replied Light foot patiently. "Her horns are quite different from mine. I have a new pair every year. You haven't seen me all Summer, have you, Peter?"

"No, I don't remember that I have, replied Peter, trying very hard to remember when he had last seen Lightfoot.

"I KNOW you haven't," retorted Lightfoot. "I know it because I have been hiding in a place you never visit."

"What have you been hiding for?" demanded Peter.

"For my new horns to grow," replied Lightfoot. "When my new horns are growing, I want to be away by myself. I don't like to be seen without horns or with half-grown ones. Besides, I am very uncomfortable while the new horns are growing and want to be alone."

Lightfoot spoke as if he really meant every word he said, but still Peter couldn't—he just couldn't—believe that those wonderful great horns had grown out of Lightfoot's head in a single Summer. "Where did you leave your old horns, and when did they come off?" he asked, and there was doubt in the very tone of his voice.

"They dropped off very early last Spring, but I don't remember just where," replied Lightfoot. "I was too glad to be rid of them to notice where they dropped. You see they were loose and uncomfortable, and I hadn't any more use for them because I knew that my new ones would be bigger and better. I've got one more point on each than I had last year." Lightfoot began once more to rub his horns against the tree to get off the queer rags hanging to them and to polish the points. Peter watched in silence for a few minutes. Then, all his suspicions returning, he said:

"But you haven't told me anything about those rags hanging to your horns."

"And you haven't believed what I have already told you." retorted Lightfoot. "I don't like telling things to people who won't believe."

(*Lightfoot the Deer*, Chapter 2, "Lightfoot's New Antlers")

STORY 1437. September 16, 1916

Lightfoot Tells of How His Horns Grew

It is hard to believe what seems impossible. And yet what seems impossible to you may be a very commonplace matter to someone else. So it does not do to say that a thing cannot be just because you cannot understand how it can be. Peter Rabbit wanted to believe what Lightfoot the Deer had just told him, but somehow he couldn't believe it. You see Lightfoot had just told Peter that the splendid great horns which crowned Lightfoot's head were new and had grown that Summer.

Do you wonder that Peter found this hard to believe? If he had seen them growing, it would have been another matter. But he hadn't seen Lightfoot since the very last of the Winter, and then Lightfoot had had just such handsome horns as he now wore, so he really couldn't be blamed for not being able to believe that those had been lost and in their place new ones had grown in just the few months of Spring and Summer.

So when Peter had asked him about the rags hanging to his horns Lightfoot had told Peter that he didn't like to tell things to people who wouldn't believe what he told them. And Peter didn't blame Lightfoot in the least. "I'm trying to believe it," he said quite humbly.

"It's all true," broke in another voice.

Peter jumped and turned to find his cousin, Jumper the Hare, sitting near. Unseen and unheard, he had stolen up and had overheard what Peter and Lightfoot had said.

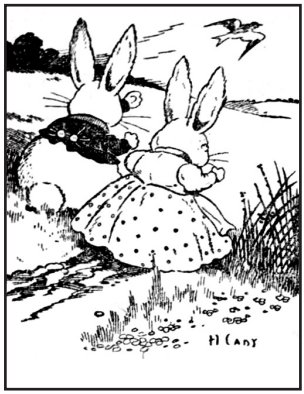
"How do you know it is true?" snapped Peter little crossly, for Jumper had startled him.

"Because I saw Lightfoot's old horns after they had fallen off, and I often saw Lightfoot while his new horns were growing," retorted Jumper.

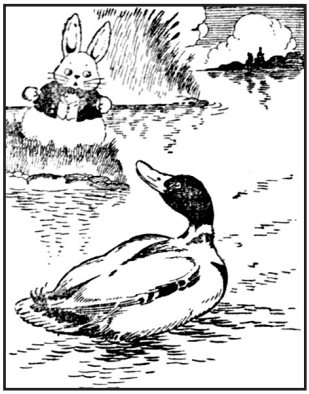
"All right! I'll believe anything that Lightfoot tells me if you say it is true," declared Peter, who greatly admired his cousin Jumper. "Now tell me about those rags clinging to your horns, Lightfoot. Please do."

Lightfoot couldn't resist that "please." "Those rags are what is left of a kind of covering which covered the horns while they were growing, as I told you before," said he. "Very soon after my old horns dropped off the new ones began to grow. They were not hard, not at all like they are now. They were soft and very tender and the blood ran all through them just as it does through our bodies. They were covered with a sort of skin with hairs on it like thin fur. The ends were not sharp pointed as they now are, but

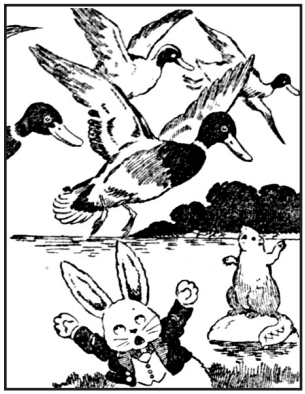
Illustrations. September 11 to September 16, 1916.



1432. Peter Learns How Sooty Builds His Nest
"Goodby!" cried Peter and Mrs. Peter.



1433. The Quacks Grow Uneasy
"What are you so glad about?" demanded Mr. Quack.



1434. Peter Sees the Quacks Off
"Goodby and Good Luck!" cried Peter and Paddy the Beaver together.

1435. Peter Rabbit Meets Lightfoot
"I hope they will get through all right," said he.

1436. Lightfoot's New Horns
"What have you been hiding for?" demanded Peter.

1437. Lightfoot Tells of How His Horns Grew
"How do you know it is time?" snapped Peter a little crossly.

were big and rounded, like knobs. They were not like horns at all, and they made my head hot and were very uncomfortable. That is why I hid away. They grew very fast, so fast that every day I could see by looking at my reflection in water that they were a little longer.

"It seemed to me sometimes as if all my strength went into those new horns. And I had to be very careful not to hit them against anything. In the first place, it would have hurt, and in the second place it might have spoiled the shape of my horns.

"When they had grown to the length you now see they began to shrink and grow hard. The knobs on the ends shrank until they became pointed. As soon as they stopped growing the blood stopped flowing up in them, and as they became hard, they were no longer tender. The skin which had covered them grew hard and split, and I rubbed it off on trees and bushes. The little rags you see are what is left, but I will soon be rid of those. Then I shall be ready to fight if need be, and will fear no one save man, and will fear him only when he has a terrible gun with him."

Lightfoot tossed his head proudly and raised his wonderful horns against the nearest tree. "Isn't he handsome?" whispered Peter to Jumper the Hare. "And did you ever hear of anything so wonderful as the growing of those new horns in such a short time? It is hard to believe, but I suppose it must be true."

"It is," replied Jumper, "and I tell you, Peter, I would hate to have Lightfoot try those horns on me even though I were as big as a man. You've always thought of Lightfoot as timid and afraid, but you should see him when he is angry. Few people care to face him then."

(*Lightfoot the Deer*, Chapter 3, "Lightfoot Tells How His Antlers Grew")

STORY 1438. September 18, 1916

Peter Rabbit's Last Doubt is Cleared Away

Though you say you believe that a thing is so,
And you do your best to believe, you know.
It will happen a doubt in your mind will creep
And quite refuse to be put to sleep.

A little doubt like this will keep right on bothering, and the only way in which it can be put to sleep is by finding for yourself the proof that what you are trying to believe is so. Peter Rabbit said that he believed all Lightfoot the Deer had told him about his wonderful horns, and how they had grown in a single Summer. He did believe it while he was with Lightfoot, for hadn't Jumper the Hare said that it was true? But when Peter got back to the dear Old Brier Patch and thought it all over doubt crept into his mind in spite of him. He told little Mrs. Peter all about it. When he had finished, she looked at him queerly.

"Peter," said she, "if some one should come along and tell you that he could take his head off and put it back on again, I believe you would believe it. It is my opinion

that Lightfoot was stuffing you and that Cousin Jumper was backing him up just to see how big a yarn they could make you swallow."

"But, my dear, I tell you that I saw the rags of the covering that had been on those horns while they were growing," protested Peter.

"Perhaps you did and perhaps you didn't," retorted unbelieving Mrs. Peter. "I don't doubt you saw rags of some kind on Lightfoot's horns, but it will take more than his word to make me believe that those are new horns grown this last Summer. It doesn't sound reasonable. Now, does it, Peter?"

"No, it doesn't," confessed Peter: "but there are so many things happening all the time that don't sound reasonable that I don't know when to believe a thing and when not to."

Peter had planned to go about among his friends and tell them all about Lightfoot's new horns, for he suspected that few of them knew about them. But after his talk with Mrs. Peter he changed his mind. You see doubt had crept in and in spite of all he could do it stayed there. He tried to make himself believe that he believed that story, but that miserable doubt persisted. So, though his tongue fairly itched to tell the story of Lightfoot's new horns, he kept it still.

One night when Mistress Moon was shining brightly Peter wandered deep in the Green Forest until presently he found himself on the edge of a swampy place. It was the very place where Lightfoot the Deer had spent the Winter when the snow was deep. Peter hopped along aimlessly. He was thinking so hard that he didn't watch his steps, and presently he stepped on something that hurt his foot.

"Ouch!" he cried, and looked to see what it was he had stepped on. Sticking out of the soft wet earth was what Peter at first thought was a sharp pointed stick. But when he looked a little more closely he saw that it was different from any stick he had ever seen before. The point was smooth and polished, and when later Peter tried his big teeth on it, he found he made no impression on it.

At once he began to dig around it to see what the rest of it was like. It wasn't long before he found that there were other points. A thought flashed into Peter's head, and he made the soft earth fairly fly as he dug, for Peter was growing more and more excited.

At last, he had uncovered all of the queer stick with several points. It wasn't a stick at all. It was one of Lightfoot's old horns! There was no question about that. There it lay right in front of him. Peter gave a great sigh of pure happiness. That bothersome doubt in his mind had been put to sleep forever. Lightfoot had said that his old horns had dropped off somewhere, and here was one of them to prove it.

"Lightfoot's story was true!" cried Peter, joyfully. "Now Mrs. Peter will have to believe it. If she doesn't I'll make her come over here and see this horn for herself. When you tell a story hard to believe there is nothing like having proof that it is true." Peter jumped up in the air, kicked his long heels together, and then started for home lipperty-lipperty-lip to tell Mrs. Peter what he had found.

STORY 1439. September 19, 1916

Peter Rabbit's Feelings Are Hurt

Loafer, loafer at your ease
Learn a lesson from the bees!

This is what little Striped Chipmunk had shouted at Peter Rabbit when Peter tried to get him to come play with him. Peter just grinned as he watched Striped Chipmunk scamper about on the edge of the Green Forest and presently start for home with the pockets of his cheeks stuffed with beechnuts. It seemed to Peter that it was no time at all before Striped Chipmunk was back again after more nuts. It was very clear that he had no time for play; he was too busy.

Peter watched him awhile, and then growing tired of seeing Striped Chipmunk work so hard he went on. Presently he spied Chatterer the Red Squirrel in a chestnut tree. "Come play with me!" cried Peter. "It's a splendid day for a frolic."

"You mean it's a splendid day to work," shouted Chatterer. "I can't afford to be a loafer like you." With this Chatterer stuffed his mouth full of nuts and whisked out of sight to hide them in his secret storehouse.

Once more Peter grinned and went his way until he met Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel. "Let's play hide-and-seek!" cried Peter.

"Some other day," replied Happy Jack, hunting among the fallen leaves for nuts. "I can't afford to be a loafer like you such fine weather as this."

This time Peter didn't grin. It was the third time he had been called a loafer. At first he hadn't minded, but now he was beginning to feel a wee bit hurt. You know a loafer is one who sits around and does nothing. He never works. Peter could see no reason why he should work. He would much rather play or take his ease. He couldn't understand why others should work as they were doing, but that was their affair, not his. If they got pleasure from work all well and good, but they needn't call him a loafer. He would leave them to their labor and go down to the Smiling Pool.

So he left the Green Forest and started across the Green Meadows lipperty-lipperty-lip as fast as he could go to the Smiling Pool. By the time he got there he had quite forgotten that he had been a little hurt in his feelings. The instant he poked his head over the bank he saw Jerry Muskrat. Jerry was hard at work on the roof of his house. He saw Peter as soon as Peter saw him.

"Hello, loafer!" shouted Jerry. "Did you ever know finer weather for work? Why don't you get busy and do something?"

"I've nothing to do," mumbled Peter, and without another word he turned and started for home.

He would have liked to stay and watch Jerry, but Jerry had called him "loafer," just as had Striped Chipmunk and Chatterer and Happy Jack, and somehow, he began to feel that these busy workers looked down on him and the feeling wasn't a comfortable

one. As he happened along toward the dear Old Brier Patch where he could sit and doze and dream to his heart's content with no one to call him unpleasant names, he met Danny Meadow Mouse hurrying as if he had no time to lose. "What's your rush?" demanded Peter. "I'm making the most of this fine weather to fill my storehouse with seeds for the Winter," replied Danny Meadow Mouse. "I can't afford to be a loafer like you, Peter."

This was too much. Even little Danny Meadow Mouse called him a loafer. Perhaps none of them really meant anything, but just the same Peter's feelings were hurt. All the brightness of the beautiful fall day was gone for Peter. When Striped Chipmunk called him a loafer he hadn't minded, but when one after another his other friends had called him the same thing it had hurt. The more he thought of it the more it hurt. Could it be that they looked down on him because he never worked? It certainly looked that way. He reached the dear Old Brier Patch and crept in to his favorite resting place without letting Mrs. Peter know that he had returned. He wanted to be alone to think.

STORY 1440. September 20, 1916

Peter Makes a Great Discovery

There's nothing like a little work
To make the moments fly.
The busier you keep yourself
The faster they slip by.

Peter Rabbit sat in his favorite spot in the dear Old Brier Patch wholly out of sorts. It was a clear, cool, beautiful autumn day, just such a day as makes you tingle all over with good feeling and high spirits. But Peter didn't tingle. No, sir, he didn't tingle a single wee bit as he sat there in the dear Old Brier Patch. He had tingled early that morning, but he didn't tingle now. All the joy and brightness had gone out of the beautiful day for Peter. The fact is Peter's feelings were hurt. That is what was the matter, his feelings were hurt.

"Loafer," mumbled Peter to himself. "They called me a loafer! Well, perhaps I am, but why shouldn't I loaf if I haven't anything to do? What harm is there in loafing when you have no work to do, I'd like to know! Striped Chipmunk called me a loafer, Chatterer the Red Squirrel called me a loafer, Happy Jack called me a loafer, Jerry Muskrat called me a loafer and even little Danny Meadow Mouse called me a loafer. It wasn't so much the name as the way in which they said it. It seemed to me that they sort of despised me just because I wasn't working. If they have to work, and I suppose they do, it is all right, but I don't have to, and as long as I don't have to, why should they look down on me because I don't work? I should think they would envy me. It's a great deal nicer just to sit around or play."

Then a new thought struck Peter. There was no fun in playing all alone. No, sir, there was no fun in playing all alone. He wanted someone to play with, and that was just why he had started out that morning to call on his neighbors, only to find them all so busy. Now it suddenly came over him that each had been working all alone and each

had seemed perfectly happy. Could it be that they found happiness in their work? Peter stared thoughtfully down one of his private little paths through the brambles of the Old Brier Patch.

"I haven't any work to do," thought he. "There is no sense in working unless one has to, and I don't have to. There isn't a thing for me to do, so why shouldn't I loaf all I please?"

He continued to stare down the private little path. Presently he noticed that a sly old bramble had crept across the private little path. Every time he hopped along that particular little patch he had to hop over those brambles, all because he had been too lazy to cut them out.

"No, sir, there isn't a thing for me to do," said he again, and then with a funny feeling of guilt looked around to see if anyone had overheard him. You see, it suddenly popped into his foolish little head that there was work for him to do, and had been for a long time. He simply had been too lazy to do it.

Those sly brambles creeping across the little path in front of him should have been cut out long ago. Some time he might have to use that little path in a hurry, and one of those sly branches night trip him up. Peter continued to stare down the little path for a few minutes longer. Then he got up and stretched,

"Seeing that everyone else seems to be working, I may as well do a little myself," said he. "I'll just cut those brambles out and get this path clear."

So Peter went to work cutting out those sly brambles which had crept across his private little path. There were more of them than he had thought for. When he had cleared that little path he went to another in which he remembered that the same thing had happened. Now Peter has many little paths through the dear Old Brier Patch and most of them had been sadly neglected during the Summer. Only those little Mrs. Peter used had been kept clear and open. As soon as he had one path clear Peter went to work on another. Presently he had forgotten all about his hurt feelings. It was surprising how fast time flew. Once more the day was bright and beautiful. Peter had made a great discovery. He had discovered that one never is so happy as when busy. He was no longer a loafer.

STORY 1441. September 21, 1916

Peter Surprises His Friends

The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind were tired of playing by themselves. "Let's go play with Striped Chipmunk!" cried one. No sooner was it proposed than away they raced across the Green Meadows up to the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard nearest to the Green Forest. It did not take them long to find Striped Chipmunk. He was racing along the old wall as if his life depended on it.

"Come play with us!" shouted the Merry Little Breezes, dancing around Striped Chipmunk.

"Too busy. Too much to do," mumbled Striped Chipmunk, for his cheeks were stuffed with nuts so that he could hardly speak at all. With that he whisked out of sight between the stones of the old wall. Presently he was out again scampering back toward the Green Forest. The Merry Little Breezes raced along with him, teasing him to play, but he merely snapped his bright eyes at them and repeated that he was too busy, and this was all they could get out of him.

The same thing happened when they tried to get Chatterer the Red Squirrel to play and again when they hunted up Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel. Johnny Chuck couldn't stop stuffing himself long enough to play. He said that it was almost time for him to go to sleep for the Winter and he simply must get a little more fat to take him through.

Bobby Coon and Unc' Billy Possum were asleep in their hollow trees. Prickly Porky the Porcupine never would play, anyway, so it was of no use to look for him. Paddy the Beaver was hard at work cutting a supply of wood on the shore of his pond deep in the Green Forest and sinking it near his house, where he could get it in the Winter when the pond was frozen over. He said that this was no time for playing and refused to stop working even to talk. Jerry Muskrat down in the Smiling Pool was just as busy. Even the birds which had not already started for the far-away Southland were too busy making up parties for the long journey.

"There isn't any, one who will play with us," said one of the Merry Little Breezes, disconsolately.

"Yes there is!" cried another.

"Who?" shouted all the others.

"Peter Rabbit," was the reply. "Peter never works. He always is ready to play."

So the Merry Little Breezes raced over to the dear Old Brier Patch to look for Peter. But Peter wasn't there. Mrs. Peter said that he had gone over to the Green Forest. Back to the Green Forest raced the Merry Little Breezes. They know all of Peter's favorite places over there and they hadn't a doubt that they would find him. Straight to a certain bramble-tangle they hurried and there sure enough they spied Peter.

"Hello, Peter!" they shouted gleefully. "Come play with us!"

"Can't," replied Peter. "I'm too busy." The Merry Little Breezes looked at one another as if they couldn't believe their own ears. Whenever before had Peter Rabbit been too busy to play?

"That's a joke!" they cried, and laughed merrily. "Come on, Peter! It's a splendid day for a romp. We'll play hide-and-seek and tag and anything else you want to."

"It's a splendid day to work, too," replied Peter, "and I've too much to do to play." Peter was tugging at a big bramble which he had cut off to get it out of one of his private little paths.

Once more the Merry Little Breezes couldn't believe their own ears. Peter Rabbit working? Who ever heard of such a thing?

"You don't really mean that," ventured one of the Little Breezes.

"I certainly do," retorted Peter. "I've I cleared all the brambles out of my paths in the dear Old Brier Patch and now I've got to clear them out of my private paths over here so that when I need to use them in a hurry there will be nothing in the way. Besides, I'm going to cut a few new paths. You know there is nothing like being prepared. Now run along and don't bother me. When my work is finished, I'll play. You ought to do a little work yourselves.

"You've no idea how interesting it is and how it makes the time fly." With this Peter turned his back on the Merry Little Breezes and began to cut another bramble.

The Merry Little Breezes looked at one another, then with one accord they raced away to spread the news that Peter Rabbit was working and refused to play, for they knew it would be the most surprising thing Peter's friends had heard for many a day.

STORY 1442. September 22, 1916

Johnny Chuck Has Something on His Mind

Johnny Chuck sat on his doorstep down in the far corner of the Old Orchard trying to make up his mind. Yes, sir, that is just what Johnny Chuck was trying to do, and he was making hard work of it. You know how it sometimes is when you are a little undecided. First you think you will, then you think you won't, and finally you begin asking everybody around you for their opinions, and wind up by being no better off than you were in the beginning.

The matter on Johnny Chuck's mind was whether he was fat enough to sleep comfortably all Winter. That seems like a funny thing to have worrying one, doesn't it? But it wasn't funny to Johnny Chuck. No, indeed, it wasn't funny at all. It really was very serious. He knew that a great deal depended on the amount of fat stored away under his skin before he said goodby to everybody and went to bed deep in the ground to sleep until Spring. If he were fat enough it wouldn't make much difference to him how cold the Winter might be or how late sweet Mistress Spring might be in coming to wake him up. But if he didn't have fat enough tucked away under his skin he might not be warm enough, and if Mistress Spring should happen to be very late he would be so weak when he awoke that he might not have strength enough to crawl out of his house Or it might happen that hunger would awaken him before Mistress Spring arrived and then he might freeze to death trying to find something to eat before there was anything fit to put in a Woodchuck's stomach.

So you see the matter was really very important to Johnny Chuck. The fat under his skin was both a blanket and food. That seems queer, but it was true. The fatter he was the warmer he would keep and the more comfortable he would be. In this way the fat was like a blanket. While he slept through the long, cold months of course he would eat nothing. In the first place, he wouldn't be awake to eat, and you know people do not eat while they are asleep. In the second place there would be nothing to eat, anyway. So wise Old Mother Nature has provided that the fat Johnny Chuck lays up should take the

place of food.

You know how it is with food. We take it into our stomachs and from there it is taken into our bodies to build them up and to make the heat which keeps us warm. In Johnny Chuck's case Old Mother Nature has fixed things so that the body can get what it needs from the fat with which it is covered. It needs only a very little at a time during the Winter, because you know Johnny is asleep; curled up quite motionless. A great deal of the food we eat is used up in what is called energy, which is the power of moving about and doing things. You know how it is when you are sick and cannot eat. In a little while you have no strength to move. You are very weak. But if you didn't have to move at all you could live a long time with very little food because none of it would be used for energy. It is the same way with Johnny Chuck.

Sleeping and lying perfectly still, he needs no food for energy, and so his body gets all it needs by absorbing it from the fat. Absorbing means taking in the way a sponge soaks up water.

So you see it was quite as important to Johnny Chuck that he should be fat enough as it was to Striped Chipmunk that he should have his storehouse filled before the coming of Rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost. It was this that Johnny had on his mind as he sat on his doorstep that bright, cool Autumn afternoon. There was still plenty of food. He could eat more if he really needed it. To be sure, he was tired of eating. For a long time, he had been eating, not because he was hungry, but to store food away in the form of fat. His neighbors didn't understand this.

They watched him eat and eat and grow fatter and they called him piggish. Of course this was very unfair. He was no more piggish than was Striped Chipmunk filling his storehouse. The only difference was that Johnny Chuck's storehouse was under his skin. "I wish I could know if the Winter is going to be hard and long," said Johnny as he waddled over to a patch of clover. He was already so fat that he was roly-poly and waddled when he walked. "I'm sleepy enough to go to bed right now, but I want to be sure that I am fat enough."

STORY 1443. September 23, 1916

Johnny Chuck Decides to Eat a Little More

"To eat or not to eat, that is the question," said Johnny Chuck as he nibbled daintily at a clover leaf.

"You don't look to me as if there was any question at all," declared Sammy Jay, who happened along just in time to overhear what Johnny had said. "How anyone as fat as you are can even look at food is something I can't understand. If you eat much more your skin will burst. Don't you think of anything but your stomach, Johnny Chuck?"

"I'm not thinking of my stomach," retorted Johnny Chuck indignantly. "I wouldn't eat another mouthful if I could be sure that I'm fat enough.".

"Fat enough!" exclaimed Sammy Jay. "Ho, ho, ho! If you get much fatter you

won't be able to walk. How fat do you want to get?"

"Fat enough to be sure of sleeping comfortably all Winter and having strength left to take care of myself when Mistress Spring gets here again," replied Johnny Chuck, shortly.

He didn't like being laughed at. "I wish I could know whether the Winter is going to be a long one or a short one. If I thought it was going to be short, I would stop eating this very minute."

"I don't see what the Winter has got to do with your eating," replied Sammy Jay, scratching his head in a puzzled way.

"It's got everything to do with it," retorted Johnny Chuck. Then he explained that getting fat was his way of storing up food and that it was very necessary that he should have enough to last him until the coming of Mistress Spring. Sammy Jay listened with something very like real interest. He began to understand why it was that Johnny Chuck was so anxious to know what the Winter would be.

"Jerry Muskrat thinks it is going to be a long, hard Winter," said Sammy as Johnny Chuck stopped speaking.

Johnny pricked up his short, round ears. "How do you know that?" he demanded.

"He's building the walls of his house thicker than I've ever known him to before," replied Sammy. "If anybody knows about the weather it is Jerry Muskrat. Then, too, his cousin, Paddy the Beaver, is cutting more wood than he did last year. You know he sinks it in his pond and eats the bark in Winter. That looks to me as if Paddy thinks the same as Jerry. He knows he can't get any more food until the ice has melted in the Spring and he means to have enough. I don't believe he would work the way he is doing if he wasn't pretty sure that it is necessary."

Johnny Chuck sat up the better to look at Sammy Jay and make sure that Sammy meant what he was saying. "What more have you seen or heard?" he demanded eagerly, all the time chewing a clover leaf.

"Nothing much," replied Sammy, "only I overheard Buster Bear say that his new fur coat is the thickest he ever has had, and he wished cold weather would hurry up and come, because he's uncomfortable now. He's fatter, too, than I've ever seen him since he came to the Green Forest to live. This morning I met Reddy Fox and he was complaining about the thickness of his new coat. He said that Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter have the finest, warmest coats they ever have had, but are finding them a little uncomfortable just now. Now, do you know what I think?"

"What?" asked Johnny Chuck, eagerly.

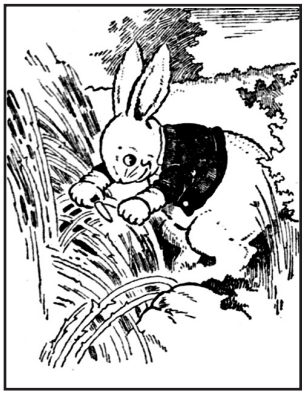
"I think," replied Sammy Jay, trying to look very wise and knowing, "that if Old Mother Nature has given these fellows such thick coats it is because she knows that they will have need of them. I think that the Winter is going to be hard and long. I'm almost tempted to move South myself."[30]

30 Burgess would later explicitly reject this folk wisdom.

Illustrations. September 18 to September 23, 1916.

1438. Peter Rabbit's Last Doubt is Cleared Away
"Lightfoot's story was true," cried Peter.

1439. Peter Rabbit's Feelings Are Hurt
"Let's play hide-and-seek," cried Peter.



1440. Peter Makes a Great Discovery
So Peter went to work cutting out those brambles which had crept across his private little path.

1441. Peter Surprises His Friends
Paddy the Beaver was hard at work cutting a supply of wood on the shore of his pond.

1442. Johnny Chuck Has Something on His Mind
"I wish I could know if the winter is going to be long," said Johnny.

1443. Johnny Chuck Decides to Eat a Little More
"I'm not thinking of my stomach," retorted Johnny Chuck indignantly.

"Thank you, Sammy Jay," replied Johnny Chuck gratefully. "I think just as you do. You have removed the last doubt from my mind. I don't think I'll turn in to sleep for the Winter for a few days yet. A little more fat won't do any harm. There is nothing like being prepared. Too much fat won't hurt me, but too little may."

With this Johnny Chuck fell to eating as if he were half starved instead of nearly bursting with fat.

STORY 1444. September 25, 1916

Stickytoes Tells Johnny Chuck a Secret

While Johnny Chuck was stuffing himself in order to make more fat before seeking his bed to sleep the long Winter away he did a lot of thinking. You know one can think and eat at the same time very nicely. What was Johnny Chuck thinking about? He was thinking about the coming Winter and the curious ways in which his friends and neighbors would spend it. When other people do things in a different way from the way we do them we are very apt to think that their ways are curious, quite forgetting that to them our way may seem just as curious.

To Johnny Chuck there is only one sensible way of spending the long months when rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost roar and howl and pinch and squeeze, and that is to curl up comfortably way down where rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost cannot reach him and there sleep until they have gone back to the far Northland. Johnny Chuck always thought of it as the only sensible thing to do. He sometimes quite forgot that it was the only thing he could do and so took credit for sense and wisdom which really didn't belong to him. You see Johnny has no choice in the matter. He has to sleep that way because in the Winter there is nothing he can eat.

But this is not so with many of his neighbors. Some of them eat things which can be kept for a long time without spoiling, like nuts and seeds, and those who eat these things pack them away into storehouses or hide them where they can find them. Then in the Winter they sleep in bad weather and come out to play a little and to get food from their hiding places in pleasant weather. Happy Jack Squirrel and Chatter the Red Squirrel do this. Striped Chipmunk pops up for a breath of fresh air on warm, sunny days in Winter. Jimmy Skunk is another who sleeps only part of the time. He does not store up food in storehouses, but like Johnny Chunk himself stores it up in the form of fat. But he does not depend on this wholly as does Johnny. He likes to come out and prowl around a little when the snow is not too soft and deep. Then there are others like Reddy and Granny Fox, Old Man Coyote, Billy Mink, Shadow the Weasel and Little Joe Otter, not to mention Peter Rabbit, who always manage to find enough to eat through the Winter and so do no more sleeping then than they do in the Summer. That is why they are provided with thick, warm coats. The same thing is true of the feathered folks, except that none of them sleep all Winter. Those who can find food stay all Winter. Those who cannot find food fly away to the sunny Southland, where they can find it.

Johnny Chuck was thinking of these things as he ate and ate, and it seemed to him that his way was far the best way. It saved a great deal of work and worry. He never was cold. He never was hungry. It made no difference to him what the weather might be. He wondered that everybody didn't do the same thing. He knew that wise Old Grandfather Frog does and Old Mr. Toad does. Thinking of Old Mr. Toad reminded him of Stickytoes the Tree Toad, who had spent the Summer in the apple trees of the Old Orchard. He and Johnny had become great friends, being such near neighbors. At the thought of him Johnny stopped eating.

"I wonder," said he right out loud, "where he spends the Winter."

"Where who spends the Winter?" asked a small piping voice. It was the voice of Stickytoes himself and there he was almost under Johnny's nose.

"Why, you!" exclaimed Johnny Chuck. "I was just thinking of you and wondering if you have as much sense as your cousins, Old Mr. Toad and Grandfather Frog. They do as I do, sleep all Winter, and I was wondering if you do the same thing."

Stickytoes chuckled. It was a throaty little chuckle. "I think," said he, "that I have got quite as much sense as they have. In fact, I think I've got a little more. Can you keep a secret, Johnny Chuck?"

"Certainly I can," replied Johnny Chuck. "Just try me and see."

Stickytoes hopped a little nearer to Johnny Chuck and whispered. Johnny Chuck's eyes grew round with surprise. "Do you really mean that?" he asked as if he could hardly believe what Stickytoes had told him.

"Every word of it," replied Stickytoes, "but remember it is a secret. Now I must hurry or I shall be too late." Stickytoes wished Johnny Chuck a long sleep with pleasant dreams and started on.

STORY 1445. September 26, 1916

The Surprising Secret of Stickytoes

For a long time after Stickytoes the Tree Toad had left him Johnny Chuck sat perfectly still. He actually forgot to eat. "I never!" he exclaimed over and over again. "I never! I believe he really meant it, but I never before heard of such a thing in all my life!"

You see Stickytoes had just told Johnny Chuck a secret and it was this secret that so astonished Johnny Chuck. It was the secret of where Stickytoes had spent the last Winter and where he intended to spend the coming Winter. In fact, he was on his way there when he happened along where Johnny Chuck was stuffing himself to make sure of being fat enough to pass the Winter in comfort, and he had told the secret to Johnny in a whisper when Johnny had asked him where he would spend the Winter.

"You will have hard work believing it, but it is every word true," Stickytoes had said. "Last Fall I happened to be over close to Farmer Brown's house and I discovered

some very nice plants right on the doorstep of the house. One day when no one was around I visited them and I found a lot of bugs on them, which, of course, meant plenty to eat, so I decided to stay there for a while. I knew it was about time for me to be looking up a place to spend the Winter, but I just couldn't leave those nice plants. They were growing in queer red things, which I believe are called pots. The earth in these pots was very fine and easy to dig in and always was damp, because every day Farmer Brown's wife watered the plants. She seemed very fond of those plants.

Whenever I heard her coming, I would hide under the leaves and keep perfectly still, and she didn't see me at all. So I stayed on and after I knew that I should have hunted up a place to sleep for the Winter.

"Then the weather became cool and I grew so sleepy that I just had to find a place to go to sleep. So I dug myself out of sight in the earth in one of those pots. You see, it was just the kind of place I like to sleep in. I don't know how long I slept, but the next thing I knew the earth was so warm that I thought it must be that Mistress Spring had arrived, so I dug my way up to the surface. For a little while I was so surprised that I couldn't even think. There were a number of plants around me, but they were all in those queer pots.

"The leaves were green and there were flowers on some of the plants and the air was just as warm as in Summer, but when I looked up, I couldn't see any sky. I could hear a bird singing, but it was a different song from any I ever had heard before, and when I finally saw, the singer he was all yellow and was in a queer thing, all made of wires so that he couldn't get out.

"The Jolly Little Sunbeams were creeping in under the leaves of the plants and when I looked in the direction from which they came I saw the most surprising thing. I was looking out of what looked like a great doorway, only it was covered with something hard that I could look right through, and outside everything was all white. I found out afterward that that was snow, the first snow I ever had seen.

"It took me days and days to find out all about it. It seemed to me that the whole world was topsy-turvy. Now, where do you suppose I was? I was in Farmer Brown's house! Yes, sir; that is just where I was. Farmer Brown's wife had taken these plants into the house and me with them. She discovered me that very first day. Then Farmer Brown's Boy and Farmer Brown came to see me, and they were all very good to me, so that I grew quite fond of them. It is Summer all the time in their house. Of course, I went back to sleep again; but every once in a while, I would wake up and come out.

"When Mistress Spring really did come back the plants were put out of doors again and I left them for the trees. Now I'm going back to spend this coming Winter in Farmer Brown's house. It's the finest place in the whole world to spend a Winter. You ought to try it, Johnny Chuck."

This was the surprising secret of Stickytoes which Johnny Chuck was having such hard work to believe. I don't wonder, do you? But it was true, every word of it. I wonder if Stickytoes will spend the Winter there this year.

STORY 1446. September 27, 1916

Johnny Chuck Gets His Nose Pinched

Down from the Northland one stilly night while the little stars looked down from the sky and twinkled came Jack Frost. He came silently and he worked silently in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows. He opened the chestnut burrs and the walnut husks. He painted the leaves of the maple trees and the beech trees and the birch trees and the sumacs and all the other trees except those which keep green all Winter, and he pinched the stems so that the first Merry Little Breeze would shake them from the trees in showers of red and gold and brown. He covered the Green Meadows with a thin white sheet which people call by his own name—frost.

All this he did in the stilly night, and then he made ready to race away back where he had come from as soon as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun should kick off his blankets and begin his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky.

Peter Rabbit and Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote and Lightfoot the Deer and Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter and Jerry Muskrat and Paddy the Beaver and Buster Bear and Hooty the Owl, who, as you know, are usually abroad in the night, knew what was going on. On the whole, they were rather glad to welcome Jack Frost, for they had new thick coats to keep them warm. But Johnny Chuck and Happy Jack Squirrel and all the other little people who curl up in their beds and sleep through the night as people are supposed to do knew nothing of the coming of Jack Frost until they awoke just at the break of day. Then when they poked their noses out of their houses Jack Frost slyly pinched them ever so gently by way of introducing himself.

Now Johnny Chuck was, as you know, very fat, very fat indeed. For weeks he had been eating all that he could. He had been stuffing himself just to make fat so that he might sleep through the long Winter in comfort. Of late he had been getting very sleepy. Fat people usually are sleepy. So Johnny Chuck had been going to bed much earlier than he did in the Summer and finding it harder to get up early in the morning. On this particular morning somehow he didn't want to get up at all. He stretched and yawned and tried to make up his mind that he was fat enough.

But he remembered what Sammy Jay had told him of how Jerry Muskrat and Paddy the Beaver were preparing for a long, hard Winter and of how Old Mother Nature had given Reddy and Granny Fox and Buster Bear and Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter extra thick coats. "I may as well eat a little more while I can, and so make sure that I have fat enough to carry me through in case Mistress Spring happens to be late in coming back," thought he. "I guess perhaps today will be the last day I will have to eat. I'm getting tired of eating. Seems to me I never was so sleepy in all my life."

He yawned and stretched again, then very slowly crawled out of bed and started up his long hall to his doorway. He was still blinking sleepily as he poked his little black nose side.

Now Jack Frost had lingered Just as long, as he could, for the Jolly Little Sunbeams were already hurrying across the Green Meadows, and Jack Frost knew

that he was not yet strong enough to face them. He was just getting ready to leave in a hurry when he saw Johnny Chuck's little black nose poking out of his doorway. The temptation was too great to resist. Jack Frost paused just long enough to reach out and gently pinch that little black nose.

"Ouch!" said Johnny Chuck, and pulled his nose back. Inside his hall it was as comfortable as ever, and so he sat there for some time staring out and trying to get his sleepy wits together. He had half a mind to turn right around and go back to bed. At last a Jolly Little Sunbeam crept in. This decided matters for Johnny. He would at least go out and see how things looked. So out he went and sat up on his doorstep. Jolly, round Mr. Sun smiled down on him, but somehow Johnny couldn't find any warmth in that smile.

He looked this way and that way and saw what Jack Frost had been doing. He looked over to the nearest clover patch, and somehow it didn't make him the least tiny bit hungry. Then, right then, he made up his mind.

"I'm fat enough," said he. Turning, he kicked up his little black heels and disappeared inside his house. Peter Rabbit came along just in time to see those black heels vanish.

"I do believe," said he, "that Johnny Chuck has gone to bed for the Winter." Peter was right, Johnny Chuck had.

STORY 1447. September 28, 1916

The Greedy Cousins

Now that Jack Frost had opened the chestnut burrs and the hickory husks the Merry Little Breezes saw a chance to help some of their friends. Ever since they had been unable to get any one to play with them, they had wished and wished that they might find some work to do. Every one else, at least nearly every one else, was so very busy making ready for Winter that the Merry Little Breezes were beginning to feel just a wee bit ashamed to be doing nothing but play all day long. It was the sight of those open burrs and husks that gave one of them an idea.

"I tell you what, we can help Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack and Striped Chipmunk, and it will be great fun!" cried the Merry Little Breeze.

"How?" asked all the others, crowding around eagerly.

"Look up in the top of that tall chestnut tree and tell me what you see, cried the Merry Little Breeze who had first spoken.

All the other Merry Little Breezes looked up in the top of the tall chestnut tree and for a few minutes no one said a word. At last one of them spoke.

"I don't see anything that I haven't seen every day lately, except that Jack Frost has pinched open the burrs so that we can see the brown nuts. He must have done that last night."

"That's just it!" cried the first Merry Little Breeze. "Yesterday those burrs were closed, but today they are open and that gives us a chance to help the squirrel cousins. Don't you see now?" But the other Merry Little Breezes didn't see, and they said so. "Watch me!" shouted the first Merry Little Breeze, and raced over to the tall chestnut tree. He shook the topmost branch on which were several wide-open burrs, and out fell the brown nuts and rattled down through the leaves to the ground all around Happy Jack Squirrel, who was just starting to climb the tree. He didn't keep on climbing. No, indeed. Without so much as a look up to see what had made those brown nuts fall, Happy Jack scampered after them. You see, he was afraid that if he left them lying there his cousin Chatterer, or his other cousin, little Striped Chipmunk, would come along and find them. So Happy Jack scurried about hunting for those brown nuts the Merry Little Breeze had shaken down, and when he found them, he hurried to hide them. The other Merry Little Breezes saw right away what the first Merry Little Breeze meant by a way in which to help the squirrel cousins. They would just shake the brown nuts down and save Happy Jack and Chatterer the trouble of climbing the tall trees to gather the nuts. It would not only save them trouble and real work, but also a great deal of time; besides, it would be more fun than ever, because it would really and truly be helping others. So each one hastened to shake a branch, and the brown nuts fell and rattled down like raindrops.

Now, Chatterer the Red Squirrel had been passing on his way to a hickory tree, but when he heard those brown nuts rattling among the leaves on the ground, he came hurrying over to see what it meant, and his bright eyes sparkled as he saw so many brown nuts on the ground just waiting to be picked up and carried away. He darted forward to fill his cheeks with them, only to have Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel rush at him angrily.

"These are my nuts!" shouted Happy Jack, and his voice was very harsh and angry.

"They are not!" screamed Chatterer. "They don't belong to anyone until they have been picked up. I have just as much right to them as you have. You don't own the tree. I guess if I want them, I'll take them, and you can't stop me."

"I found the tree first, and they belong to me!" barked Happy Jack. "If you don't go away and leave them alone, I'll make you sorry!" Happy Jack ground his long sharp teeth in a way not at all pleasant to hear. The Merry Little Breezes stopped shaking the branches of the tall chestnut tree and looked down in dismay. It seemed to them there were nuts enough for both, but here were these two cousins so greedy that they were quarreling and growing angrier every minute. It was quite dreadful.

STORY 1448. September 29, 1916

The Foolish Quarrel

Greed doesn't pay. It never does. And yet some people never seem to learn this. Just take the case of Happy Jack Squirrel and his cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel. In the Green Forest were ever so many chestnut trees and ever so many hickory trees, and there were more nuts than Happy Jack and Chatterer could eat in a lifetime. But

both were so greedy that here they were quarreling over the nuts which the Merry Little Breezes had shaken down from the top of a tall chestnut tree.

Happy Jack claimed all those brown nuts as his because he had happened to be right under that particular tree when the Merry Little Breezes shook them down. Chatterer had been near enough to hear them as they rattled down and had come running over to get a share. At once Happy Jack had tried to drive him away. Chatterer had refused to go. In fact, at the sight of all those nuts on the ground Chatterer had at once decided that he would have all of them. You see he was quite as greedy as Happy Jack. These brown nuts didn't really belong to either of them, and wouldn't until they had been picked up and hidden away. But Happy Jack and Chatterer didn't stop to think of this. Each was so greedy that he wasn't willing to let the other have a single one.

"Thief!" shouted Happy Jack.

"Robber!" cried Chatterer.

"No such thing! They're all mine because I found them first, sputtered Happy Jack.

"Pig, pig, pig!" shouted Chatterer, thrusting out his tongue at Happy Jack. Do you wonder that the Merry Little Breezes, who had thought to help Happy Jack and Chatterer, looked down in dismay and stopped shaking down the brown nuts? Do you wonder that Sammy Jay, hearing those sharp, angry voices, came stealing silently up to see what such a such a dreadful quarrel was about? You can depend on it that Sammy will be somewhere about when anything like that is going on.

At first Happy Jack and Chatterer were content to scold and call each other bad names. Then as they grew angrier and angrier, they began to fight, each trying to drive the other away. Happy Jack, as you know, is a great deal bigger than Chatterer, but Chatterer is quicker and more nimble, and his teeth are quite as sharp as Happy Jack's. So it wasn't as uneven a fight as you might think. They forgot the brown nuts lying there among the leaves on the ground. They forgot everything but their anger. They chased each other around the trees and up in the trees, all the time losing their tempers more and more.

Now their little cousin, Striped Chipmunk, wasn't far away, and of course he heard that dreadful quarrel. He pricked up his ears. Then he stole softly over to see what it was all about. Happy Jack and Chatterer didn't see him. They didn't see anything or anybody but each other. Striped Chipmunk watched them for a few minutes. Then he spied the brown nuts which the Merry Little Breezes had shaken down. His bright eyes sparkled. He chuckled. "I expect," said he, "that these are what they are quarreling about. How silly. How very foolish. These nuts belong to anyone who can get them. They are as much mine as theirs." Without wasting another minute Striped Chipmunk stuffed the pockets in his cheeks with those brown nuts until he couldn't get another one in. Then away he scurried. Pretty soon he was back again. He paid no attention to his quarreling cousins, but stuffed his pockets again and was off to his secret storehouse.

Back and forth he scurried, working with might and main. He knew that once Happy Jack and Chatterer stopped quarreling and discovered him, they would drive

him away, and he would have to go because he was too little to fight.

Sammy Jay watched him and chuckled. The Merry Little Breezes saw him and they chuckled. But his two big cousins were still fighting and saw only each other. At last Happy Jack and Chatterer had to stop for breath. They were too tired to run and fight any longer. But still each was determined that the other shouldn't have those brown nuts. Happy Jack looked down to gloat over the treasure he had been fighting for. Then he gave a little gasp. Not a single brown nut was to be seen. Chatterer did the same thing. For a few minutes both forgot their quarrel and raced down to pull over the leaves in search of those nuts. Not one was to be found. Their foolish quarrel had been for nothing, for nothing, just nothing at all.

STORY 1449. September 30, 1916

The Breezes to Help Striped Chipmunk

Happy Jack Squirrel and his cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, stared at each other, and for a few minutes neither could find a word to say. What had become of all those brown nuts which the Merry Little Breezes had shaken down from the top of the tall chestnut tree and over which they had quarreled and fought so bitterly? Not one was to be found. It was just as if there never had been any. The Merry Little Breezes knew what had become of them, and chuckled.

Sammy Jay knew what had become of them, and he chuckled. Striped Chipmunk knew what had become of them, and he chuckled the most of all.

In fact, Striped Chipmunk was at that very minute tucking away the very last of those brown nuts in his secret storehouse. No wonder he chuckled.

Of course Happy Jack and Chatterer soon guessed that while they had been so foolishly quarreling someone else had found those brown nuts and taken them away, but who that someone was they didn't know. What do you think they did after staring at each other for a few minutes? It sounds too foolish to tell, but they began to quarrel again. Yes, sir, Happy Jack and Chatterer began to quarrel again.

"It's all your fault!" snapped Happy Jack, gritting his teeth.

"If you hadn't been such a greedy pig, we would both have had some of those nuts," barked Chatterer.

And then they went at it again, quarreling as bitterly as before and quite forgetting that there were more nuts in the trees waiting to be gathered. The Merry Little Breezes had been shocked at first, and now they were disgusted, very much disgusted.

"And I thought we were going to help!" exclaimed the Merry Little Breeze who had first suggested shaking down the brown nuts that Happy Jack and Chatterer might be saved the trouble of climbing the trees for them. "I'll never shake down another nut for those fellows if I know it!"

"But we did help!" cried another Merry Little Breeze. "We helped Striped

Chipmunk. Wasn't it funny to see him get all those nuts while his cousins were quarreling about them? I tell you what, let's go hunt up Striped Chipmunk and help him and leave those two bad-tempered fellows to get their nuts any way they can."

No sooner was it proposed than off rushed the Merry Little Breezes to look for Striped Chipmunk. They found him running along the edge of the Green Forest looking for more nuts.

"Hello, Striped Chipmunk! Come play with us!" shouted one of them mischievously, knowing just what Striped Chipmunk's answer would be.

"Can't! I'm too busy," replied Striped Chipmunk, snapping his bright eyes at them,

"Will you play with us after your work is done, if we will help you do it?" asked one of the Merry Little Breezes.

Striped Chipmunk paused to sit up and chuckled as only he can chuckle. "I'd like to know how you can help me?" said he.

"How do you think all those brown nuts happened to be on the ground, the ones you have just hidden away while your cousins were quarreling?" demanded a Merry Little Breeze.

"Why, I suppose they just dropped down," replied Striped Chipmunk wonderingly.

You're wrong!" shouted the Merry Little Breezes. "We shook them down for your cousins. But we wouldn't have done it if we had known that they would quarrel over them. Now they may climb the trees and gather the nuts for themselves for all of us."

"That is something I can't do very well," said Striped Chipmunk. "You know I am not much of a climber. I have to depend on what I find on the ground, and sometimes it is pretty hard work to find enough. I didn't know you shook those down, but I'm glad you did. Now I must get busy. When my work is done, I'll play with you." Striped Chipmunk started to hurry on.

"Wait a minute," cried the Merry Little Breezes. "We are going to help you. You follow us and we'll shake down the nuts for you; but we must go where Happy Jack and Chatterer will not see what we are doing. What do you say to that?"

"Splendid!" cried Striped Chipmunk, chasing his tail from pure happiness. "Do you really mean it?"

"We certainly do!" cried the Merry Little Breezes. "Come on!"

STORY 1450. October 2, 1916

Merry Little Breezes Learn the Joy of Work

There's nothing like some honest work
  To make the minutes swiftly fly;
To fill the day with golden joy
  And set the hours skipping by.

Illustrations. September 25 to September 30, 1916.

1444. Stickytoes Tells Johnny Chuck a Secret
"I think," said he, "that I have quite as much sense as they have."

1445. The Surprising Secret of Stickytoes
"There were a number of plants about me, but they were all in those queer pots."

1446. Johnny Chuck Gets His Nose Pinched
So he sat there for some time trying to get his sleepy wits together.

1447. The Greedy Cousins
"Those are my nuts!" shouted Happy Jack.

1448. The Foolish Quarrel
Then as they grew angrier and angrier they began to fight.

1449. The Breezes to Help Striped Chipmunk
They found him running along the edge of the Green Forest.

All Summer long the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind had played on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest. To dance and play was what they were made for. At least that is what they seemed to think. Why anyone should work was something they couldn't understand in spite of the fact that Old Mother West Wind herself worked every day. When early in the morning she would turn them out of her big bag to play they would watch her go away to turn the windmills that pumped the water for the cows, to blow white-sailed ships across the distant ocean, to sweep away the smoke from great cities, and they would wonder why she I did these things when it was so much easier to just do nothing at all or to romp and play.

But even playing becomes tiresome, especially when nobody will play with you. And now that the busy Autumn had come there was no one to play with. Everybody was too busy to play. So it came about that the Merry Little Breezes, because they could think of nothing else to do, offered to help Striped Chipmunk, of whom they are very fond. They offered to shake down nuts from the trees that he might easier fill his secret storehouse. You know Striped Chipmunk is not much of a climber. He can climb if he has to, but he never feels at home in the trees and never likes to get far above the ground, for his Winter stores he depends on what he can find on the ground, and let me tell you there are no brighter eyes than those of Striped Chipmunk when it comes to finding nuts and seeds hidden under brown leaves.

But there are others quite as eager as Striped Chipmunk to find nuts for secret storehouses, especially his cousins, Happy Jack Squirrel and Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and because they are bigger and stronger and very, very selfish they often chase Striped Chipmunk away. So is it any wonder that when the Merry Little Breezes offered to shake down the brown nuts for him Striped Chipmunk chased his tail for pure happiness?

Happy Jack and Chatterer were still quarreling and their voices sounded harsh and angry as the Merry Little Breezes danced along ahead of Striped Chipmunk to a tree some distance from where Happy Jack and Chatterer were calling each other names, and worse than wasting the golden minutes of that beautiful day. Striped Chipmunk looked up and his eyes sparkled. The night before Jack Frost had opened the prickly burrs and Striped Chipmunk could see the brown nuts ready to drop. The Merry Little Breezes shook a branch and down rattled the brown nuts. Striped Chipmunk squealed with joy and stuffed the pockets in his cheeks until the Merry Little Breezes shouted with laughter because he looked so funny. Then he scampered away to his secret storehouse. Back he came and did it all over again. As soon as he had picked up the last nut the Merry Little Breezes shook another branch and down showered more brown nuts, rattling against the branches and rolling under the brown leaves on the ground. It was great fun. It seemed as if those bright eyes of Striped Chipmunk saw where every nut rolled to. Of course they didn't, but those they didn't see his keen little nose found, so it amounted to the same thing.

Never had the Merry Little Breezes had such a good time. Sometimes they would tease Striped Chipmunk by shaking down only a few at a time. Then they would shake a branch so hard that the brown nuts would fly in all directions. But Striped Chipmunk didn't mind. All he wanted was to have the nuts on the ground where he could get

them. Back and forth he scampered between his secret storehouse and the place where the brown nuts were being shaken down and in his heart was a song of joy. And there was a like joy in the hearts of the Merry Little Breezes, for they had discovered the joy of something to do, of work. Never had a day passed so quickly. They had helped another and in so doing had won for themselves a great happiness.

"We'll come again tomorrow!" they cried, as they saw Old Mother West Wind coming across the Green Meadows with her big bag in which to take them to their home behind the Purple Hills. "Thank you!" cried Striped Chipmunk, as he sat down to rest his weary little legs.

STORY 1451. October 3, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Digs a Pit

It happened in the middle of the Summer that Farmer Brown's Boy one day took his shovel and down in one corner of the garden started to dig. It was in a corner where nothing was planted, because right in that particular place the soil was so sandy that nothing worthwhile would grow. So it was a good place to make the pit which Farmer Brown's Boy had made up his mind to dig. A pit, you know, is a hole straight down in the ground. And this was a good place for a pit because it was out of the way, a place of no use for any other purpose, and at the same time was right where the pit could be of the most service.

You see Farmer Brown's Boy was going to dig that pit for a purpose. It was to be what Farmer Brown calls a compost pit. You all know that the little plants draw their food from the earth. If the earth has no food in it plants cannot grow any more than we can grow without eating. The food which the plants need, and which their roots take from the earth, is largely composed of very fine particles of vegetable matter which has rotted away. It is this which gives color to soil and makes it black and what Farmer Brown would call rich. When you find pure sand there is none of this matter mixed with it, and that is why plants cannot grow.

Now in this pit which Farmer Brown's Boy had started out to dig he meant to help Old Mother Nature make a lot of this food for the plants that he might use next Spring to make the plants of his garden grow. In that pit when it was finished, he would from time to time throw the fallen leaves which he had raked up, and old sods, and some dressing from the barnyard, all sorts of things that would rot and so make food for the plants. Such a pile rotted away is called compost, and this was to be a compost pit. You see Farmer Brown's Boy believes in being prepared and he was already making plans for next year, when he meant to have the finest garden anywhere around.

So as he dug that pit he whistled. He says it is always easier to work if you whistle at the same time. First, he marked off a big circle, and then he dug and dug and dug, throwing out the sand in a pile on one side. By and by that hole was so deep that only Farmer Brown's Boy's head appeared above the ground. Still he kept on working, and at last only the very top of his head could be seen. That pit was now so deep that it was hard work to throw the sand out.

"I guess it is deep enough," said Farmer Brown's Boy, stopping to rest. "I'll make the sides nice and straight and smooth and then I guess it will do."

So after a while he smoothed the sides with his shovel, and when he had finished he had a pit with sides perfectly straight up and down, and almost six feet deep. In fact it was so deep that he had to rest his shovel against the smooth wall and climb up on that in order to get out.

"If anybody tumbles in there they won't get out in a hurry," said he as he looked down into it. "They would need wings to get out. It is too deep to jump out of, and they couldn't climb those steep sandy walls. I guess I'll have to keep an eye on this to see that no one gets caught in it."

Of course he meant his little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. You see he knew that many of them often visited his garden, and it might be that not knowing that the pit was there one of them would carelessly tumble in. With his shovel over one shoulder and whistling merrily, he tramped home. When he had gone the garden was just as before save that down in that far corner was the great pit he had dug. But of this none of the little people save Sammy Jay knew. Sammy had watched Farmer Brown's Boy dig it. But Sammy said nothing about it. He was puzzled, and in his shrewd way he kept thinking and thinking the matter over and trying to decide what it could be for. At last, because he could think of no other use for it, he made up his mind that it must be a kind of trap. And yet he didn't like to think this, for he had come to think a great deal of Farmer Brown's Boy and to look on him as a friend. So he made up his mind to keep his tongue still and wait and watch. Time would tell.

STORY 1452. October 4, 1916

Peter Rabbit Nearly Falls Into the Pit

Of course Peter Rabbit had no business in Farmer Brown's garden. He knew it. He knew that the delicious plants growing there were not meant for him. For a long time after he had been made so ill by eating cabbage leaves, on which poison had been put to kill bugs, he had kept away from that tempting garden. In fact, for some time he hadn't wanted to go near it. But time changes one's feelings just as it changes everything else. It was so with Peter. It was so long since he had been so ill that he had half forgotten how terribly he had felt.

So, sometimes when he passed that garden on his way to the Old Orchard, he would pause and stare at it longingly. He would sit up and work his wabbly little nose, and the delicious odors which tickled it would make his mouth water so that sometimes he would have to run his very hardest to keep from yielding to the temptation to visit that garden and try some of those plants growing there.

As time went on, he got in the habit of sitting a little longer each night to stare through the fence into the garden and to sniff the delicious smells. Each night it was a little harder to go on. The longer he looked and the more he smelled the less danger there seemed. Until he had eaten that poison, which hadn't been meant for him at all,

no harm had ever come to him in that garden.

"I know enough now," thought Peter, "not to eat poisoned leaves. It is safe, perfectly safe, for me to go there. I wouldn't eat a thing. I just want to see what it is like over there, and if things have changed much since I was there."

"Fie, Peter, fie!" whispered a small voice inside. "You know very well that you are safer outside that garden. You know you couldn't resist stuffing yourself with the things growing there."

"I could too!" protested Peter. "I could go all through that garden and not taste a single thing."

"You couldn't do anything of the kind. You know you couldn't. Better keep out of temptation. If I were you, I wouldn't ever come so near the garden," whispered the small voice.

Peter scowled. He didn't like that small voice. It was forever telling him not to do things that he very much wanted to do. "I'm going over there just once, So there!" declared Peter.

"If you go once and nothing happens you'll go every night, and then something may happen. Keep away," warned the little voice.

But Peter tried not to hear that small voice. He hopped a few steps nearer the fence on the edge of the garden. He looked and listened. It was very, very quiet over in there. Peter hopped a few steps nearer. "I'll just stick my head inside and see how it looks," said he to himself, "then I'll go on to the Old Orchard."

So Peter poked his head through an opening in the fence. My, how good it did smell in there! Peter's wabbly little nose wabbled faster than ever. "Cabbages!" muttered Peter. "And beets! Turnips, as I live! O, my goodness, I certainly smell carrots!"

Peter really didn't know just when his body did follow his head through that opening in the fence. But it did, for here he was right in the middle of Farmer Brown's garden. My, how things had grown since he had been there! He hopped this way and he hopped that way. He took a nip here and a bite there. The little voice inside was still now. It had given up.

So presently Peter came to the far corner, where Farmer Brown's Boy had dug that deep pit. Peter stared at the great pile of sand on one side. He didn't see the great hole; all he saw was the pile of sand. "Now what can that be for?" thought Peter, and went a little nearer. At first he was suspicious of it. After a little he made up his mind that it was perfectly harmless. It was nothing but a pile of sand. He would climb up to the top. It would be a splendid place from which to look all over the garden.

Up Peter scrambled and sat down on the very top. Then for the first time he saw the black pit below him. He stared down into it wondering what it could be for. Suddenly the sand under him began to slide. Hastily Peter felt himself slipping down, down toward that black pit. With all his might he scrambled up, for he was right on the

very edge of that pit. It was a narrow escape, a very narrow escape.

STORY 1453. October 5, 1916

Old Mr. Toad Falls into Trouble

A little slip, a little fall,
To get in trouble; that is all.

Peter Rabbit was lucky; just plain lucky, and nothing else, when he managed to keep from falling into the pit which Farmer Brown's Boy had dug in the corner of the garden. As it was, he slipped down to the very edge so that his heart was in his mouth. But he managed somehow to get his footing again and scrambled up the pile of sand to the place where he had been sitting when the sand began to slip and he so nearly slid into that black pit. In daylight that pit wouldn't have looked black, but in the moonlight, which was when Peter discovered it, it looked very black and ever so deep.

Now, if Peter had fallen in, he would have had no one to blame but himself. He had no business in that garden, and he knew it, Furthermore, it was nothing but idle curiosity which had taken him up to the top of that pile of sand on the edge of that big hole. You may be sure that Peter was frightened. Of course he was very much frightened, and at first he thought he would get out of that garden as quickly as he could before something else happened to him. So he started for the hole in the fence by which he had entered. Half way there he had begun to get over his fright, and by the time he reached the hole in the fence his curiosity, that dreadful curiosity which gets Peter into so many scrapes, was greater than his fright.

"I wonder who made that big hole and what it is for," thought Peter. "It is a funny thing to be in Farmer Brown's garden. I wonder how deep it is. I wonder if I could have jumped out if I had fallen in. I wonder if anyone else knows about it. I wonder—" There is no knowing how much more Peter would have wondered if just at that minute he hadn't heard a tiny scream. Peter pricked up his long ears and sat up to listen. But though he listened with all his might he heard nothing more.

"That sounded as if it came from the direction of that big hole," thought Peter. "Can it be that someone has fallen in I—I—I believe I'll go back and have another look at that hole. If I am very careful there will be no danger. I won't climb up on that pile of sand again, because it might slip and slide under me just as it did before, but I'll go around on the other side. Then I can creep up to the edge of that hole and peep into it, and see better what it is like inside."

No sooner thought of than Pete was off, lipperty-lipperty-lip, back to that corner of the garden where the curious big hole was. As he drew near, he moved slowly and very carefully, looking before he leaped. So presently he came to the big hole which Farmer Brown's Boy had dug. In the moonlight it looked like a great round black shadow. Slowly and carefully, Peter crept to the very edge and peeped over. It was deep, much too deep for him to have jumped out had he fallen in. And the sides were straight up and down. Peter noticed this right away. He couldn't have jumped out, and he couldn't

have climbed out to save his life.

"Phew! That WAS a narrow escape!" exclaimed Peter right out loud.

At the sound of his voice, it seemed to Peter that something moved down there in the darkness at the bottom of the big hole. He stared with all his might. After a little he began to see more clearly. You know Peter can see quite well at night as well as by day. There was a little spot down there darker than the rest of the bottom. He thought it moved. Yes, he was sure it moved.

"Is anybody down there?" he asked. "Yes," replied a very weak voice. "I am."

"Why, Old Mr. Toad, whatever are you doing down there?" cried Peter.

"Nothing but wondering how I'm going to get out again," replied Old Mr. Toad testily.

"But how did you get there?" persisted Peter.

"Tumbled down. How did you suppose? I just fell into trouble," replied Old Mr. Toad more testily than ever.

"I should say you did," gasped Peter.

STORY 1454. October 6, 1916

Old Mr. Toad Tells How It Happened

Peter Rabbit stared down into down into the deep pit Farmer Brown's Boy had dug in the far corner of the garden, and from the bottom of the pit, quite 6 feet below, Old Mr. Toad stared up at Peter. A wandering moonbeam fell full on Old Mr. Toad, so that Peter could see him very plainly, and the first thing Peter noticed was that Mr. Toad didn't look frightened. No, sir, he didn't look frightened, but he did look terribly disgusted. In fact there never was a more disgusted looking Toad.

"Now if I were in his place I would be frightened; I would be frightened almost out of my wits," thought Peter. "I would be frightened because I would know that I couldn't possibly get out without help, and I'm sure I don't know of anyone who could help me out of such a place as that. But Old Mr. Toad doesn't look frightened. I wonder if he doesn't know enough to know that he can't get out." Aloud he said: "How did you happen to fall in, Mr. Toad?"

"Didn't look sharp enough before I leaped," grunted Old Mr. Toad, and looked more disgusted than ever. "It's never safe to leap before you've looked, Peter Rabbit. Just look at me and the fix I am in and remember that. It makes no difference how often you've been along a path or how well you know a place, it isn't safe to jump until you've looked to see just where you are going to land. Now I was over here last night and there wasn't any hole here then. So when I came here tonight of course I wasn't looking for anything like this, This hole must have been dug while I was taking a nap. I found some very delicious bugs over here last night, so I thought I would see if I could find some more tonight. I can't see over the grass the way you can, so I got almost to

the edge of this place without knowing anything about it. Even then if I had stopped to look and make sure of where I would land, I probably would have seen it. But I didn't. A bug flew over my head and I was in a hurry to see it he was going to alight somewhere near, So I made a long jump and here I am. I landed on the very edge of this hole and tumbled in head first."

"Didn't it frighten you terribly?" asked Peter.

Old Mr. Toad didn't reply at once. He stopped to consider and turn Peter's question over in his mind. "Yes," said he at last, "it did frighten me considerably, I must confess. You see I didn't know how deep this hole was and it rather took my breath away. I landed on my back and when I struck, I lost what little breath I did have. When I got it again, I found that there was no harm done. I had had a good shaking up, and that was all."

"I heard you scream when you fell," said Peter.

Old Mr. Toad looked a little mortified, "I guess I did scream once when I found I was falling," he owned up truthfully. "If I had known that it was no worse than this, I wouldn't have made a sound."

"No worse than this!" exclaimed Peter. "I should think that this is bad enough. How under the sun are you going to get out? Why, you'll have to stay there the rest of your life. You never can climb those straight walls, never!

Old Mr. Toad looked up at the straight walls and sighed. "Then I'll have to live down here, that's all," said he.

"But you can't do that!" cried Peter.

"There isn't any such word as 'can't,' Peter," retorted Old Mr. Toad in a severe tone of voice. "You never know what you can do until you try. I might be worse off, a great deal worse off."

"I don't see how," protested Peter.

"Well, this hole might have been twice as deep for one thing," said Mr. Toad, with a sly twinkle in his eyes.

"That's so," replied Peter.

"And it might have been all stones on the bottom, which would have hurt me when I struck," continued Old Mr. Toad.

"True enough," said Peter. "But it's bad enough as it is. I'm going to see if I can get someone to help you get out, though I haven't the least idea who can unless it is Farmer Brown's Boy, and I don't know how I can get him over here."

STORY 1455. October 7, 1916

Peter Rabbit Worries about Old Mr. Toad

When Peter Rabbit finally bade Old Mr. Toad good night and left him there at the

bottom of the great pit which Farmer Brown's Boy had dug in a corner of his garden and into which Old Mr. Toad had fallen, he went straight home to the dear old Brier Patch to think. As a true Quaddy, he felt that he had just to do something to help Old Mr. Toad out of his trouble. He remembered how old Mr. Toad had journeyed clear over to the Old Brier Patch that time when he was made so ill by eating poisoned cabbage leaves. It was no journey at all for Peter, but it was very much of a journey for Old Mr. Toad, and he had come, out of the goodness of his heart, to try to help Peter. Now Old Mr. Toad himself was in trouble and Peter wanted to repay that kindness by helping him.

But how could he help? That was the question that Peter turned over and over in his mind as he sat in his favorite place in the dear Old Brier Patch. It seemed to him that Old Mr. Toad was in about as bad a fix as it was possible to be in. Mr. Toad couldn't climb. Even if he could it wouldn't have done him any good in that place. Happy Jack Squirrel himself couldn't climb out of that hole because the sides were so straight and were wholly of sand, which would give way when any one tried to climb. So far as Peter could see Old Mr. Toad was a helpless prisoner.

Thinking is hard work. Peter Rabbit says so. Perhaps that is because Peter never does a great deal of real thinking. He is very apt to do things without thinking and this is one reason he is forever getting into scrapes. If he did a little more real thinking, he wouldn't get into trouble so often. But now he was doing some real thinking all on account of Old Mr. Toad, and yet it didn't help a bit, as he could see. He just couldn't think of any one who could get Old Mr. Toad out of that pit unless it was Farmer Brown's Boy. He could do it. He could do anything. At least, that is the way it seemed to Peter. But how could he let Farmer Brown's Boy know of Old Mr Toad's trouble. All of Peter's thinking always ended right there. There was no way of letting Farmer Brown's Boy know unless—Peter hopped straight up in the air in excitement. He could find Sammy Jay and get him to go over to that pit in the garden and scream until Farmer Brown's Boy should come to see what such a fuss was about.

Without wasting another minute off started Peter Rabbit to hunt for Sammy Jay. Now Sammy Jay is one of those people always sure to be around when not wanted, but now that he was wanted, he wasn't to be found. No one knew where he was. No one remembered having seen him that day. The fact is Sammy had taken it into his head to go over to the Old Pasture that day. So Peter visited the Old Orchard and the Great Forest in vain. At last he had to give up. Night was coming on and Sammy Jay would be of no use then, for he sleeps at night. Peter would have to wait until the next day.

Meanwhile he worried about Old Mr. Toad. He knew that Mr. Toad does not like the hot sun. In fact, it makes him quite ill. Jolly, bright Mr. Sun had been shining his very brightest all that day. "It must have been awfully hot down in that pit, thought Peter. "Poor Old Mr. Toad must have suffered a great deal. And he must be hungry. However will he get anything to eat down there? I am afraid that if he has to spend another day down there it will quite finish him. Why couldn't Sammy Jay have been around when he was wanted?" Peter was actually beginning to feel that it was really Sammy's fault, when of course it wasn't anything of the kind. "Anyway, as soon as I've had a bite to eat, I'll run over to the garden and tell Mr. Toad that I have been trying my

Illustrations. October 2 to October 7, 1916.

1450. Merry Little Breezes Learn the Joy of Work
Happy Jack and Chatterer were still quarreling.

1451. Farmer Brown's Boy Digs a Pit
Then he dug and dug and dug.

1452. Peter Rabbit Nearly Falls into the Pit
"I'll just stick my head inside and see how it looks."

1453. Old Mr. Toad Falls into Trouble
"Nothing but wondering how I'm going to get out again," replied Old Mr. Toad.

1454. Old Mr. Toad Tells How It Happened
Old Mr. Toad looked up at the straight walls.

1455. Peter Rabbit Worries about Old Mr. Toad
He couldn't think of anyone who could get Old Mr. Toad out of that hole.

very best to do something for him. I hope he hasn't suffered very much, but I'm almost afraid to go see. You know Peter is very tender hearted. So Peter ate a hurried meal, and shortly after jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hill Peter started to see how Old Mr. Toad was feeling after that long hot day at the bottom of that great hole.

STORY 1456. October 9, 1916

Peter Rabbit Doesn't Know What to Think

As Peter Rabbit crawled through the hole in the fence into the garden of Farmer Brown he was doing his best to think of something to say to keep up the spirits of his friend, Old Mr. Toad. You remember that Old Mr. Toad had fallen into a great pit in a corner of the garden, and that all that day Peter had tried to think of some way to help Old Mr. Toad out. He had almost run his legs off trying to find Sammy Jay. At least, that is the way his legs felt. Sammy was the only one Peter could think of who could get Farmer Brown's Boy over to that pit, and Farmer Brown's Boy was the only one he could think of who could get Old Mr. Toad out.

But Sammy Jay had been nowhere to be found, and Peter felt that all his efforts had been for nothing. He had so hoped to be able to help Old Mr. Toad through Sammy Jay and Farmer Brown's Boy, and all he could do was to go try to cheer up Old Mr. Toad and keep up his spirits. This didn't seem like doing anything at all. But in this Peter was mistaken. To try to comfort and cheer those in trouble is to do one of the very best things in all the world.

As Peter drew near the edge of the deep pit in the corner of the garden he paused. Somehow he couldn't bear to look down in there. He knew that Old Mr. Toad cannot bear the hot sun, and there he had been in the bottom of that pit all the long, hot day without a thing he could crawl under.

"He must have suffered a great deal," thought Peter. "Why didn't I think to cut some big cabbage leaves and drop them down there for him, to get under? How stupid I am. I'll do it tonight, so that he may have them tomorrow. They will keep the sun off. My after-thoughts are a great deal better than my before-thoughts."

In this Peter is not unlike a great many people. After-thoughts are very often a great deal better than before-thoughts. But the real, trouble with Peter's thinking was that he didn't think enough, although he tried hard enough. If with his thinking he had remembered things which he had found out it would have saved him some worry regarding Old Mr. Toad. But he didn't think back, and so he quite forgot that Old Mr. Toad could dig himself right down quite out of sight in the sand at the bottom of the pit and so get out of the sun.

Carefully Peter crept to the edge of the pit and looked down in. It was still quite light, for jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had not long disappeared behind the Purple Hills, back of which he goes to bed every night. Peter gave a funny little gasp and then he swallowed hard once or twice. He could see all over the bottom of that pit, and

nowhere was Old Mr. Toad to be seen! No, sir, there wasn't a sign of Old Mr. Toad. Peter rubbed his eyes and stared very hard. What did it mean? What had become of Old Mr. Toad? Where had he gone to? Had some enemy found him a helpless prisoner there and caught him? That didn't seem possible, for Peter couldn't think of anyone who would dare go down in that hole or who could get out again if they did go down.

Could it be that Farmer Brown's Boy had been over there and had taken Mr. Toad out? Hastily Peter looked to see if there were any fresh tracks of Farmer Brown's Boy, but he couldn't find a single fresh track. Back to the edge of the pit went Peter and sat staring into it, as if he thought that by staring hard enough he could see Old Mr. Toad. It was a great mystery, a very great mystery. Old Mr. Toad certainly couldn't have climbed out himself. No one could. The sides were too straight and too crumbly for anyone to climb them. Peter didn't know what to think. The more he tried to think the more puzzled he became. Where was Old Mr. Toad? What had become of him?

STORY 1457. October 10, 1916

Peter Discovers Some Holes

There was something so very strange and mysterious about the disappearance of Old Mr. Toad that Peter Rabbit could not help having a queer feeling about that pit in the corner of Farmer Brown's garden. He almost had the feeling that he must have dreamed that Old Mr. Toad had fallen into the pit. But he knew he hadn't dreamed it. With his own eyes he had seen Old Mr. Toad down there, and he had talked to Old Mr. Toad. There was no dream about it; it was true. More than this, he had spent a whole day trying to get help for Old Mr. Toad. And now Old Mr. Toad wasn't there, although he couldn't possibly have climbed those walls.

Back to the Old Brier Patch went Peter to rest and try to think what could have become of his homely old friend. The more he thought the more puzzled he grew. He tried to put the matter out of his head, but he couldn't. He even dreamed of Old Mr. Toad, and when he tried to eat he had no appetite. This worried little Mrs. Peter. She felt that something must be very wrong with Peter when he couldn't eat. Such a thing was almost unheard of.

By the middle of the next afternoon Peter could stand it no longer. He just had to have another look at that pit in Farmer Brown's garden. So, making sure Reddy and Granny Fox were nowhere about, and that Redtail the Hawk was not in sight, he started for Farmer Brown's garden, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go.

He knew he had no business there and that he was running great risk of being discovered, a great deal more risk than if he went, at night; but he just HAD to have another look in that pit. He had given up all thought of getting someone to help Old Mr. Toad. What was the use if Mr. Toad wasn't there? And he didn't dare tell anyone about how Mr. Toad had fallen into that pit, because if Mr. Toad wasn't there everybody who heard his story would laugh at him and say that he had been dreaming.

He reached the garden safely and at once hurried over to the pit which Farmer Brown's Boy had dug and into which Old Mr. Toad had fallen. Taking great care not to get so near that he would be likely to tumble in himself, he peeped over the edge. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was looking down and smiling with all his might, and on the bottom of the pit there wasn't a thing that even a fly could hide under. Old Mr. Toad wasn't there. So far as Peter could see, there wasn't a thing to show that he ever had been there, unless a couple of tiny piles of sand close to the wall right under him might have been made by someone trying to climb out.

Peter went around to the other side of the pit so as to look across and see better where the sand in those two little piles had come from. Right away he discovered something that for the minute put all thought of Old Mr. Toad out of his head. It was a hole, a little hole right in the wall of the pit and just a few inches above the bottom. Right under it was the tiny pile of sand, and Peter knew that this sand had come from that little hole. A little above this hole and at one side was another little hole, and right below this was the second pile of sand. Someone had made them. Peter knew that. Holes do not make themselves. But who under the sun could have made these? Had someone else fallen, into the pit? And why, were there two holes? Could it be that more than one other person had fallen in there?

Peter sat very still and watched those two holes for the longest time, but no one stirred in either. He called softly, but no one answered. It was as if someone had made those mysterious holes and then gone away. But how could they have done that? How could they have gotten out of that pit? Peter began to feel that there was something very queer about that pit. He began to be afraid of it. Certainly, a place where such strange things happened was place for him to be. Something might happen to him. So with a last look at the two holes Peter scurried away.

STORY 1458. October 11, 1916

More Puzzling Holes

People are funny. They certainly are. You never can tell what they will do next. Just as likely as not they will do the very thing that you are quite sure they won't do. Now, there's Peter Rabbit. Peter acts sometimes as if he just hadn't any common sense at all. But, after all, he isn't so different from a lot of people I know and you know; they keep right on going to places which they know they shouldn't go to, or doing things which they know they shouldn't do.

Now, there was something queer about that pit in Farmer Brown's garden. At least, Peter thought there was. How anyone who should fall into it could get out again without wings was more than Peter could understand. Yet his friend Old Mr. Toad had fallen into it and then, while Peter was looking for help for him, had disappeared. That was queer enough, but to make it still more queer Peter had discovered that there were two little holes in the smooth side of the pit just a little way up from the bottom. As holes do not make themselves, they must have been made by someone, and yet, though Peter had watched for the longest time and had called, he had neither seen anyone nor

been answered.

The only way to account for those holes of which Peter could think was that somebody else had fallen into that pit and had tried to dig a way out. In fact, Peter was sure that there must have been two besides Mr Toad who had fallen in, because there were two holes. He couldn't imagine any one wasting time digging more than one hole. But who could they be, and why didn't they come out? And where was Old Mr. Toad? There was something queer about that pit. Yes, sir, there was something queer. Peter began to be afraid of it. He would keep away from it.

Now the common-sense thing to do when you fear a thing is to stay away from it, just as Peter intended to stay away from that pit in Farmer Brown's garden. But somehow with a great many people this is the hardest thing in the world to do. Peter was afraid of that pit because of the queer things that had happened there, but for the life of him he couldn't keep away from it, despite his good intentions. The very next morning found him back there again peeping over the edge to see if anything more had happened there.

Old Mr. Toad was nowhere to be seen, but this didn't surprise Peter. He had given up all hope of finding Mr. Toad in there. The two holes which had so puzzled him were still there. And then Peter discovered something that made him jump so that it is a wonder he didn't tumble into that pit himself. What was it? It was another hole a little above and to one side of the highest of the first two, and a little above and to one side of this was another! Yes, sir, there were two new holes in the side of that pit-little holes just like the first one. Do you wonder that Peter stared very hard, then rubbed his eyes and stared again?

There was no question about it, those four holes were real. The day before there had been only two, and the day before that none at all. In his wonder at and interest in those holes Peter quite forgot all about Old Mr. Toad and the mysterious way in which he had disappeared. Who could have made them and why? How did they get up to those holes from the bottom down to them from the top? Peter remembered that once he had seen similar holes made in a sandbank by members of the Swallow family, but they couldn't have made these holes, because it was too late in the Summer; they were quite through nesting. Beside, if they had made these, they would be flying about and going in and out of them. As it was, there wasn't a sign of life in that pit.

Peter's head began to ache from puzzling over the matter. I don't much wonder, do you?

STORY 1459. October 12, 1916

Peter Has a New Surprise

Were you ever too surprised to feel surprised? When one surprise follows on top of a previous surprise, and another on top of that, and so on, it is sometimes hard to know how one does feel. Peter Rabbit's first surprise had been the finding of the big pit dug by Farmer Brown's Boy in a far corner of the garden. Then he had discovered Old Mr.

Toad at the bottom; so far as Peter could see, a hopeless prisoner. Then Old Mr. Toad had disappeared, and this was a very great mystery and most surprising thing. While he was still puzzling over this Peter discovered two holes in the smooth, straight sides of the pit, but no signs of the one who had made them. The next day there were two more holes a little higher up, and still Peter was as much in the dark as ever as to who had made them.

Some one had made them. That was a fact no one could deny. There they were for anyone to see, and on the bottom of the pit underneath each one was a tiny heap of sand which had been dug out of the hole above. These holes were quite as surprising and as much a mystery as Old Mr. Toad's disappearance. Peter had puzzled so much over them that he actually made his head ache. He thought he knew all there was to know about his neighbors—a very foolish thing for anyone to think—but try as he would he couldn't think of anyone who could have made those holes.

In the first place, he couldn't think of anyone who would make those holes just for the fun of it, and yet every time he visited the pit, he was sure to find more holes. That made it look as if several people had been digging there. But the only ones he could think of who would be likely to make holes so near together were certain members of the Swallow family, who live in holes in the ground, and he just knew that they couldn't have made these holes, because I was so late in the season and they were all through nesting.

Peter was equally sure that Danny Meadow Mouse couldn't have made those holes, nor could Striped Chipmunk, because the sides of the pit were so straight and the sand would slip so under sharp claws that neither of them could reach those holes, let alone make them, either from the bottom or the top. But to make doubly sure Peter called on Danny Meadow Mouse and then on Striped Chipmunk and found both at home. Of course, Peter had told Mrs. Peter all about that pit and the queer things which had happened there, but she couldn't help him clear up the mystery of Old Mr. Toad's disappearance or of those holes in the side of the pit. In fact, she didn't try.

"If anything has happened to Old Mr. Toad I'm sorry," said she, "but you take warning, Peter, and stay away from that pit, and that garden, too, for that matter. You got in trouble enough there once, and if you've got any sense at all you never will go near there again. As for those queer holes, they don't interest me the least teeny, weeny bit, and they are no concern of yours, Forget them. Mind your own business and leave others to mind theirs."

Peter knew that this was the very soundest kind of advice, but his curiosity was too much for him. He just couldn't keep away from that pit in Farmer Brown's garden. He kept wondering if there were any more holes there. He tried to stay away, and he spent that night in the Green Forest. He even started for home in the dear Old Briar Patch just as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was climbing out of bed. But the temptation to have one more look in that pit in Farmer Brown's garden was too much for him.

"It won't take long," thought Peter. "I'll have just a look at it and then hurry home."

So away he went, lipperty-lipperty- lip, for Farmer Brown's garden, crawled through a hole in the fence and just as the first Jolly Little Sunbeams came dancing across the Green Meadows to the garden he peeped over the edge of that pit. This time there was one new hole a little higher up than the others. Peter sat staring at it with all his might. As he stared, he thought he saw something move inside. Yes, he was sure of it. He leaned forward until there was danger that he might tumble into the pit himself. Who could it be? He almost forgot to breathe. Suddenly a familiar face was poked out of that new hole. It was the face of Old Mr. Toad. In his surprise Peter just missed tumbling into that pit.

STORY 1460. October 13, 1916

Peter Doubts His Own Eyes

If you cannot believe your own eyes what can you believe? You know there is an old saying that seeing is believing. But as Peter stared across at the highest hole in the side of the big pit in Farmer Brown's garden he actually doubted the truth of this. In fact, he doubted if he really saw what his eyes seemed to see. He blinked them two or three times, then looked again. His eyes told him the same thing that they had told him before. They told him that Old Mr. Toad was sitting right at the entrance to that little hole half way between the bottom and the upper edge of that deep pit, with its straight walls, and that was something Peter couldn't believe. He just couldn't, that was all. He turned his head and looked about in the garden. Everything looked just as usual there. There was nothing wrong with his eyes. Then he looked back at that little hole. There sat Old Mr. Toad looking just as natural as possible.

Was he dreaming? Peter turned his head and gently bit one of his long hind legs, just to make sure that he was awake. There was no doubt about it, he was awake. He felt those sharp teeth. There was no dream about those. Once more he looked over at the little hole. There sat Old Mr Toad just as before.

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Peter right out loud.

"Don't believe what?" asked a funny little voice. It was the voice of Old Mr. Toad.

"I don't believe my own eyes," said Peter, "or my own ears, either, for that matter."

"What's the matter with them?" asked Old Mr Toad.

"Say," replied Peter, "are you really Old Mr Toad or not?"

Old Mr Toad chuckled. He chuckled for a long time before he replied. "So far as I know I'm really Old Mr Toad," said he. "I don't think I am any one else. Don't I look natural? What's wrong about me?"

"You look natural enough," replied Peter. "You look too natural. That's what is wrong—you look too natural. If you were down on the bottom of this pit you would look all right. But you are up in that hole, halfway to the top, and you simply can't be there, that's all. You can't fly and you can't climb, so how can you be in that hole? You can't, and that is all there is about it. There's something wrong with my eyes."

Again Old Mr. Toad chuckled. It was a funny little chuckle, way down in his throat. “Perhaps you are right, Peter,’ said he. “Perhaps I’m not up in this little hole, but I think I am. Goodness knows, I’ve had hard enough work getting here. Please don’t try to make me think I’m not here. Please don’t, Peter.” Old Mr. Toad began to chuckle again.

Just then a bug came flying along and stopped to see what that hole was like. Even as Peter watched it, it disappeared as suddenly as if it had vanished into nothing. Old Mr. Toad smacked his lips just as Peter had seen him do many times before when he had caught a bug that tasted good. “That bug tasted real, anyway,” said he. “If you see any more like it just send them over here, will you, Peter? It will be a great favor. It isn’t as easy getting a meal here as up in Farmer Brown’s garden, and I need all I can get. I certainly shall be glad when I get back there.”

“But, Mr. Toad, how can you get back there?” asked Peter.

“By keeping on the same way I’ve reached here,” replied Old Mr. Toad in the most matter of fact tone.

“But I don’t see how you have got up where you are, and that is why it is such hard work for me to believe my own eyes,” cried Peter. “I’ve been over here every day since you fell into this pit and not once have I seen you or any sign of you.”

“O, yes, you have,” interrupted Old Mr. Toad. That is, you’ve seen signs of me, even if you haven’t seen me.” “I’d like to know where!” Peter exclaimed.

“You’ve seen these holes in the wall of the pit, haven’t you?” replied Old Mr. Toad.

“Yes,” said Peter, “and I’ve gone almost crazy trying to find out who made them.”

“I did,” replied Old Mr. Toad, and began to chuckle again.

STORY 1461. October 14, 1916

Peter Rabbit Doubts His Ears

Dear me, dear me, such a time as Peter Rabbit was having. Ever since he had discovered Old Mr. Toad sitting in the highest of the little holes in the wall of the pit which Farmer Brown’s Boy had dug in his garden Peter had been doubting his own senses. First he couldn’t and wouldn’t believe that he saw what his eyes told him he saw—Old Mr. Toad sitting in that little hole. He couldn’t and wouldn’t believe it, because he couldn’t think of any possible way for Old Mr. Toad to get where he seemed to be. It was only after he had talked with Old Mr. Toad and had watched him catch a bug which foolishly stopped to look in at the little hole where Old Mr. Toad was sitting, and had heard Old Mr. Toad smack his lips as that bug disappeared, that Peter finally was forced to believe that he was awake and his eyes were not playing him tricks.

But when he told Old Mr. Toad that he had gone almost crazy trying to find out who had made those little holes in one of which Old Mr. Toad was sitting, and Old Mr.

Toad had replied, “I did,” Peter began to doubt his own ears, just as he had doubted his own eyes.

“What’s that?” he asked, a little sharply.

“I did,” said Old Mr. Toad a second time, and in his beautiful eyes there was a twinkle which Peter couldn’t see and which made them more beautiful than ever.

“You did what?” asked Peter, looking at Old Mr. Toad very hard.

“I made these little holes which have puzzled you so,” replied Old Mr. Toad, and chuckled deep down in his throat.

“Mr. Toad,” said Peter, “you and I are old friends, and I hope we always will be friends. When I found that you had tumbled into this pit, I did my best to get help to get you out. When I failed and came back to tell you what I had been doing you had disappeared. I’ve worried about you ever since. When I saw you in that hole where you are now sitting, I thought my eyes were playing me tricks. I really did. Even now it is very hard for me to believe that you are really there, because I don’t see how it is possible that you could get there unless you have got a tunnel down from the surface. If you had wings, I might understand it. But now, as an old friend, I ask you not to try to joke with me by telling me that you made all those little holes. You just couldn’t have made them, that’s all. I know you well enough to know that you couldn’t climb these straight walls to save your life. So it is perfectly clear that you couldn’t have made these holes, because you couldn’t have climbed to where they are. Please be honest with me and tell me truly who did make these holes.”

Old Mr. Toad saw that Peter was very much in earnest. “Peter,” said he, “do you remember that once on a time I told you that if you would turn your back on me for a few minutes I would disappear and wouldn’t go away or crawl under anything to do it, and you didn’t believe I could do it, because you didn’t see how I possibly could do it?”

“Yes,” replied Peter.

“I did it, didn’t I?” continued Old Mr. Toad.

“Yes,” replied Peter again, looking a wee bit shamefaced at the memory. “Well, then, why can’t you believe me now when I say that I made these holes?” asked Old Mr. Toad.

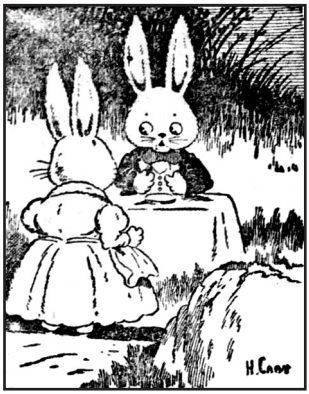
“Will you cross your heart and say that it is true?” Peter asked.

Old Mr. Toad solemnly crossed his heart. “It’s as true as it is that you are sitting over there looking at me,” said he. “I made every one of these holes, end before I get out of here, I expect to make more. Now do you believe me?”

“Yes—s,” replied Peter slowly, doing his best to believe what seemed impossible to believe. “Yes, I believe you; but,” he added, after a pause, “it will be ever so much easier to believe if you will tell me how you made them, why you made them, and how you ever got up where you are now.”

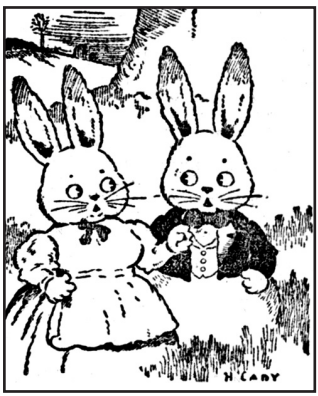
Illustrations. October 9 to October 14, 1916.

1456. Peter Rabbit Doesn't Know What to Think
He could see all over the bottom of the pit and nowhere was old Mr. Toad to be seen.



1457. Peter Discovers Some Holes
She felt that something must be very wrong with Peter when he couldn't eat.

1458. More Puzzling Holes
The very next morning found him back there again, peeping over the edge to see if anything more had happened there.



1459. Peter Has a New Surprise
"If anything has happened to Old Mr. Toad, I'm sorry," said she.

1460. Peter Doubts His Own Eyes
"So far as I know, I'm really Old Mr. Toad," said he.

1461. Peter Rabbit Doubts His Ears
"Well, then, why can't you believe me now when I say I made these holes?" asked Old Mr. Toad.

STORY 1462. October 16, 1916

Old Mr. Toad is an Engineer

Of course, you know that there are different kinds of engineers. The man who drives the engine that draws a trains of cars is an engineer, Of course. Everybody knows that. But the man who plans a railroad and decides just where the rails shall go, and how they can get around or over hills and mountains and across rivers is also called an engineer. In fact, there are many kinds of engineers besides those who run engines, and the business of most of them is to plan how to do difficult things, and then to do them. They are men who overcome difficulties which to other people seem impossible to overcome. They are men who, when one way fails, find some other way that will not fail, and they succeed because of knowledge, special knowledge.

Now, whoever would think of Old Mr. Toad as an engineer? But he is. Of course, he isn't the kind who makes an engine go. O, my, no! Of course not! But the very fact that he was sitting in that little hole halfway up the side of the deep pit in Farmer Brown's garden proves that he is an engineer. There were straight walls of sand that even Happy Jack Squirrel couldn't have climbed to save his life, because the sand would have given way under his claws, and yet Old Mr. Toad was halfway to the top, and from what he said to Peter Rabbit it was very clear that he expected to get out of that pit and to do it himself. He asked no help from anyone.

Supposing you were to find yourself in the bottom of a great pit with perfectly straight walls fifty times as high as your height, what would you do? I am sure that I would just give up in despair. You see, I am not an engineer. Even if I had things to work with, I wouldn't know how to go about it. I am afraid I would simply give up in despair.

But Old Mr. Toad, when he found himself in the bottom of that pit in Farmer Brown's garden, didn't give up in despair. No, indeed! When Peter Rabbit left to go look for help Old Mr. Toad began to investigate. To investigate is to look all about and examine everything. It didn't take Old Mr. Toad long to find out just how things were and what a heap of trouble he had tumbled into. He hopped all the way around that pit and everywhere the walls went straight up, smooth as a board. There wasn't a chance to climb even a little way.

Old Mr. Toad sat down right in the middle and gazed at the little stars twinkling down at him so far, far above. There was something comforting in those twinkles. They made Mr. Toad feel better.

"Here I am and what am I going to do about it?" said Old Mr. Toad. "Peter Rabbit may be able to get help for me, but I doubt it. Farmer Brown's Boy may come along here tomorrow and find me and then all will be well. But he may not. Besides, it will be very hot down here tomorrow and I simply cannot stand the sun. I will have to bury myself in the sand of the bottom here and then if Farmer Brown's Boy should come he wouldn't see me and I wouldn't see him. If I had wings, I might fly out, but I haven't got wings, so the only thing to do is to make the best of what I have got. Thanks to old

Mother Nature, I can dig. The question is how am I going to dig my way out?"

For a long time, he sat and studied and studied. An engineer always studies and studies before he goes to work. He was trying to plan some way of digging his way out. If he had been a fast digger, like Johnny Chuck or Digger the Badger, he probably would have planned a long, slanting tunnel up to the surface somewhere beyond the edge of the pit. But that wouldn't do for Old Mr. Toad, and he knew it. In the first place, it would take so long that he would starve to death. And then he would have no way of getting rid of the sand as he dug, unless he pushed it all out behind him, and with such a long tunnel he never could do that.

After studying and studying a long, long time, Old Mr. Toad made up his mind. He had worked out a plan.

STORY 1463. October 17, 1916

Old Mr. Toad Tells Peter How He Did It

When Peter Rabbit asked Old Mr. Toad to tell him how he had managed to make all those puzzling holes in the side of the big pit in Farmer Brown's garden, Old Mr. Toad looked up to where Peter was peeping over the edge of the pit and winked. It was a very solemn wink. Peter didn't know just what it meant. Old Mr. Toad didn't even smile. He just winked and that was all. Then gradually he backed so far back in that little hole in which he was sitting that Peter couldn't see him at all. Peter waited and waited, his eyes, big with curiosity, fixed on that little hole. But not a thing did he see of Old Mr. Toad. By and by Peter began to suspect that Old Mr. Toad was playing a trick on him and that that was what that wink had meant. Yes, sir, he began to suspect that Old Mr. Toad didn't intend to show himself again.

That wasn't a bit like Old Mr. Toad and Peter ought to have known better than to have suspected him of such a thing. But Peter was impatient, and you know how it is with impatient people. It is hard work for them to wait for those who are not as quick moving as they are. It was just so with Peter now. It seemed to him that he had waited as long as anyone could be expected to wait, and he had just made up his mind to give up and go away in a huff when he heard the voice of Old Mr. Toad once more. There was no doubt about it, it was the voice of Old Mr. Toad, but, look as he would, Peter couldn't see Old Mr. Toad. Of course, Peter was staring at the hole where he had last seen Mr. Toad, and yet the voice somehow didn't seem to come from there.

"Look over at the next hole on your right and a little lower down," said the voice.

Peter did as he was told and there was the head of Old Mr. Toad sticking out of that hole. There was no doubt about it. Old Mr. Toad was looking up at him from that other hole instead of from the hole where he had been in the first place. He winked in just that same solemn way he had winked before.

"However did you get there?" cried Peter.

"Same way I got up to the other hole, of course," retorted Old Mr. Toad.

“Do you mean you have got a tunnel between those two holes?” asked Peter eagerly, his face lighting up as for the first time he began to understand how it might be.

Old Mr. Toad nodded. “And there is a tunnel to that next hole lower down and from there to the next one, and so clear to the bottom of the pit,” said he. “O!” exclaimed Peter, staring at all those little holes with new interest.

“I suppose you will keep on making tunnels and holes until you get to the top of the pit and can climb out.”

“Certainly,” replied Old Mr. Toad. “It is the only thing to do. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life here.”

“It is almost too wonderful to believe,” declared, Peter, and in the very way he said it was new admiration and respect for old Mr. Toad.

“Nothing wonderful about it,” declared Old Mr. Toad, a wee bit testily. “It’s just plain sense and hard work, mostly hard work. I haven’t done so much hard work for a long, long time, and there has got to be a lot more before I get out.” Mr. Toad looked up at the edge of the pit and sighed. “But I’ll get there,” he added. “It is only a matter of keeping at it. You’ll find that it is that way with most things in this world, Peter Rabbit. It is the one who keeps everlastingly at a thing who gets it. When I found myself at the bottom of this pit it looked to me as if I would stay here the rest of my life unless someone happened along to help me. Then I remembered that he is best helped who helps himself, and I started in to see what I could do. I dug in a little way and then began to slant up.

“Then I worked out and made that second hole, so as to have a place to push out the sand and also to sit and catch such bugs as might come along. People who work must eat, you know. Then I made another little tunnel and a third hole a little higher than the second. So I kept on until I reached that hole where you first saw me, and so I shall keep on until I get out. I’m not much of a digger, but give me time enough and I’ll get there, and I’ve got all the time there is. It is a lucky thing for me that this sand is easy to dig in. Come around tomorrow, Peter, and you’ll find me a little nearer the top.” With this Old Mr. Toad disappeared, and though Peter waited and waited he didn’t see him again. He was at work on a new tunnel.

STORY 1464. October 18, 1916

Old Mr. Toad is Happily Surprised

When once you start a thing to do;
    Keep at it.
Don’t let hard work discourage you;
    Keep at it.
Remember Mr Toad and just
Resolve that you will win or bust;
    Keep at it.

Every day Peter Rabbit visited the pit in Farmer Brown's garden and every day he found Old Mr. Toad a little nearer the top. It was many days before he got there, but get there he did, because he persevered and simply wouldn't be discouraged. Of course, Peter had told everybody he met how Old Mr. Toad was working his way out of that pit, for it seemed to Peter a very wonderful thing, as indeed it was. So long before Old Mr. Toad reached the top all his friends of the Green Meadows, the Green Forest, and the Old Orchard knew about those little holes in the sides of the pit and the little tunnels between them, and most of them were quite as interested as was Peter. So when Peter proposed that they give Old Mr. Toad a welcome and surprise party when he at last should climb over the edge of the pit and no longer be a prisoner, the idea pleased all of Mr. Toad's friends and all promised to be there if warned in time.

Of course, no one knew just when it would happen, so it was agreed that Sammy should keep a watchful eye on the pit by day and if Mr. Toad should reach a place where he could scramble out, Sammy should at once notify every one, so that they could be on hand. Peter Rabbit agreed to watch the pit at night and if Mr. Toad should show signs of coming out then he, Peter, would scamper around to notify all those who were awake.

Now, Peter knew enough about Old Mr. Toad and his ways to know that he seldom shows himself while jolly, round bright Mr. Sun is shining, but prefers to come out just after Mr. Sun has gone to bed behind the Purple Hills. So Peter suspected that Old Mr. Toad would finally scramble out of the pit after most of his friends had gone to bed. This would mean that only those who are abroad at night would be on hand to welcome him, and this seemed too bad, for Peter wanted a big party to show Old Mr. Toad how many friends he has.

At last, there came a day when Sammy Jay's sharp eyes discovered the last hole Old Mr. Toad would have to make. It was just above an old root that stuck out from just below the edge of the bank. All Mr. Toad would have to do would be to get out on that root and then from there scramble up over the edge of the bank. It happened that Mr. Sun was shining his very brightest when Old Mr. Toad made that hole. He blinked up at Mr. Sun and then backed out of sight in the hole. It was too hot and he was too tired to scramble out then. He said as much to Sammy Jay. He would wait until the Black Shadows came creeping over the pit in the evening.

Sammy was disappointed. It would be time for him to go to bed then. It would be the same way with a great many of Mr. Toad's party. He looked up and scowled at Mr. Sun. Then for the first time he noticed a lot of little clouds lazily floating in the sky. A bright idea came to Sammy all in a flash. He remembered that Old Mr. Toad likes dull, cloudy days, especially if there is a shower. He would ask the Merry Little Breezes to drive up a lot of those clouds so as to hide the face of Mr. Sun. When the Merry Little Breezes heard what Sammy Jay wanted them to do, they agreed and raced away to drive up the clouds. Then Sammy hurried to tell all the friends of Old Mr. Toad to be in the far corner of Farmer Brown's garden by the time Mr. Sun's face was hidden.

It all worked out as Sammy had hoped it would. The Merry Little Breezes drove up the clouds until they were so crowded together that they seemed like one great cloud

and the day became quite dark. Then a few raindrops fell. As the first one splashed on the old root at the edge of the pit Old Mr. Toad poked his head out. Then he crept out on the root, took a long breath, and scrambled over the edge of the pit. No sooner was he over than from all sorts of hiding places out popped his friends. All the birds of the Old Orchard were there. Peter Rabbit was there. So were Johnny Chuck and Jimmy Skunk and Happy Jack Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Danny Meadow Mouse.

"Welcome back once more!" they shouted. "Hurray for Old Mr. Toad!" Then while the birds sang the others danced around him until Old Mr. Toad grew dizzy watching them and he couldn't find a word to say. Then the Merry Little Breezes chased away the clouds, and jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun looked down and smiled his broadest. What he saw was Old Mr. Toad hopping happily to sit under a big cabbage leaf, while his friends went their ways, wishing him a long life and a joyous one.

STORY 1465. October 19, 1916

The Spirit of Fear

When the days grow cool and the nights are clear,
There stalks abroad the spirit of Fear. —Lightfoot the Deer.

It is sad but true. Autumn is often called the sad time of the year, and it is the sad time. But it shouldn't be. Old Mother Nature never intended that it should be. She meant it to be the glad time. It is the time when all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows have got over the cares and worries of bringing up families and teaching their children how to look out for themselves. It is the season when food is plentiful, and everyone is fat and is, or ought to be, carefree. It is the season when Old Mother Nature intended all her little people to be happy, to have nothing to worry them for the little time before the coming of cold weather and the hard times which cold weather always brings.

But instead of this, a grim, dark figure goes stalking over the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest, and it is called the Spirit of Fear. It peers into every hiding-place and wherever it finds one of the little people it sends little cold chills over the latter, little chills which jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun cannot chase away, though he shines his brightest. All night, as well as all day, the Spirit of Fear searches out the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. It will not let them sleep. It will not let them eat in peace. It drives them to seek new hiding places and then drives them out of those. It keeps them ever ready to fly or run at the slightest sound.

Peter Rabbit was thinking of this as he sat at the edge of the dear Old Briar Patch, looking over to the Green Forest. The Green Forest was no longer just green; it was of many colors, for Old Mother Nature had set Jack Frost to painting the leaves of the maple trees and the beech trees, and the birch trees and the poplar trees and the chestnut trees, and he had done his work well. Very, very lovely were the reds and yellows and browns against the dark green of the pines and the spruces and the hemlocks. The Purple Hills were more softly purple than at any other season of the

year. It was all very, very beautiful.

But Peter had no thought for the beauty of it all, for the Spirit of Fear had visited even the dear Old Briar Patch, and Peter was afraid. It wasn't fear of Reddy Fox, or Redtail the Hawk, or Hooty the Owl, or Old Man Coyote. They were forever trying to catch him, but they did not strike terror to his heart because he felt quite smart enough to keep out of their clutches. To be sure, they gave him sudden frights sometimes, when they happened to surprise him, but these frights lasted only until he reached the nearest bramble tangle or hollow log where they could not get at him. But the fear that chilled his heart now never left him even for a moment.

And Peter knew that this same fear was clutching at the hearts of Bob White, hiding in the brown stubble; Mrs. Grouse, squatting in the thickest bramble tangle in the Green Forest; Unc' Billy Possum and Bobby Coon, in their hollow trees; Jerry Muskrat in the Smiling Pool; Happy Jack Squirrel, hiding in the treetops; Lightfoot the Deer, lying in the closest thicket he could find. It was even clutching at the hearts of Granny and Reddy Fox and of great, big Buster Bear. It seemed to Peter that no one was so big or so small that this terrible Spirit of Fear had not searched him out.

Way in the distance sounded a sudden bang. Peter jumped and shivered. He knew that everyone else who had heard that bang had jumped and shivered just as he had. It was the season of hunters with terrible guns. It was man who had sent this terrible Spirit of Fear to chill the hearts of the little meadow and forest people at this very time when Old Mother Nature had made all things so beautiful and had intended that they should be happiest and most free from care and worry. It was man who had made the autumn a sad time instead of a glad time, the very saddest time of all the year, when Old Mother Nature had done her best to make it the most beautiful.

"I don't understand these men creatures," said Peter to little Mrs. Peter, as they stared fearfully out from the dear Old Briar Patch. "They seem to find pleasure, actually find pleasure, in trying to kill us. I don't understand them at all. They haven't any hearts. That must be the reason; they haven't any hearts."

(*Lightfoot the Deer*, Chapter 4)

STORY 1466. October 20, 1916

Lightfoot Loses His Peace of Mind

All the long Summer Lightfoot the Deer had lived in peace and happiness, going and coming where and when he pleased, fearing no one and feared by no one. For a while, to be sure, he had chosen to keep out of sight as much as possible. That was after his old horns had dropped off and while his old horns were growing. You see, Lightfoot is very proud of his horns, very proud indeed. They are very like a crown and he wears them like a crown. He holds his head high, for he knows full well how becoming those branching horns are. Perhaps that is the reason that in the Spring of every year, Old Mother Nature takes them away from him. You know, it doesn't do for anyone to take too much pride in anything.

So when sweet Mistress Spring had come Lightfoot had lost his horns. While it wasn't exactly a disgrace, somehow Lightfoot couldn't bear to be seen without them, and so he had stolen away to a part of the Green Forest where others seldom came and there he had remained while the new horns were growing. As soon as these bad reached their full growth and had hardened, for at first, they were very soft, as you know, he had come forth from his hiding place and once more roamed at will through the Green Forest and even over the Green Meadows that all the little meadow and forest people might see his new horns and how handsome he was,

And he WAS handsome. Even Sammy Jay admitted that. And he was on the best of terms with all his neighbors. He harmed none of them. Not a few of them envied him his great size and strength and beauty. So he went where he would and feared no one. He mingled with the cows in the Old Pasture. He even joined Peter Rabbit in Farmer Brown's garden on moonlight nights, where neither of them had any business to be, though they didn't know it.

So with plenty to eat he grew stronger than ever and more handsome and was a joy to all who saw him in the Green Forest. So the cool days of Autumn came and Jack Frost painted the leaves of the Green Forest in beautiful colors, and with great, soft eyes, Lightfoot drank in the beauty of it and was happy. He was at peace with all the Great World and all the Great World was at peace with him. Then one day, as he lay dozing and dreaming in a thicket near the edge of the Green Forest, a distant bang brought him to his feet with a bound and in his beautiful eyes was sudden fright. At that instant the Spirit of Fear found him, just as it did Peter Rabbit in the dear Old Brier Patch, and a cold chill ran over him, just as it had run over Peter and Mrs. Peter. Hunters were abroad with terrible guns!

From that moment Lightfoot the Deer no longer knew the meaning of peace of mind. He knew that from daylight to dark there was no real safety for him. Only when the Black Shadows crept out from the Purple Hills and the little stars twinkled down from high up in the sky could he feel safe for even a minute. Even then he knew, no peace, for he was all the time thinking of and dreading the next day. He sought his most secret hiding places, but in his heart, he knew that sooner or later the hunters would find them, and so he dared not stay long in any one. He snatched his food, a mouthful here and a mouthful there, as he went along. He started at every little sound. With his delicate nose he tested the air continually for the dreaded man-smell. When he lay down to rest it was only his legs and body that rested; his nose and ears were working every minute.

As yet he had seen no hunter and he had heard the terrible guns only in the distance. His beautiful eyes had filled with tears at the thought of the fright, or sadness and sorrow for some of his little friends, that those terrible guns mean every time they banged. And every time he wondered when his turn would come, for he knew that it would come. He knew that the hunters would rather kill him than any of the others, unless it should be Buster Bear, and he wondered why. He never had harmed them. He never would harm them if they left him alone. What did it mean? Why hadn't he as much right to live as those hunters with their terrible guns?

STORY 1467. October 21, 1916

Lightfoot Gets Warning

The hunter with his gun set forth,
  And light of heart is he;
The meadows and the forest green
  Are beautiful to see.

Before him terror swiftly speeds;
  Behind him grief makes moan.
His heart is light, and yet, alas!
  'Tis hard as flinty stone.

Anyway, that is the way it seems to the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. There is nothing they can do but hide or run or fly, and there is no place where they can feel perfectly safe even for a little while, for even when he is still far away his terrible gun strikes them down. And so there is no joy in the beautiful Autumn season. Instead of a season of joy, it is a season of fear, of terror, for the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, and they cannot understand why this should be.

Lightfoot the Deer lay hidden in a thicket near the edge of the Green Forest thinking of these things, wondering why those who seemed so glad to see him about in the Summer should suddenly seek to kill now, and his heart was heavy, for he could not understand it at all. So far no hunter had found him, but he knew that it was only a question of time when one would and then he would have to use all his cunning and all the wonderful speed of his slim legs if he would save his life. All the time his big ears were set to catch every teeniest, weeniest sound, and his wonderful nose tested every Merry Little Breeze that came that way for the dreaded man-smell.

Presently along came Sammy Jay in that silent way of his which some people are unkind enough to call sneaky. It really isn't sneaky at all. You see, Sammy wears such a bright, handsome coat that he is easily seen, so if he wants to keep out of sight it doesn't do for him to make a sound. Right through the thicket where Lightfoot lay stole Sammy Jay and Lightfoot didn't know it. Sammy looked down at Lightfoot and his sharp eyes saw how Lightfoot's big ears were listening for every sound and how his keen nose was all the time gently sniffing. He knew just what it meant. He knew that Lightfoot was listening and smelling for danger.

Now, while Sammy Jay isn't hunted by most hunters, as are Mrs. Grouse and Bob White and Bobby Coon and Peter Rabbit and Unc' Billy Possum and Lightfoot the Deer and some others, there are a few hunters who will shoot at him just to try to get his bright blue wings, or because they haven't seen anyone else. So Sammy takes precious good care at this season to keep as much out of sight as possible, and he hates the hunters, as do all the other little people. But, being such a smart fellow, he doesn't wait, as so many have to do, until the hunters find them. No, sir, he goes hunting for the hunters. That is just what he does. He says he knows better what to do when he knows where the hunters are. So he slips silently about looking for them.

Illustrations. October 16 to October 21, 1916.

1462. Old Mr. Toad is an Engineer
After studying a long, long time, Mr. Toad made up his mind.

1463. Old Mr. Toad Tells Peter How He Did It
"It is almost too wonderful to believe," declared Peter.

1464. Old Mr. Toad is Happily Surprised
"Welcome back once more!" they all shouted. "Hurrah for Old Mr. Toad."

1465. The Spirit of Fear
"They seem to find pleasure in trying to kill us," said Peter.

1466. Lightfoot Loses His Peace of Mind
He even joined Peter Rabbit in Farmer Brown's Garden on moonlight nights.

1467. Lightfoot Gets Warning
"Thief! Thief! Thief!" screamed Sammy at the top of his lungs.

That is what he was doing when he passed through the thicket where Lightfoot lay. He was glad to know just where Lightfoot was. So far as he could, he made it his business to know where his neighbors were. Can you guess why? Because down in that mischief-loving heart of Sammy Jay's is the true spirit. It is by knowing just where certain neighbors are that Sammy sometimes is able to warn them of danger when they do not suspect it is near.

Sammy had not gone far beyond the place where Lightfoot the Deer lay when he caught sight of something moving among the trees. It was moving very slowly and carefully. Sammy silently flew to the top of a tall hemlock tree where he could see better and at the same time not be seen himself. Just as he suspected, there was a hunter with a terrible gun. He was studying the ground very closely, as if following tracks, and he was headed straight toward the place where Lightfoot was hiding. Sammy hadn't a doubt that the hunter was trying to steal up on Lightfoot to shoot him.

"Thief! Thief! Thief!" screamed Sammy at the top of his lungs. Lightfoot knew what that meant. In an instant he was on his feet, looking, listening, smelling. A full minute he stood, then with a bound he was away. That hunter was after him! There was no doubt about it. In his heart Lightfoot blessed Sammy Jay for the warning Sammy had given. As for Sammy, he chuckled as Lightfoot bounded away and the hunter shook his fist angrily in Sammy's direction.

STORY 1468. October 23, 1916

Lightfoot's Cunning

You know what cunning means. It means to be very clever and smart in a sly way. Reddy Fox is very cunning. So is Lightfoot the Deer. So are most of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. They have to be in order to live. If they were not most of them would be killed. Peter Rabbit is cunning in the way in which he cuts his private little paths through the dear Old Brier Patch. Unc' Billy Possum is cunning in the way he pretends to be dead when he happens to be caught by someone bigger than he. Jerry Muskrat is cunning in the way he builds his house out in the water with the only entrance down under water, where no one else, unless it be Billy Mink or Little Joe Otter, can possibly get in.

Lightfoot the Deer had been warned by Sammy Jay of the approach of a hunter and had bounded away through the Green Forest. Of course, he didn't know for sure that that hunter was after him. He suspected it was so, but he wasn't sure. So the first thing was to make sure. If that hunter wasn't after him, he would be worrying for nothing. If that hunter WAS after him, he wanted to know it in order to decide what it was best to do.

Now, Lightfoot the Deer had been hunted before. He had been hunted many times. He hadn't been hunted this Fall, but every other Fall since he could remember he had had to run from hunters with terrible guns, and he had learned much about them. So now he knew just what to do in order to find out what he wanted to know.

Of course, he couldn't wait for the hunter to come in sight behind him, because then the hunter might see him, and Lightfoot knew that that terrible gun could hurt even when far away. His nose could not tell him, because the wind was blowing from him to the hunter and not from the hunter to him and so, of course, brought him no smell. His ears might help him, but he knew that that hunter was moving so carefully that he would make no noise if he could help it. No, he could not depend on his ears alone.

It was then that Lightfoot showed how cunning he can be when there is need. Straight away he ran, taking no pains to hide his tracks. Then he made a wide turn and headed straight back in the direction he had just come from, only some little distance from the tracks he had made when going the other way. Half-way back to the place where he had started Lightfoot lay down behind the bushy, thick top of a fallen hemlock tree. From there he could see the little open place through which he had run a little while before. On this he kept his eyes fixed. If the hunter really was following him, he would have to pass across that open place.

It was very still in the Green Forest, save for the gentle rustle of falling leaves. It was very beautiful there. It didn't seem possible that danger for any one could be lurking in such a beautiful place. But it was. Lightfoot had not been long in his hiding place when his watchful eyes saw something moving among the trees. In a moment a hunter stepped out into that open place, his eyes fixed on the ground, and in his hands a terrible gun. Lightfoot had found out what he wanted to know. That hunter was following him; he was following his tracks. Lightfoot waited until the hunter had passed from sight. Then, without making a sound, he got to his feet and stole swiftly away. He knew now what to do. He must get somewhere where the ground was hard and his tracks would not show. Then it would be an easy matter to get away from that hunter.

"The trouble is," thought Lightfoot, "In getting away from that hunter I may run right into another. If it were only one hunter I wouldn't mind. It wouldn't be so unfair. But the Green Forest is, or soon will be, full of them. Then, what can a poor deer do but trust to luck? And luck is a pretty poor thing to trust to."

STORY 1469. October 24, 1916

Lightfoot Has an Exciting Day

Luck is a poor thing to trust to. It is a very poor thing to trust to. It is about the poorest thing to trust to that I know of. Yet to a certain extent Lightfoot the Deer had to trust to luck. He couldn't help himself. You see, the hunters were after him. What for he didn't know. But that made no difference. The simple, plain fact was that they were trying their best to kill him with their terrible guns, and so he must trust to his ears, eyes, nose and legs and also to luck, if he would continue to live in the Green Forest, or anywhere else, for that matter. He must trust to his ears to catch every little sound, the snapping of a twig or the rustle of a leaf, made by a hunter trying to creep up to shoot him. He must trust to his eyes to see every moving thing near him. He must trust to his nose to catch the dreaded man smell. He must trust to his legs to get him away from

danger of which he already knew. But he must trust very much to luck to keep from running into new dangers while trying to escape from one of which he already knew.

When Sammy Jay had warned him of the approach of a hunter that morning Lightfoot had first made sure that it was himself the hunter was really after. Then he had swiftly bounded away to a place where the ground was hard and his sharp hoofs would make no tracks, for he knew that it was by his tracks that the hunter was trying to follow him.

Then he lay down in some thick brush at the top of a little hill where he could look back. By and by he saw the hunter stealing along like the shadow of death, putting each foot down with the greatest care, so as not to make a sound, and all the time watching the ground for Lightfoot's tracks. He watched him reach the place where the ground was so hard that there were no tracks and there walk about in circles trying to find out in which direction Lightfoot had gone.

It was very exciting. Lightfoot's heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, with excitement and fear. Would the hunter guess rightly! Would he find some little sign which would tell him what he wanted to know? He was very patient, that hunter.

"He must want dreadfully to kill me," thought Lightfoot as he watched. "I wonder why. I've never hurt him. I've never even seen him before."

Just then Sammy Jay, who had been silently following the hunter, began to scream as only Sammy can. The hunter looked up and scowled. Then with a shrug of his shoulders he turned and disappeared in the direction from which he had come. He had given up trying to follow Lightfoot that day. With Sammy Jay making such a racket and warning every one within hearing it was of no use, and he knew it. Lightfoot gave a little sigh of relief. Now he could rest in peace. He settled himself in comfort. That is, he made his body comfortable. But there was no comfort in his mind. There wouldn't be and couldn't be so long as there were hunters with terrible guns in the Green Forest. The hunter who had tried so hard to follow Lightfoot's tracks had not been long gone when a Merry Little Breeze stole into the brush where Lightfoot was lying and tickled his nose. In an instant Lightfoot was all ears, eyes and nose. That Merry Little Breeze had brought to him the dreaded smell of man. It wasn't the hunter he had been watching, for the Merry Little Breeze had come from another direction altogether. Probably it was another hunter. What should he do? Should he jump and run, trusting to his legs to take him to safety? Should he stay right where he was until he knew exactly where the hunter was? If he jumped and ran, he might run right into danger. If he remained the hunter might see him and shoot before there was a chance to escape. Then, again, the hunter might not see him at all; might not know that he was anywhere about. Lightfoot decided to stay.

Stronger and stronger grew the man smell. Presently Lightfoot's keen ears heard the snapping of a twig. With heart beating with fear and excitement so that it hurt Lightfoot watched. Moving among the trees he saw a hunter and, like the first one, he carried a terrible gun. But this one was not following tracks. It was plain to see that he did not suspect that Lightfoot might be near. Nearer he came and nearer. Lightfoot held his breath. Right in front of where Lightfoot lay hidden the hunter stopped to rest. It

seemed ages to Lightfoot before the hunter once more moved on. Once, so it seemed to Lightfoot, he looked straight at him. But Lightfoot didn't move and the hunter didn't see him and at last moved away. When he was out of sight Lightfoot was shaking like a leaf. Two narrow escapes and the day not yet over! It was exciting, very exciting. And it was terrible. Cold fear clutched at his heart. He dared not move, and yet he dared not lie still.

STORY 1470. October 25, 1916

The Beautiful Days Grow Terrible

Beauty and Terror, hand in hand,
Walk together through the land.

It is one of the saddest but one of the truest things in the world at this season of the year. On the Green Meadows, in the Green Forest, the Old Pasture, and the Great Woods; along the Laughing Brook and the Big River, and around the Smiling Pool are many colors, for Old Mother Nature has done her best to make this a season of beauty. But the little people who live in these places see nothing of this, for they have no room for anything but the terror which the Spirit of Fear, sent forth by man, has put in their hearts. Each day, more beautiful than the last, is to them likely to be more terrible, for each day sees more hunters out with terrible guns, and there is nothing in all the Great World more terrible than to be hunted.

The brown and red and yellow and striped leaves were falling fast. Each day saw fewer on the trees and bushes and more on the ground. There was something very like despair in the great, soft, gentle eyes of Lightfoot the Deer as he watched the leaves flutter down. It was not that he felt any sadness because the trees would soon be left bare; he knew that when Mistress Spring should come again there would be new leaves to make the trees beautiful again. It was because he knew that every leaf that fell made it just so much harder for him to hide from the hunters who were trying so hard to kill him. Only the pine and spruce and hemlock trees held fast their leaves and he loved them for it.

"I don't know what I should do if it were not for them," he confided to Mrs. Grouse.

"I know," said Mrs. Grouse, ruffling out her feathers, "They have saved my life more times than I can count. Whenever a hunter surprises me, and forces me to fly, I dodge behind the nearest pine or spruce or hemlock tree. Often they are all that prevent the shot from those terrible guns reaching me. It is a lucky thing for us that men have this killing madness only in the Autumn. If they had it all the year round none of us would live very long. Sometimes I have thought of leaving the Green Forest altogether and going up to the Great Woods to live; but somehow I can't bear to. You know, this is my home here."

Lightfoot shook his head sadly. "It wouldn't be of the least use," said he. "The hunters are everywhere in the Great Woods, just as they are here in the Green Forest. I know, for I have been there. I don't know of a single place in all the Great World

where we could be perfectly safe at this dreadful season of the year. With the falling of the leaves, it is growing worse every day. You should be thankful, Mrs. Grouse, that you are small. It is easier for you to hide. I've noticed, too, that, they never shoot at you unless they are very close to you. As for me, I am so big that it is hard to keep out of sight, and they shoot at me when they are so far away that I can neither hear, see, nor smell them. The first thing I know there is a distant bang and something comes whizzing past me with the most terrible sound, cutting a twig close to me or striking the trunk of a tree with a chug that makes my heart sink. Yes, you are lucky to be so small, Mrs. Grouse."

"You are lucky yourself," retorted Mrs. Grouse. "You are lucky that the hunters use a different kind of gun when they hunt you, a gun that shoots only one bullet. When they shoot at me, they send a whole shower of tiny bullets. I tell you it is mighty hard work to keep out of the way of all of them. As it is, they have torn out a lot of my feathers, and I'm pretty lucky that some of them didn't kill me. Listen! Didn't I hear a twig snap?"

Instantly Lightfoot cocked his big ears, while Mrs. Grouse stretched up her head to hear better, and together they listened with all their might.

STORY 1471. October 26, 1916

Lightfoot Saves Mrs. Grouse

Some one was coming! There was no doubt about it. And who ever it was they were trying their best to make no noise. Probably they thought they were not making any. But the ears of Lightfoot the Deer and of Mrs. Grouse are so keen they can hear sounds that you or I couldn't hear at all. So they knew that someone was coming, and because that someone was trying so hard not to be heard they knew it was a hunter. Only a hunter would steal through the woods that way; only a hunter with a terrible gun, hoping to surprise one of the little people of the Green Forest.

Now Lightfoot and Mrs. Grouse had just been talking about these hunters. Lightfoot had told Mrs. Grouse that she was lucky in being so small, because it was easier for her to hide. Mrs. Grouse had told Lightfoot that he was lucky in that the hunters used a different kind of gun when they hunted him, a gun that threw only one bullet, while the gun used to hunt her with threw a whole shower of bullets. Now as they listened to those footsteps drawing nearer and nearer each was wondering which one this particular hunter was looking for.

Presently they saw the hunter headed straight for the place where they were hiding. He walked very, very slowly, peering sharply this way and that way, stopping every few steps to listen, and all the time holding his terrible gun ready to use quickly. "He's looking for me, not for you," whispered Mrs. Grouse to Lightfoot.

"Are you sure?" whispered Lightfoot anxiously.

"Absolutely sure," whispered Mrs. Grouse. "I guess I ought to know," she added bitterly. "I've seen him every day for a week, and twice he has shot at me. The last time

I heard him chuckle because his shot tore out some of my feathers. It was a narrow escape for me, I can tell you."

Nearer and nearer and nearer drew the hunter until he was right at the very edge of the thicket in which Mrs. Grouse and Lightfoot were hiding. Mrs. Grouse was near the edge, her stout wings ready to hurl her into the air the instant she felt that she was discovered. Lightfoot was lying down behind some brush. The hunter stopped at the edge of the ticket and peered into it. Neither Mrs. Grouse nor Lightfoot moved. They held their breath. The hunter did not see either of them.

But the hunter knew just how hard it is to see Mrs. Grouse unless she moves. You see her cloak is so much the color of the brown leaves on the ground that you might almost step on her without seeing her. All this the hunter knew. So he picked up a stick and threw it into the thicket hoping to frighten Mrs. Grouse if she happened to be there. Just by chance he threw that stick so that it fell close to Mrs. Grouse. It was more than her nerves could stand. With a sudden roar of her stout wings, she shot into the air just as the hunter had hoped she would. Up went his gun. There wasn't so much as a twig between them. In another second Mrs. Grouse was likely to drop to the ground a pitiful, lifeless heap of torn flesh and feathers.

At that very instant Lightfoot leaped to his feet and crashed through the thicket and out the other side. Startled by the noise the hunter whirled to see what had made it. All he saw was a glimpse of Lightfoot's tail like a white flag as Lightfoot bounded away. "A deer!" exclaimed the hunter. Then ruefully he lowered his gun, for Mrs. Grouse was by this time safely away. "The critter saved that Grouse this time," he added, "but she won't be so lucky next time. I'm going to get her if it takes me all the Fall."

With this he turned and strode on in the direction that Mrs. Grouse had taken. As for Lightfoot, he ran a little way and then turned to look back. There had been no bang of that terrible gun, and in his heart, Lightfoot knew that it was because he had so startled the hunter. It gave him a wonderfully happy feeling. He had saved Mrs Grouse.

STORY 1472. October 27, 1916

Mrs. Grouse Saves Lightfoot

Who tries to help another without a thought of pay
Is sure to reap a rich reward some unexpected way.

When Lightfoot the Deer saved the life of Mrs. Grouse by startling the hunter so that he did not shoot, Lightfoot had no thought but to do Mrs. Grouse a good turn. The feeling that he had done something worthwhile for a friend was quite reward enough. When later that day Mrs. Grouse joined him and poured out her thanks Lightfoot made light of the matter.

"It was nothing, just nothing at all, Mrs. Grouse," said he. "I knew you would do as much for me."

"Indeed I would!" exclaimed Mrs. Grouse. "This is the time of all times in the

year when we should help each other, and you may be sure I never will forget how you saved my life today. Perhaps someday I may be able to do something for you."

Mrs. Grouse had her chance the very next day. Mrs. Grouse is a very early riser. At the first hint that jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun is getting ready to kick off his blankets and begin his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky, Mrs. Grouse starts out to search for her breakfast. Hunters with their terrible guns are not likely to be abroad so early, and she can eat in peace. When they do arrive, she has nothing to think about but to keep out of their sight. She can lie still in a snug hiding place without being tempted by a hungry stomach to go roaming about in search of something to fill it. So on this particular morning Mrs. Grouse was out for her breakfast while it was yet hardly light enough to see.

To her very great surprise she had hardly half-filled, her stomach when she heard a sound that drove all thought of eating from her mind. It was the sound of stealthy, but heavy footsteps, a sound she knew only too well. For once one of those dreadful hunters was abroad as early as she. Swiftly she ran to a great pile of brush and crept under it. There she lay perfectly still. She felt quite safe, for it was very dark there, and she was sure that no hunter could possibly see her. If he had no dog to smell her out, he would never know she was there.

Nearer and nearer came the footsteps and presently she saw the hunter. To her great relief there was no dog with him. Straight to the great pile of brush he came and there stopped within a few feet of where she was crouching. Little by little the light crept through the Green Forest. The minutes, ever and ever so many of them, passed and still the hunter did not move, nor did he once look under the brush to see if anyone was hiding there. This was queer. Hunters looking for her never acted this way. Perhaps this one was not looking for her at all.

Still the minutes slipped away and still the hunter did not move. It was quite light now, and it was very, very still there in the Green Forest. It was very beautiful there, too. It did not seem possible that dreadful things could happen there. But they could, for there was that hunter with his terrible gun. Mrs. Grouse kept her eyes fixed on him. Presently she saw him crouch and on his face was such a cruel, eager look! Slowly and carefully, he raised that terrible gun.

"He is going to shoot," thought Mrs. Grouse. "Now who can it be he is trying to kill? It isn't poor little me, for he isn't looking toward me at all."

She turned her bright eyes to peep out the other side of the brush pile. In a flash she understood. "It is Lightfoot the Deer!" she gasped to herself, "He has been down to the Laughing Brook for a drink and that hunter has found out that he always comes back this way. Probably he has seen Lightfoot's tracks. That is what has brought him here so early in the morning. O, dear, what shall I do?"

It was as Mrs. Grouse had said. Just stepping out into a little opening among the trees was Lightfoot the deer on his way back from his morning drink at the Laughing Brook. Very handsome he looked as with dainty steps, his beautiful head held proudly, he came out of the shadows into the full light. It didn't seem possible that anyone could

want to kill him. But there was the hunter already pointing his terrible gun. Whatever was to be done must be done instantly.

With a roar of stout wings Mrs. Grouse shot into the air almost under that hunter's very nose. It startled him so that for a minute he forgot Lightfoot. Then a crash in the woods beyond recalled to him what he was there for. He looked hastily, but all he saw was just a glimpse of Lightfoot's white tail as he disappeared among the trees. Lightfoot had taken the alarm from the roar of the stout wings of Mrs. Grouse. She had paid her debt to him of the day before. She had saved his life.

STORY 1473. October 28, 1916

Lightfoot Grows Thin

Lightfoot the Deer had been sleek and fat at the end of the Summer. That is, he had been fat for him. Of course Lightfoot never does get fat the way some people do—Johnny Chuck for instance, or Bobby Coon or Unc' Billy Possum. But for him Lightfoot was fat when the cool days of the Autumn came. You see he had had all he could eat without the trouble of going far for it. While he had been growing those handsome new horns of his much of his strength had gone into those and he had not been at all fat. But just as soon as those were through growing, he had put on flesh rapidly, so that he was looking his very best when the dreaded hunting season began.

It was some little time since Peter Rabbit had seen him. The fact is Peter had been sticking pretty close to the dear Old Brier Patch because of the hunters with their terrible guns. So Peter was a little startled when one moonlight night he met Lightfoot over in the Green Forest. He was startled by the change in Lightfoot.

"My goodness, how thin you are!" exclaimed Peter.

"Am I?" replied Lightfoot, and it seemed to Peter that there was something of sadness in his voice.

"You certainly are," retorted Peter. "That is no kind of condition to be in with Winter coming soon. The last time I saw you were looking very fine. I don't know that I ever saw you looking as fine before. Now you look like a shadow. What's the matter with you?"

"Hunters," replied Lightfoot briefly. "I guess I'm rather more than a shadow, but I'm lucky to be even a shadow. When I see Mr. Sun get up in the morning I always wonder if I will see him go to bed at night. Worry will take the flesh off the bones of any one, and goodness knows I have cause enough to worry. I don't dare stay in any one place for fear a hunter will sneak up and find me, and I don't dare move about for fear I will blunder into the hiding place of one of those hunters. They are everywhere. They have found out my favorite paths and hide near those so as to shoot me if I come along. I don't call that hunting. What chance has a fellow got with enemies like that? Tell me that!

"It's a wonder I'm alive this minute. If it hadn't been for the help of my friends I

Illustrations. October 23 to October 28, 1916.

1468. Lightfoot's Cunning
"In getting away from that hunter I may run into another."

1469. Lightfoot Has an Exciting Day
"He must want dreadfully to kill me."

1470. The Beautiful Days Grow Terrible
"I dodge behind the nearest pine or spruce or hemlock tree."

1471. Lightfoot Saves Mrs. Grouse
Lightfoot crashed through the thicket.

1472. Mrs. Grouse Saves Lightfoot
"It was nothing, just nothing at all, Mrs. Grouse," said he.

1473. Lightfoot Grows Thin
"My goodness, how thin you are!" exclaimed Peter.

wouldn't be. Sammy Jay has warned me several times where hunters were hiding, and very early the other morning Mrs. Grouse saved my life. Even with their help I've had some very narrow escapes. Do you see that long mark across my left shoulder where the hair and skin are gone? One of their terrible guns did that. It's a wonder I'm alive to tell you about it."

"Did it hurt?" asked Peter and then looked foolish, for he knew it was a silly question.

"Hurt? Of course it hurt!" snapped Lightfoot. "It hurts even now and it is several days since it happened. I had gone up to the Old Pasture hoping that the hunters wouldn't look for me there. You know the bushes are very thick in places up there and I thought I might be able to lie down in peace among them for a while. I was crossing a little open place when without any warning something struck me and tore through the skin, burning and stinging terribly. Then I heard the bang of a gun away over on the edge of the Old Pasture and I knew what it was that had hurt me. A hunter had seen me crossing that little open place and had shot at me. I suppose I ought to be thankful he didn't kill me. My, how that place did ache and smart! Of course I jumped and ran. I didn't feel much like running, I can tell you, but I had to. That hunter followed me for a long distance. I thought I never would get rid of him.

"Thin, am I? Well, I guess I've reason to be thin. If those hunters keep it up much longer there won't be anything but skin and bones left of me."

"It's a shame!" declared Peter. "It is bad enough for little folks, but we can hide in a hole in the ground, or some such place, while you can't because you are so big. For once I guess I'm glad I'm small."

"You ought to be," replied Lightfoot.

STORY 1474. October 30, 1916

Lightfoot Runs for His Life

The only time that Lightfoot the Deer felt reasonably safe was at night. From daylight to dark the Green Forest was filled with hunters seeking to kill him, but at night he enjoyed a certain amount of peace although his nerves were by this time in such a state that every little noise made him start and shiver with fear. Early one moonlight night he met Reddy Fox and they stopped to talk.

"It is lucky for you that you are not hunted by dogs as I am," said Reddy.

So it is, so it is," replied Lightfoot. "I have at least that much to be thankful for. If you can't get rid of the dogs any other way you can at least go into a hole in the ground and be safe, but I can't do that. Yes, indeed, it is lucky that I am not hunted by dogs. I don't know what I should do."

Now, you know men have made laws about hunting the different people of the Green Forest and one of these laws forbids using dogs to follow Lightfoot the Deer. But dogs themselves know nothing about laws and it sometimes happens that they slip

away from their masters and go hunting by themselves. Some dogs enjoy hunting quite as much as do their masters. It happened that that very night three dogs stole away from their homes and went to the Green Forest. Reddy Fox and Lightfoot had parted company only a little while when the eager yelp of a dog startled Lightfoot. Like a statue he stood in the moonlight listening. There it was again, an eager yelp followed by a no less eager whine. Lightfoot knew what those sounds meant. They meant that a dog was in the Green Forest and had found somebody's tracks and was trying to follow them.

Whose tracks were they? Were they those of Reddy Fox or those of Peter Rabbit or were they his own tracks? With heart beating with fear Lightfoot waited and listened. The yelps and eager whines were more frequent now and Lightfoot knew that there was more than one dog. Presently the yelps changed to a full-throated roar, "Wow, wow, wow, wow-w-w!" Those dogs had found a fresh track and their wonderful noses were following it without trouble. Was it his track? Lightfoot listened for a minute more. The roar of savage voices came steadily nearer. There I could be no doubt now; those dogs were after him! A sudden terror swept over Lightfoot and with a bound he was off, running as only he can run.

On and on he bounded. The voices of the dogs grew fainter and fainter. At last Lightfoot stopped on the top of a hill to get his breath and listen. Would those dogs give up or would they keep on? The sound of their, to him, horrid voices grew louder and louder. There was no break in their steady roar. They were following him and there was a note of savage joy in their voices which made Lightfoot shiver. It was plain that they were enjoying the hunt and had no thought of giving up.

Off bounded Lightfoot again wasting his strength in a mad effort to run away from those savage pursuers. But every time his feet touched the earth they left a wee bit of scent which those wonderful noses behind him found, and so they followed him. And because the dogs must run with their noses to the ground, they did not tire themselves with mad racing as Lightfoot was doing. Out of the Green Forest, through the Old Pasture, across the Green Meadows, and back once more to the Green Forest raced Lightfoot. More and more often he had to stop to rest and to get his breath. His sides heaved with the effort to get air enough. His great, soft eyes were wide with terror. Shorter and shorter grew, these resting spells, for the dogs were steadily drawing nearer. Then he tried to fool them by running back and forth to mix his tracks up, by leaping for to one side, by running in the Laughing Brook where it was shallow. In this way he gained a little time, but that was all. For a while the dogs would be puzzled, but sooner or later one of them would pick up his trail and the renewed roar of their voices would warn him that his tricks had failed. Those dogs couldn't be tired out and they couldn't be fooled. Lightfoot was beginning to despair.

STORY 1475. October 31, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Saves Lightfoot

All night long the voices of three dogs rang through the Green Forest, through the

Old Pasture, and across the Green Meadows, and all night long Lightfoot the Deer ran and doubled and turned and did all he knew to mix his trail so that those dogs could not follow him. Sometimes he would begin to hope that he had succeeded only to have his hopes dashed by the sudden outburst of noise from the throats of those dogs telling all who might hear that they had once more found the trail.

The other little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows heard the hunting cry of the dogs and shivered as they peeped from safe hiding places and caught glimpses of Lightfoot, panting for breath and with fear-widened eyes, as he bounded past, and a few minutes later saw the three dogs, their noses to the ground, following in his tracks. It was a fearsome thing, a strange thing, to see. There was one of their own number, the handsomest and noblest looking of them all, possessed by terrible fear. And there were these other creatures possessed by a fierce and eager joy. It was the fear of the hunted and the joy of the hunters and it was terrible to see and hear.

Once, in despair, Lightfoot decided to hold his ground and fight instead of running. He turned and faced in the direction from which those clamoring voices were coming. A great anger filled Lightfoot's heart. What right had those dogs to hunt him so? What had he ever done that they should seek to kill him? They did not need him for food, for they were fed and cared for by man. He pawed the ground in sudden rage at the injustice of it and lowered his read so that the sharp points of his horns were like so many spears leveled just above the ground.

Out from the shadows burst three savage looking forms. For just a second, they paused in surprise at seeing Lightfoot there. With a snort of anger, he charged at them and they sprang aside, but one was not quite quick enough and there was a sharp yelp of pain as one of the sharp points of his horns tore a little red gash across the hip of this one. But in an instant the other two were at Lightfoot's heels, snapping savagely at him as they tried to pull him down. What could one do against three? Had there been but one, Lightfoot would have stood his ground and fought for his life. Three were too many for him and once more he fled, his flanks bleeding from the teeth which had vainly sought to pull him down.

Very early as day was dawning, Farmer Brown's Boy started for the barn to milk the cows. From over in the Old Pasture came the sound of eager voices, the voices of dogs hunting. "Now, who are they following?" muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. "I wonder if it can be a fox. It sounds like it, and yet somehow it doesn't. Whoever it is they are pretty close to him to judge by the noise they are making."

He put down his milk pails and went around back of the barn where he could look over to the Old Pasture. Over the fence, on the edge of the Old Pasture, on to the Green Meadows leaped a noble form. "Lightfoot!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy, "As I live it is Lightfoot the Deer! Those dogs must have run him all night, for he looks ready to drop. If he'll only come this way, I'll give those dogs a lesson that will teach them not to hunt deer again in a hurry." He hastily caught up a stick and waited.

It seemed almost as if Lightfoot must have known the thoughts of Farmer Brown's Boy, for he turned and headed straight for the barnyard. Great as was his fear of man, he seemed to feel that in man alone was his only hope now. On he came, the dogs

almost at his heels. A great wave of pity swept over, Farmer Brown's Boy as with the last of his strength, Lightfoot leaped the low bars of the barnyard and made straight for the open door of the cowshed, his breath coming in great gasps, and terrible despair in his great eyes.

Then with his stick, Farmer Brown's Boy sprang forward and beat off the dogs, sending them yelping, their tails between their legs. He had saved Lightfoot the Deer.

STORY 1476. November 1, 1916

Lightfoot Becomes a Prisoner

Lightfoot the Deer was a prisoner. Yes, sir, Lightfoot was a prisoner. Who do you think had made him a prisoner? Why, Farmer Brown's Boy, to be sure! That is who it was, and he did it for a reason. He did it for a very good reason. But Lightfoot didn't know what that reason was. He couldn't. And so, as is always the case with a prisoner, he had a very helpless, hopeless feeling. You know it is a very dreadful feeling to know that you are a prisoner; to know that you cannot go anywhere at all, but must stay just where you are. It is particularly hard for those who, like Lightfoot the Deer, have always roamed at will through the Green Forest. So Lightfoot felt a fear such as he never in all his life had known before, the dreadful fear that he might never again know that most precious of all things—freedom. But with that fear was a blessed sense of relief. He was at least safe from those awful dogs who had hunted him.

It had all come about in this way: When Farmer Brown's Boy had beaten off those dogs who had driven Lightfoot into the barnyard so tired that he was ready to drop, Farmer Brown's Boy turned to find Lightfoot standing at the door of the cowshed trembling so from fright and weariness that he could hardly stand. In his great soft beautiful eyes was such a look of despair, such a beseeching look, and at the same time such a look of gratitude that Farmer Brown's Boy felt a little lump in his throat. You see it was a very pitiful thing to see such a noble, handsome creature so helpless. Very slowly Farmer Brown's Boy walked toward Lightfoot, taking the greatest care to appear gentle and friendly. Little by little Lightfoot backed away until he was quite inside the cowshed. Then Farmer Brown's Boy moved quickly and slid the door shut. Lightfoot was a prisoner in the cowshed,

"There, I've got him safe now!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's boy, right out loud.

"Who have you got safe?" asked Farmer Brown, who happened to come out in the barnyard just them.

"Lightfoot the Deer!" cried Farmer Brown's Boy with a note of triumph in his voice.

There was a funny look of surprise on Farmer Brown's face as he stared all about the barnyard. "Lightfoot the Deer!" he exclaimed. "Where is he? I don't see him."

Farmer Brown's Boy laughed. "He's in the cowshed," he cried joyfully. "He's in the cowshed and he can't get out." Then he told all about what had happened. When he

had ended his story Farmer Brown turned so that the twinkle in his kindly eyes could not be seen.

"I suppose," said he, "that you will run up to the house and get your gun and we shall have deer meat to eat. It will taste rather good, don't you think?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy, and his voice sounded indignant, very indignant indeed. "No, sir! Do you think I am a butcher?"

Down inside Farmer Brown chuckled, but it was a chuckle that couldn't be heard. "I can't see that you would be any more of a butcher than the hunter who hides close to the place where Lightfoot is in the habit of drinking so as to shoot him when he comes for the water which he must have. The woods are full of hunters trying to kill him and now you've got the chance why shouldn't you kill him? Hasn't he been eating our meadow grass all Summer, and didn't he do a lot of mischief in our garden? We've fed him, SO why shouldn't he feed us? Run along to the house and get your gun."

The eyes of Farmer Brown's Boy fairly snapped. "What if he did eat some of our grass and some of the green things in our garden?" he demanded. "He didn't know any reason why he shouldn't. I guess we'll never miss what he ate. He has paid for it 10 times over by the pleasure he has given us in seeing him about once in a while. He is the most beautiful animal in the Green Forest and I never would want to go there again if I should kill him. I've just saved his life from those dogs, and if I should kill him now, I would be no better than they. I wouldn't be as good, for they know no better and I do. I—I didn't think you would want to kill him." There was something very like tears in the eyes of Farmer Brown's Boy.

Farmer Brown laughed right out. "I don't, son," said he. "I was just fooling. I only wanted to find out just how you feel, and I'm glad you feel the way I do. I feel just the same way. The question is now that you've got him what are you going to do with him?"

STORY 1477. November 2, 1916

Lightfoot in Stranger Surroundings

When the door of Farmer Brown's cowshed was closed Lightfoot the Deer for the first time realized what it means to be a prisoner. Never before in all his life had he known so much as a minute when he was not free to go and come as he pleased. Never before in all his life had he been inside four walls. A sudden great terror filled his heart, a different terror from that with which he had run from those savage dogs; a different terror from that with which he had outwitted the hunters with their terrible guns. Then his terror was not wholly helpless. There was a chance to use his wits. He could at least try.

But now he WAS helpless. There was nothing he could do but walk round and round and realize more and more how very helpless he was. He couldn't run away. He couldn't even try. He couldn't fight because there was no one to fight. And this feeling that he could do nothing, just nothing at all, was terrible. All he could do was to wait

and wonder what would happen next. Would Farmer Brown's Boy come with a terrible gun and shoot him? Lightfoot shivered at the thought.

But nothing of the kind happened. By and by the door opened ever so little and Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy peeped in. "Isn't he handsome?" said Farmer Brown's Boy.

Farmer Brown nodded. "I think you had better get him a drink," said he. "I guess he must be pretty dry after that long run, for I suspect that those dogs must have chased him most of the night to have tired him out so."

"I hadn't thought of that," exclaimed Farmer Brown's boy. "Of course he's thirsty. It always makes one thirsty to run. I'll get a pail of water and I'll get some clover hay. We'll make him comfortable as we can. There is plenty of straw in there for him to lie down on if he wants to."

"You might bring a little salt, too," added Farmer Brown. "You know deer are very fond of salt. They are as fond of salt as small boys are of candy, I've known hunters to put salt out in the woods where the deer would find it and then hide near it and shoot them when they came to it. That is against the law now, but it wasn't when I was a boy, and there were men who were quite mean and unfair enough to do it."

"I'm glad that it is against the law now," said Farmer Brown's Boy, as he hurried away.

All this time Lightfoot had stood backed up in a corner of the shed as far from them as he could get, a great fear clutching at his heart as he realized more than ever how helpless he was. It he had understood what was being said a great load would have been lifted from his mind. But of course he didn't understand, and so he didn't know whether these two men creatures were friends or enemies, and he had suffered so much fright from hunters that he suspected all men as enemies.

Presently Farmer Brown's Boy returned with a pail of water which he put inside the cow shed. Then he brought a pile of sweet clover hay and a box in which was a lump of salt. After this he closed the door and Lightfoot was alone. For some time Lightfoot stood where he was watching that door suspiciously. But the door remained closed and slowly Lightfoot advanced toward the pail of water, for he was very, very thirsty. In fact, his throat fairly smarted because it was so dry. How good that water was! It was cool and clear and refreshing. He drank every drop. It not only made him feel better in body, but also in mind. Surely these men creatures would not bring him water and food if they meant him harm.

He nibbled at the sweet clover hay. It tasted as good as it smelled. For the time being he forgot where he was, forgot that he was a prisoner and ate until he was satisfied. Then he found the lump of salt and licked this. After this he laid down on a bed of straw, for he was very, very tired. And in spite of his strange surroundings a feeling of peace and security stole over Lightfoot. Somehow he felt safe, a feeling he had not known for many days, and it was good even though he were a prisoner.

STORY 1478. November 3, 1916

Farmer Brown's Boy Fools the Hunters

"Well, son, how long are you going to keep Lightfoot a prisoner?" asked Farmer Brown.

"Just long enough to save his life," replied Farmer Brown's Boy. "I'd like to let him go this minute, but I just don't dare to. You know tomorrow is the last day on which the law will allow deer to be killed. That means that today and tomorrow the Green Forest will be filled with hunters looking for Lightfoot. It will be their last chance for a whole year to hunt for him and they will be out from daylight to dark looking for him. He has been seen so often this Fall that all the hunters for miles around know about him and the wonderful set of horns he wears and every one of them will take this last chance to try to kill him. If he were free, I am afraid he would not have much chance. It would be awful to have him killed. Did you see the fright in his great eyes when we opened the door of the cowshed and looked in at him?"

Farmer Brown nodded.

"I'm just going to fool those hunters," continued Farmer Brown's Boy. I'm going to fool those hunters and save Lightfoot. We'll keep him shut up in that shed all of today and all of tomorrow. Then the next morning we will let him go. There will be no hunters to look for him than, because it will be against the law. We are the only ones who know he is here and if we don't tell anyone he will be perfectly safe."

Just then two hunters turned in to the yard. They were neighbors and friends of Farmer Brown and they came right up to where Farmer Brown and his boy were standing just outside the cowshed in which Lightfoot the Deer was a prisoner.

"Good morning," said one of them. "We've come to ask a special favor. We are out after that big deer that has been seen so often this Fall and we think we know where he is."

At this the heart of Farmer Brown's Boy gave a queer little jump. Did these hunters suspect the truth? Then as the speaker continued Farmer Brown's Boy chuckled down inside. "He has been living most of the time down in that part of the Green Forest which you own. You have got signs up there forbidding any hunting on your land, and of course we wouldn't think of hunting there without your permission. Other people have hunted there in spite of your signs, as perhaps you know, but we don't believe in that sort of thing. Now won't you as a special favor to old friends give us permission to hunt there today and tomorrow?"

Farmer Brown appeared to think it over. "Will you agree not to hunt anyone but that deer?" he asked, and there was a twinkle in his eyes which the hunters did not see.

"Of course," was the prompt reply. "It is that deer we are after and we don't want to hunt anyone else. If we get him, and I think we can, we will bring you a roast of venison." Venison, you know, is deer meat.

Farmer Brown appeared to consider this for a few minutes and then he nodded.

"All right," said he, "I'll give you permission to hunt in my part of the Green Forest, seeing that you are friends and neighbors. I don't like this killing of wild creatures, but we don't all think alike and so perhaps it is all right."

"Thanks," replied the two hunters as they prepared to start on for the Green Forest.

"Don't forget to bring us that venison," Farmer Brown's Boy called after them.

"We won't," they replied.

As they disappeared Farmer Brown's Boy looked at his father and his father looked at him and both began to chuckle. "I'm afraid we won't taste that venison this year," said Farmer Brown. "I am afraid we won't," replied Farmer Brown's Boy. "I wish Lightfoot could have understood what was said. I guess it would have made him feel better. I hope those fellows will enjoy their hunt. What do you suppose they would say if they could know how we have fooled them? Just to think that all the time they were standing within a few feet of Lightfoot himself and didn't know it. It is the best joke ever.

STORY 1479. November 4, 1916

The Open Door

For two days and two nights Lightfoot the Deer had been a prisoner in the cow shed of Farmer Brown. It seemed a very, very long time to Lightfoot, for never in all his life before had he been a prisoner between four walls. In the Winter when the snow had snow been very deep, he had been a sort of prisoner. That is, he had had to stay in one part of the swamp where he had trodden paths because in these paths only could he get about to find enough to eat. But then he had been a free prisoner. That is, he was free to try to go elsewhere if he wanted to, but he didn't want to. Now he wasn't free at all. He simply couldn't get out of that cow shed no matter how he might try.

He was treated with the greatest kindness. Farmer Brown's Boy took pains to see that he had plenty to eat and drink, and Lightfoot was grateful for that. But as the first day slipped away and he felt rested after his terrible run from the dogs who had driven him to seek safety in Farmer Brown's barnyard, he began to grow uneasy in his mind. Would he always have to stay there? Would he always be shut away from the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, the smiling face of jolly round bright Mr. Sun by day and the twinkling stars and silvery light of Mistress Moon by night? Would he never again drink at the Laughing Brook? Would he no more show his friends how he could lightly bound over fallen trees and jump over the fence of the Old Pasture?

Outside the closed door he sometimes heard voices. How he did wish he could understand the language of these men creatures. If he could have understood he certainly would have felt easier in his mind. You see, he would have heard the two hunters ask Farmer Brown for permission to hunt for deer, for himself, in that part of the Green Forest which Farmer Brown owned, and he would have heard Farmer Brown

give that permission and afterward chuckle at the joke of those hunters hunting all day for Lightfoot when all the time Lightfoot was safe in the cow shed.

So two days and two nights passed, the longest days and nights Lightfoot ever had known. Very early in the morning of the third day he heard Farmer Brown's boy just outside the door. Farmer Brown's boy was whistling. Farmer Brown's boy always whistles when he is happy, and he was particularly happy this morning. You see, he no longer had to protect Lightfoot. The law would do that now. For a certain length of time each Fall the law permits men to hunt Lightfoot, but only for a certain length of time. For this year, that time ended when jolly round Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills the night before. So Farmer Brown's boy was happy because he knew that now Lightfoot was safe. There would be no hunters in the Green Forest looking for him.

He opened the door and looked in. "It's all right now, old fellow," said he. "It's all right now. You are free to go whenever you please. You don't know it, but I guess I've saved your life. I like to think I have, anyway." With this Farmer Brown's Boy disappeared.

For a few minutes Lightfoot stood staring at that place where the light was pouring in. Could it be, could it really be, that Farmer Brown's Boy had forgotten to close that door? Slowly, timidly, as if fearful of a trap, he walked toward the open door. Beyond he saw the Green Meadows, brown now instead of green, but, oh, so beautiful! He drew a long breath of the fresh, cool air. It was more than air—it was freedom. His eyes grew wide with the joy of it. A great bound carried him half way across the barnyard. Two more bounds and then he cleared the fence in a wonderful jump. A few more bounds and then he stopped and turned to look back. There stood Farmer Brown's boy and Farmer Brown himself watching him and smiling. Without quite knowing how he knew it Lightfoot that instant realized that these two were his friends. He had nothing to fear from them. That door had not been left open by accident; it had been left open purposely that he might go free.

STORY 1480. November 6, 1916

Lightfoot is in Doubt of the Green Forest

There's nothing so sad as for those who roam
To fear in their hearts to go back home.

It seems a dreadful thing that any one should be afraid be afraid to go home, doesn't it? I cannot think of anything more dreadful or sad. It happens to people who have done wrong and know that if they go back home, they will be punished. Once in a while it happens to people who have done no wrong, but have been driven from their homes by enemies who have taken possession of those homes. Within the last two years this has happened to a very great many people in those lands across the Great Ocean, where the terrible war is being fought. Men and women and boys and girls have been driven from their homes and do not dare go back. It is a very awful feeling, this feeling that you dare not go back to the dearest place in all the world.

Illustrations. October 30 to November 4, 1916.

1474. Lightfoot Runs for His Life
"It is lucky you are not hunted by dogs," said Reddy.

1475. Farmer Brown's Boy Saves Lightfoot
"Lightfoot!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy.

1476. Lightfoot Becomes a Prisoner
"Who have you got safe?" asked Farmer Brown.

1477. Lightfoot in Stranger Surroundings
By and by the door opened ever so little and Farmer Brown peeped in.

1478. Farmer Brown's Boy Fools the Hunters
"Good morning," said one of them. "We've come to ask a special favor."

1479. The Open Door
Two more bounds and then he cleared the fence in a wonderful jump.

When Lightfoot the Deer found that at last he was free, his first thought was to get back home as quickly as he could. His home, you know, is the Green Forest. Then quite suddenly a great fear swept over him. He didn't dare go back home. No, sir, he didn't dare to. He was afraid. He was afraid of the hunters with their terrible guns. He felt sure that they were hiding over there in the Green Forest, waiting for him to come that they might shoot him. For a long time, Lightfoot stood staring over at the Green Forest with a terrible doubt growing. You see, he didn't know anything about laws. He didn't know that now the law of men protected him. He didn't know that the day before had been the last day that year when the law allowed the hunters to try to kill him. He didn't know that that was why Farmer Brown's Boy had kept him shut up in the cowshed.

So he was afraid to go back to the Green Forest now that he was free. He longed with a great longing to go there. That was his home. But he was afraid, very much afraid. He was afraid to go there and he was afraid not to. Over there were the friendly trees and many hiding places in which he could keep out of sight. But he knew that the hunters had found many of those hiding places and he feared that they might even then be hiding in them themselves waiting for him. Where he was, out there on the green meadows near Farmer Brown's barnyard, there were no hiding places and he could easily be seen. What should he do? All the first great joy of his freedom was gone.

"I'm afraid to go and I'm afraid to stay," said he to himself. "If it were night, I would not be afraid to go because then there are no hunters in the green forest.

"It is in the daytime that they hunt me. Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy have been good to me. They have fed me, and Farmer Brown's Boy saved me from the dogs. If they had wanted to hurt me, they could have done it when they had me shut up in that place back there. They are watching me now and they have no terrible guns. I—I think they want to be my friends. I believe they are my friends. Perhaps if I stay around here, they will keep the hunters away. Out here in the open I can see in all directions, anyway, and if any hunters come, I can run. I—I think I'll stay a while. There are no hunters here now and I don't know about the Green Forest. That is where the hunters will be looking for me, and so I guess I am safer here."

Now Farmer Brown's Boy had expected to see Lightfoot bound away to the Green Forest as fast as he could go, and so he was very much surprised when Lightfoot did nothing of the kind.

"I believe that fellow knows when he is well off," said he to Farmer Brown. "Of course he doesn't know that the hunters are no longer looking for him and so he thinks he is safer here than he would be in the Green Forest. Lightfoot has got more real sense than I thought he had. I guess it is a good thing that we kept him a prisoner as long as we did. Isn't he handsome? I can't understand how any one can want to kill such a beautiful animal. Do you suppose he'll stay around all day?"

"I don't know," replied Farmer Brown, "but I hope so. If he does and nothing frightens him he'll know for sure that we are his friends and then perhaps he'll visit us once in a while. Suppose you put some of that clover hay just over the fence where he can get it easily." And Farmer Brown's Boy did.

STORY 1481. November 7, 1916

Lightfoot Tells Peter Rabbit All About It

All that bright Autumn day, Lightfoot the Deer stayed on the Green Meadows not far from Farmer Brown's barnyard. A hundred times he was tempted to go back to his home in the Green Forest, but each time fear clutched his heart, fear that hunters with terrible guns were hiding there waiting for him. So he wandered about uneasily, starting nervously at the strange sounds, strange to him, which came to him from Farmer Brown's house and barn as Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy did their daily work. He found the sweet clover hay which Farmer Brown's Boy put over the fence for him and as he ate it, somehow he felt better. He knew it had been put there for him, and for him alone. He began to understand that not all men wanted to kill him and it was a good feeling, a splendid feeling.

These two, Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy, were really and truly his friends. They had saved him from the dogs. At least Farmer Brown's Boy had, and he never would forget that. They had given him food and water, and no one who would do this could possibly want to hurt him. More than this, they had had him a helpless prisoner and then let him go. Somehow he felt safe just to be near them, and this was a very strange feeling indeed.

But in spite of this he longed with a great longing to be back in the Green Forest, for the Green Forest was home. It seemed to him that jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun never would go to his bed behind the Purple Hills. But at last he did, and the Black Shadows crept swiftly out over the Green Meadows and into the Green Forest. The little stars began to twinkle high up in the sky. Now there would be no hunters in the Green Forest and it would be safe to go home. With his beautiful head held proudly Lightfoot bounded away straight for home.

On the edge of the Green Forest, he met Peter Rabbit. "Hello!" exclaimed Peter. "You look wonderfully happy. What is it all about?"

"It is just the joy of being home once more," replied Lightfoot, his great eyes shining with happiness.

Peter looked puzzled. "I didn't know you had been away," said he. "Where have you been?"

Then Lightfoot told Peter all the strange things that had happened since those dogs had found his scent in the Green Forest three nights before and had so nearly caught him.

"I heard them," Peter interrupted. "I heard them and I knew they were after you. I listened to them all that night, and I wondered how you would get rid of them. I know just how it feels to be chased by dogs. I have had to run from them many times. It is a dreadful feeling unless you know for sure that you can fool them.

I can always do that if there is a hole anywhere near, but I knew that a hole

wouldn't do you any good because you are so big. So it was Farmer Brown's Boy who saved you."

"Yes," replied Lightfoot, "it was Farmer Brown's Boy. Do you know, I'm not afraid of him anymore?"

"Of course you're not," replied Peter. "You would be too silly for anything if you were. He saved your life, and no one who saves another's life wants to hurt him. He saved my life once. He saved the life of Mrs. Grouse when she was caught under the snow crust in the Winter and he has saved the lives of some others I know. He is the best friend we've got. There are still some who are afraid of him and doubt him, but that is because they don't know him and because they have suffered so much from other boys and men, too. They have been hunted so much and frightened so often that they are afraid of all men creatures and don't trust one when he proves he is a friend like Farmer Brown's Boy. If they were all like him wouldn't this be a happy world for us?"

"I should say it would!" exclaimed Lightfoot the Deer. "I should say it would! Why do you suppose those hunters want to kill us?"

"I don't know," replied Peter sadly, "I don't understand it at all. Men and dogs are the only creatures I know that seem to hunt us just for the pleasure of hunting us. Goodness knows there are enough others who hunt me, but they do it to fill empty stomachs and not for pleasure. I can understand that, and it is all right. What I can't understand is taking pleasure in frightening and trying to kill others."

Lightfoot shook his head. "It's too much for me," said he.

STORY 1482. November 8, 1916

Reddy Fox is Hard Pressed

"My, but it is good to be home once more," said Lightfoot the Deer to Peter Rabbit. "It is only three days since I was driven out of the Green Forest by Farmer Brown's Boy, but it seemed ever and ever so long since I left home, for you know the Green Forest is really my home, just as the dear Old Brier Patch is really your home."

Peter nodded. "I know," said he. "There is no place in all the world like home, no matter where it is."

"I hope that those hunters with their terrible guns will get tired of trying to kill me," said Lightfoot wistfully.

You see he didn't know that the law was already protecting him and that for another year he would not have to worry about the hunters. In fact, he was already planning what he would do when daylight came again. If the hunters appeared in the Green Forest he would go back to the Green Meadows, close to Farmer Brown's barnyard, for had he not been safe there all of that day?

But when daylight did come it brought no hunters looking for Lightfoot, and he

lay all day resting in one of his secret hiding places quite undisturbed. Late in the afternoon he heard the voice of a dog. It was the hunting voice of Bowser the Hound. At the first sound of it, Lightfoot's heart came up into his throat. At least it seemed that way, though of course it didn't really do anything of the kind. You see he had not yet got over the terrible fright he had had when those dogs had so nearly caught him. He listened anxiously until by the sound he knew that Bowser was not following his tracks. He was following someone else. Then he breathed more easily.

As a matter of fact, Bowser was following Reddy Fox. Foolish Reddy had been too bold that afternoon. He had happened to be passing near Farmer Brown's hen yard and he had seen some of the hens outside. He just couldn't resist the temptation to try to catch one. Just in time Farmer Brown's Boy had seen him. At once he had whistled for Bowser the Hound and had shown him where Reddy had been. "Go get him if you can, old fellow!" cried Farmer Brown's Boy. "You are getting fat and you need a little exercise. A run will do you good, and that red scamp needs a lesson. He must be taught to keep away from our chickens."

Bowser had put his nose to the ground and right away had smelled the scent Reddy leaves in his tracks. With a roar of his great voice, he had started after Reddy. When Reddy heard that voice, he knew that Bowser was after him, "Oh, bother!" exclaimed Reddy, "I don't feel like running today, but I guess I've got to for a little while any way, I'll lead that fellow over into the Green Forest and lose him there." So Reddy had loped along to the Green Forest without hurrying particularly. He had felt sure that he could play one of his small tricks and get rid of Bowser without much trouble. When he had run as long as he cared to, he tried one of the tricks with which he had fooled Bowser before. He jumped up on a stump and then leaped as far to one side as he could. Then he trotted on a little way and sat down to rest. He grinned as he heard, Bowser come roaring up to that stump and abruptly begin to whine, He knew what that meant. It meant that Bowser had lost the trail, He had been fooled just as Reddy had planned. In a few minutes the whining stopped and once more Bowser's great voice rang out joyously. Reddy stopped grinning. Bowser had been smarter than he had expected him to be. He had learned a lesson from past experience with Reddy. He had simply run around that stump in a big circle and so had found Reddy's track again.

Then Reddy tried one trick after another and all with the same result. He never gained more than time enough to get his breath. Bowser had learned all those old tricks and wasn't to be fooled as easily as he once was. Reddy began to be anxious. He had spent a lazy Summer and he wasn't in the best of condition for a long run. It made him puff and pant and blow. And he was beginning to be very, very tired. Bowser was gaining on him. In fact Reddy was becoming hard pressed, which means that Bowser was getting near enough to make him anxious. The old tricks had failed and he must think of a new one.

STORY 1483. November 9, 1916

Reddy Fox Does a Mean Thing

Reddy Fox had tried all the old tricks he could think of with which to fool Bowser the Hound, and not one of them had succeeded. It was clear that Bowser was wiser than he used to be and knew just what to do when his wonderful nose told him that Reddy had done something to make a break in his trail. Reddy had tried jumping far to one side from a stump. He had tried mixing his trail by criss-crossing it. He had tried jumping from stone to stone in the Laughing Brook. He had tried running in the shallow water. He had tried everything he could think of and every time Bowser had been smart enough to see through the trick and Reddy had gained only time enough to get his breath.

There was one thing he could do, but which he wouldn't do unless he absolutely had to. He could make straight for his home, his underground house. Once there he would be safe for the time being anyway. But to do that would be to lead Bowser straight to that house and then Bowser would know where it was and this might lead to all sorts of trouble. He knew what Granny Fox would say if he did such a thing. No, he must think of some other way of getting rid of Bowser, some new trick. He was getting tired. He wasn't in the best of condition to run. He was too fat with good living. He lost his breath too easily.

Suddenly into Reddy's head popped the memory of how only a few nights before three dogs had chased Lightfoot the Deer. He had seen that chase and the terrible eagerness with which those dogs had followed Lightfoot's trail.

Probably Bowser the Hound would rather hunt Lightfoot than hunt him. He began to wonder what would happen if he should happen, just happen, mind you, to cross Lightfoot's trail. Then a thought, a mean thought, came to him. Why not try it and see what would happen? At first, he put that mean thought away from him, but the more tired he grew and the more certain he became that he could not get rid of Bowser with his usual tricks, the more that thought persisted.

He was nearer Lightfoot's hiding place in the daytime. He wondered if Lightfoot was there now. "Bow-wow- wow!" roared Bowser only a little way behind him. Reddy shivered and headed straight for that favorite hiding place of Lightfoot's. As he drew near, he heard a crash in the brush ahead and he knew what it meant.

Lightfoot had leaped to his feet and was bounding away in sudden fright. Straight on ran Reddy into the thicket where Lightfoot had been lying. He saw Lightfoot's tracks and his nose told him that the scent in them was strong because they had just been made. For just a little way he followed them to make sure that Bowser would smell them. Then he leaped far to one side and ran as fast as he could to a little hill where he could watch what would happen.

He felt mean. How could he feel otherwise when he had done such a mean and really dreadful thing? At the same time, he felt that he had been very smart. It would be Lightfoot now who would have to fool Bowser if he could. He saw Bowser enter the thicket where Lightfoot had been lying. The sound of Bowser's voice ceased. Then came an eager whine and the sound of sniffing and snuffing.

Suddenly Bowser's hunting cry rang out again and out from the thicket he burst,

his nose to the ground, but it wasn't from the side from which Lightfoot had run. Reddy gave a little gasp. Bowser was not following Lightfoot, he was following him. That mean smart trick had failed just as the others had. You see Bowser had been taught that he must never follow deer. Reddy didn't know that. But he knew that his trick had failed and that once more he must run and once more, he must try to think of some way to fool Bowser the Hound. And all the time he knew, too, that the thing he had tried to do was something he should not be guilty of. It was a thing to be ashamed of, and in his heart he was ashamed.

STORY 1484. November 10, 1916

Reddy and Bowser Both Get a Fright

Reddy Fox was beginning to be worried. Somehow Bowser the Hound seemed to be wiser, very much wiser, in the ways of foxes than he used to be. Reddy had tried all the old tricks with which he had once been able to fool Bowser, and they had failed. Bowser had been smart enough to see through them, and all that Reddy had gained by them was a few minutes of rest each time. He had needed those brief rests. A long, lazy Summer had not put him in the best of condition for a long, hard run. He was too fat. A little later, after he had had to work off some of that fat by hunting for food, he would not mind such a run. In fact, he would rather enjoy it. He would be in the best of running condition and able to run for hours without distress.

But now he couldn't. You see, for months he had been able to get plenty to eat without much trouble, and so his muscles were what is called soft. That means that because they had not been used very much, they soon grew tired. And then, too, he lost his breath easily. You know how it is when you run and lose your breath. If you have been doing a great deal of running you can run for a long time without feeling it, but if you have not been doing any running and then try it you lose your breath very soon and grow very tired. It was just so with Reddy.

It was because of this he had tried that mean trick of leading Bowser to the hiding place of Lightfoot the Deer. He had hoped that Bowser would chase Lightfoot. But Bowser had been taught that he must never chase Lightfoot, and so Reddy's trick had failed, and he was forced to run again with Bowser following, making the Green Forest ring with his great voice as he eagerly followed Reddy's tracks with his wonderful nose.

Farther and farther into the Green Forest Reddy ran, and with every passing minute. Bowser was gaining. For the first time since he was young and had much to learn Reddy was really afraid of Bowser the Hound. For a long time, he had felt so sure he was smart enough to fool Bowser whenever he pleased that now his tricks had failed his wits seemed to fail him.

"If I could only have time to think," he panted. "I'm getting so tired that I can't think at all, and pretty soon I won't be able to run at all. O, dear, what shall I do? What can I do? I've got to do something pretty quick or it will be too late. I wish now I had

gone home, even if by so doing I would have shown the dog where I live. But it is too late now. He would catch me before I could get there.

"I've just got to do something to fool him here in the Green Forest, or else find a hole I can get into and he can't. It seems to me I remember seeing an old hollow log over here somewhere, but I've forgotten just where. Oh, dear, why does a fellow forget? Forgetting is a dreadful thing sometimes. Let me think! Let me think!"

To have heard him you would have thought that someone was preventing him from thinking. In a way, I suppose someone was, and that one was Bowser the Hound. Bowser had got Reddy so frightened that he couldn't think as he usually does. All the time Reddy kept on running, and all the time he kept trying to remember where that old hollow log was. He was so tired that he felt almost ready to drop. Bowser was almost at his heels now. He didn't have to use his wonderful nose now in order to follow Reddy, for Reddy was right in plain sight, and Bowser felt sure that the long chase would soon be over, and that never again would Reddy Fox come snooping around Farmer Brown's hen yard.

Just ahead of Reddy was a great pile of fallen trees called a windfall, Sometime or other a terrible windstorm had swept through this part of the Green Forest and torn those trees up by the roots and thrown them in a great tangled pile. At the sight of that windfall Reddy's heart leaped with new hope. It came over him that it was in the middle of that tangle that he had once discovered that hollow log. With Bowser at his very heels, he slipped in at a little opening under that great pile, and Bowser after him. A minute later something happened that sent Reddy flying out one way quite forgetful of the fact that he was tired and Bowser the Hound running another way with his tail between his legs and yelping with fright.

STORY 1485. November 11, 1916

A Broken Nap

Buster Bear is a queer fellow and a very independent fellow. For the most part he does what he pleases when he pleases. You see he is so big and strong that he fears no one save man, and when there are no men about there is nothing to prevent him doing exactly as he pleases in the Green Forest. So he eats when he feels hungry and he sleeps when he feels sleepy, and it doesn't make the least bit of difference to him whether it is daylight or dark, for Buster is like Reddy Fox and Billy Mink and Peter Rabbit and a lot of others who can see at night or when jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun is smiling down from high up in the blue, blue sky.

On this particular afternoon Buster Bear had chosen to take a nap. He had been up all the night before and he expected to be up all of the coming night, so he had chosen to sleep during the day. Now Buster's bed was in the middle of a great windfall, which you know is a pile of trees blown down by the wind. It was deep in the Green Forest where few ever came and Buster had made a very comfortable bed of leaves there. It was just the kind of a place to sleep in undisturbed. So Buster had spent most of the day there sleeping in solid comfort.

Late that afternoon he began to dream. He dreamed that he was being hunted by men with terrible guns, and that he was running for his life. The worst of it was those hunters were following him by means of dogs. He wasn't afraid of dogs themselves, but he was afraid of the hunters, and he knew that the dogs would lead them straight to him, so instead of standing to fight the dogs he was running with all his might.

He could hear the voices of the dogs drawing nearer and nearer, and he was just trying to make up his mind whether or not to climb a tree to get away from them when his eyes flew open and there he was safe and sound in his bed in the windfall. It was all a dream.

But was it? Buster blinked fast to make sure that he was awake. He certainly was in his bed in the middle of the windfall. There was no dream about that. But neither was there any dream about that eager "Bow-wow-wow-wow- wow!" That was the voice of a real live dog and it was coming nearer and nearer. Hastily Buster scrambled to his feet. Were hunters after him after all? Should he run or should be fight? Sudden anger swept over him and made his little eyes fairly snap.

He had caught a glimpse of a little red form making straight for that old windfall, and on its very heels the dog who was making all that noise. In a flash he understood, Bowser the Hound was not after him at all but was chasing Reddy Fox.

A feeling of great relief swept over Buster Bear, and with it a feeling of anger. What did Reddy Fox mean by leading Bowser the Hound there, of all places? Was this one of Reddy's sharp tricks? It was bad enough to be waked out of a comfortable nap, but to have a noisy dog led straight to his bedroom was too much, altogether too much. Buster growled, and it was a deep, angry growl terrible to hear. It was at the sound of this that Reddy Fox realized that he had come to the wrong place, and he forgot that he was almost too tired to run another step. It was right then that he slipped out of that windfall, running as if he had suddenly recovered all his strength.

And it was right then that Bowser the Hound put his tail between his legs and, with the hair along his back standing straight up with fear, turned and ran the way he had come, yelping as if he expected something terrible to happen at every jump. In fact, he did. He expected to feel the terrible claws of Buster Bear.

With a still deeper growl Buster jumped out where it was clear and he could see better. Then he began to grin and finally to chuckle. Having got over his own fright he was tickled to see the fright of Reddy Fox and still more so to see the way Bowser the Hound was running as if he expected every jump to be his last one. "I guess," said Buster Bear slowly, "that they won't bother me again very soon." And Buster guessed just right.

STORY 1486. November 13, 1916

Reddy Fox Plans What to Tell Granny

When Reddy Fox had crawled in under the tangle of fallen, trees deep in the Green Forest he had not had the least idea that he would find any one there. His one and only

Illustrations. November 6 to November 11, 1916.

1480. Lightfoot is in Doubt of the Green Forest
"I believe that fellow knows when he is well off," said he to Farmer Brown.

1481. Lightfoot Tells Peter Rabbit All About It
"Hello!" exclaimed Peter. "You look wonderfully happy."

1482. Reddy Fox is Hard Pressed
He was beginning to be very, very tired.

1483. Reddy Fox Does a Mean Thing
He saw Bowser enter the thicket where Lightfoot had been lying.

1484. Reddy and Bowser Both Get a Fright
A minute later something happened.

1485. A Broken Nap
Then he began to grin and finally chuckle.

thought had been to reach the hollow log that he remembered was there, for once in that he would be safe from Bowser the Hound. If Reddy had known that Buster Bear had made his bed there nothing under the sun would have induced him to go there—not even the fear that he could not fool Bowser the Hound. While Reddy does not dare face Bowser and fight him, he is a hundred times more afraid of Buster Bear.

So when he suddenly discovered that he had run to the wrong place, actually had crept up into Buster's bedroom, and that Buster was there, he got such a fright that he forgot all about being tired out of breath with running. He had just one thought, and that was to get away from there in the quickest possible time. And he did it. Yes, siree, he did it! He got out of there just as if he was trying to show someone how fast he could run. At the same time Bowser the Hound was trying to do the same thing. You see Bowser is quite as much afraid of Buster as is Reddy. Bowser's tail was between his legs, and he was yelping for all he was worth, crying before he was hurt, you know. No wonder Buster Bear laughed. He just couldn't help it.

Of course it didn't take Reddy Fox long to find out that Buster Bear was not chasing him. And it didn't take him long to find out that Bowser the Hound wasn't chasing him either. The truth is Bowser had lost all desire to chase anyone. All he thought about was getting home. He had had such a fright that home seemed the very best place in all the world, and he wanted to get there. When Reddy discovered that he no longer needed to run he lay down to rest and get bis breath. After a while he started for home, and as he trotted along he began to think what he should tell Granny Fox. He knew that Granny would know that he had been hunted by Bowser the Hound. She couldn't help but have heard Bowser's voice, and that would have been enough, Reddy knew that the first thing she would ask him would be how Bowser had happened to chase him.

He didn't want to tell her. He knew that she would scold him for having yielded to the temptation to try to catch one of Farmer Brown's hens. But he knew that it would be no use to tell her anything but the truth. Old Granny Fox is very smart. She would know that that chase had started very near Farmer Brown's, and that it wouldn't have started if Reddy hadn't been there. So Reddy made up his mind to tell her the truth.

Now, Reddy Fox doesn't mind what other people think or say, but he does mind what old Granny Fox says. Her tongue is as sharp as her wits. So as he trotted along Reddy tried to think of something to tell Granny that would make Granny forget to scold.

He would tell her how all the old tricks failed. That would interest her, for it was she who had taught him those very tricks. Perhaps when she found out, those tricks were no longer good for anything so far as Bowser the Hound was concerned, she would try to think of new ones and forget to scold.

Right then Reddy stopped and stared at nothing foolishly. It had just popped into his head that Granny would want to know how he finally had fooled Bowser, and what could he tell her? If he told her the truth, that he had rushed into Buster Bear's bedchamber without knowing that it was Buster's bedchamber, she would call him careless and heedless, and say many sharp things. But why not let her believe that he

had done it purposely? Why not? He wouldn't have to say that he had done so, but he could tell about it in such a way that she would think that he had purposely done this as a smart trick to get rid of Bowser.

The more he thought it over, the better, he liked the idea. It would make him appear very smart. And it would make him appear very daring. Granny would think him very brave and smart. Then, too, he could boast about it to his neighbors. They would all look up to him and admire him. He sat down to think it over. When he started on again, he actually had begun to believe it himself. Yes, sir, Reddy Fox had actually made himself begin to believe that he had known all the time that Buster Bear was there and had led Bowser the Hound there as a smart trick to get rid of him.

STORY 1487. November 14, 1916

Reddy Fox Boasts and Swaggers

'Tis most annoying to the ear
A silly, boasting tongue to hear.

One reason for this is that those who really have done something worthwhile, something for which they might be pardoned if they boasted a little, seldom do boast. So when we hear a boaster we always begin to suspect that he hasn't done so very much after all. He is like the Laughing Brook where it flows over the stones and pebbles and there is hardly water enough to cover them. It gurgles and splashes and makes a great fuss. It calls attention to itself. It seems to say: "Here I am! See me! See the white froth I am kicking up. That shows how strong and fierce I am." All the time you know and I know that right there is the very place where we can easiest get across. It is there we have nothing to fear from it. All that chatter and noise is but idle boasting. It is where the water is deep and quiet, making no sound, that the Laughing Brook awakens our respect.

Now Reddy Fox is a boaster. He is smart. He is very smart. But he isn't content to let people find that out for themselves. He likes to tell how smart he is. In fact, with that boastful tongue of his he tries to make himself appear even smarter than he really is. The result is that a great many of his neighbors, the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, do not credit him with being as smart as he really is. Now Reddy should have known better than to boast to old Granny Fox. In the first place it was she who had taught him most of what he knew. But boasting is a habit, a bad habit, and like most bad habits it grows and grows. So the instant Reddy reached home after that long run when Bowser the Hound had so nearly caught him he began to boast.

He swaggered up to where old Granny Fox was sitting on the doorstep. To swagger is to strut proudly, as you know. "Where have you been?" demanded Granny sharply.

"Showing that silly hound of Farmer Brown's how useless it is for him to try to catch me," boasted Reddy. "It was splendid exercise, and great fun."

Now you remember it hadn't been fun at all because Bowser the Hound had so nearly caught Reddy that for a time Reddy had been quite in despair. But he didn't

intend to let Granny know this. “I suppose you mean it was great fun for Bowser,” said Granny dryly.

Reddy looked at her sharply. He had an uncomfortable feeling that Granny knew more about that chase than he had supposed she did. He wondered how much she did know. “No,” said he. “I mean it was fun for me. I played a trick on that fellow I guess he won’t forget in a hurry. He was the most frightened dog you ever saw. I guess he won’t bother me again in a hurry?”

“What did you do?” demanded Granny.

“I let him almost catch me,” replied Reddy, “and then I led him straight to where Buster Bear was taking a nap. You ought to have seen Buster Bear! Of course, I took care to get out of the way myself, and he didn’t pay any attention to me. He just made for Bowser, and Bowser put his tail between his legs and started for home yelping at the top of his voice. He was scared almost to death. It was one of the smartest tricks I have ever played.”

Now what Reddy had told Granny was partly true, but it wasn’t the whole truth. He had led Bowser to where Buster Bear was taking a nap, and then things had happened just as he said. But he hadn’t led Bowser there purposely. No, indeed! He hadn’t known that Buster Bear was there. If he had known nothing would have tempted him to go near that place.

The real truth was that all of Reddy’s smart tricks to fool Bowser had failed and it was just chance that had led him to where Buster Bear was. It was just chance, and as it turned out a lucky chance, for Reddy had been so tired that he could have run very little farther. Now that it was all over, he wanted Granny Fox to think that he had done it purposely. In fact, he wanted to think so himself, because it would be something to brag and boast about. All the way home he had thought about it until he had almost made himself believe that he had done it purposely. He didn’t mean to be untruthful. It was just the result of that habit of boasting, and also the desire to escape the scolding he knew he would get if Granny suspected the truth.

STORY 1488. November 15, 1916

Old Granny Fox Speaks Her Mind

Old Granny Fox listened to Reddy’s boastful tale of how he had led Bowser the Hound to where Buster Bear was taking a nap, and how Buster had frightened Bowser almost out of his wits. Now Granny Fox never does any boasting herself. She is far too wise and clever for that. You know she is one of the very smartest of all the little people in the Green Forest or in the Green Meadows. Everybody knows that. Many times, she has told Reddy that no good comes of boasting. So now as she listened to Reddy’s boastful story, she wasn’t fooled by it a bit. No, sir, she wasn’t fooled by it a bit. When Reddy had finished his story she spoke and her voice was sharp.

“Stop swaggering and strutting about and sit down,” said she.

Reddy sat down. He sat down very meekly. He didn't dare do otherwise, for he has great respect for old Granny Fox. "Why don't you tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" she demanded. Reddy hung his head. "That story might do for someone who doesn't know you as well as I do," she continued, "but it won't do here. You must think I have lost all my common sense if you think I would believe any such story as that. I don't say that you didn't lead Bowser the Hound to where Buster Bear was taking a nap, but if you did it was by mistake. You didn't do it purposely. I know you, Reddy Fox, and I know that you are too much afraid of Buster Bear to go anywhere near him if you can help it. It wasn't through smartness, but through stupidity that you got rid of Bowser the Hound. You did a thing that no smart fox ever does—ran into a place that you didn't know all about. You were just simply lucky when Buster Bear started for Bowser the Hound instead of you."

Granny paused and glared at Reddy and Reddy wanted to crawl out of sight, but didn't dare to. "What is more," Granny went on, "you had no business to go where Bowser the Hound would get after you. You were up by Farmer Brown's hen yard. I know, because I heard Bowser's voice when he started to chase you. Afterward you weren't smart enough to get rid of him. You tried the old tricks that used to fool him and they failed. You weren't smart enough to think of a new one, and that dog was right at your heels when you ran in where Buster Bear was. I was on my way to help you when I heard Bowser yelping with fright, and I knew then that something had happened so that you didn't need me.

"You knew or ought to have known, that you were in no condition for a long, hard run, so if you had had just a little bit of sense you would have kept away from Farmer Brown's. What did you go up there for, anyway?"

"I don't know," muttered Reddy.

"Yes, you do know," snapped Granny. "You went up there because you thought you were smart enough to catch a chicken and not get into trouble. You didn't catch the chicken, and you did get into trouble. Isn't that true?" Reddy didn't say anything. It was true, and he couldn't deny it. But he was too stubborn to admit it. Or perhaps it was shame that kept his tongue still. "You are old enough now to have a little fox sense," Granny went on. "Even if I hadn't warned you to keep away from Farmer Brown's hen yard you would have known enough if you had the least little bit of sense in that crazy head of yours. Hard times haven't come yet. There is plenty to eat if you hunt for it. When we can't get food anywhere else it will be time enough to try for Farmer Brown's chickens.

"Here we are living in peace and comfort, but if once Farmer Brown's Boy gets it into his head that we are after those chickens he will have that bothersome dog after us all the time. You got a good fright today. I know it. I could tell by Bowser's voice just what was happening, so it is of no use for you to try to tell me that you didn't. I hope it will be a lesson to you. And let me tell you this, you red-coated scatterbrains: If I hear of you prowling around that hen yard again without permission from me I'll wash my hands of you. You'll have to shift for yourself and need never look for any help from me. Now get out of my sight."

Reddy did. All the strut and swagger was gone. He just simply sneaked away.

STORY 1489. November 16, 1916

Danny Meadow Mouse Grumbles a Little

Run and hide, and hide and run;
Danny's life holds little fun.

At least that is the way it would seem to us if we had to live that way, I suspect. But Danny Meadow Mouse seldom complains. Perhaps that is because he long ago became used to living that way. Ever since he was big enough to crawl out of the snug little nest in which he was born Danny's life has been a continuous game of hide and seek. Summer or Winter makes no difference; it is run and hide and hide and run if he would keep a whole skin or any skin at all, in fact. And yet most of the time he manages to keep happy and in his own way enjoys life. It is only once in a while that Danny grumbles or gets downhearted.

This was one of the mornings when Danny was a wee bit out of sorts. Danny Meadow Mouse didn't blame him. She felt much the same way herself. You see it was this way: The Green Meadows were no longer green, but brown, and the air was sharp with more than a hint of the coming of Winter. Redtail the Hawk and his cousin, old Whitetail the Marshhawk, had left for the Sunny Southland and for a week or two Danny and Nanny had been quite free from worry of possible danger from the sky. It was a great relief not to have to keep one eye rolled up all the time lest a feathered hunter catch them unaware. To be sure, they still had to watch out for Reddy and Granny Fox, Old Man Coyote, Black Pussy and at night for Hooty the Owl, but with Redtail and Whitetail gone they felt quite as if they were having a holiday.

But on this particular morning Danny had made a discovery. On the top of the Big Hickory Tree over near the Smiling Pool he saw something black, something which had not been there the day before. It was so far away that it looked like little more than a black spot. In fact it looked very like a part of the tree itself. But Danny knew better. He knew just what that black something was, and he scowled as he watched it.

"He's come!" grumbled Danny.

"Who's come?" demanded Nanny, hurrying to Danny's side.

"Old Roughleg the Hawk!" snapped Danny. "I don't see why he can't stay up north where he belongs and give us a little peace. Goodness knows we have enough dangers to watch out for without being bothered by him.

"I hoped he'd forget to come pack this Winter or something would happen to him. Anyway, I hoped he wouldn't come so soon. Must be that Winter will soon be here. It is bad enough in Summer with Redtail and Whitetail snooping around, but then there is plenty for them to eat besides meadow mice. But now it is different and that fellow will spend half his time trying to catch us."

Well, he didn't catch us last Winter," said Granny hopefully.

No, and he won't catch us this Winter," grumbled Danny, still scowling at that distant black spot. "Still he's one thing more to worry about. It seems to me that we have the hardest time of anybody in the whole wide world."

"We mind our own business and don't harm anyone, and yet every blessed minute, night in day, someone is hunting us. I'd like to know what it feels like to walk right out in the open and take a sunbath without having my heart in my mouth all the time. It isn't fair."

"It doesn't seem so," Nanny agreed. Then she added softly: "But still we've a lot to be thankful for."

"I don't see what," grumbled Danny. "Well, for one thing we always have plenty to eat, and that's more than most folks can say," replied Nanny. "If they had plenty of other things to eat Reddy Fox and the others wouldn't spend their time hunting us.

"I guess their stomachs are pretty empty sometimes or they wouldn't spend so much time trying to catch us, when the two of us together wouldn't make them much more than a good mouthful. It must be worse to be hungry all the time than to be hunted all the time."

"That's so," replied Danny, looking thoughtful. "I never thought of it in just that way. I guess you're right." The scowl left his face. He looked over toward the Big Hickory Tree and his eyes twinkled. "I'm sorry if you're hungry, Mr. Roughleg, but I just can't furnish you a dinner," said he.

STORY 1490. November 17, 1916

Danny Meadow Mouse Goes Adventuring

O, Danny goes adventuring, adventuring, adventuring!
O, Danny goes adventuring all on an Autumn day.
Good Fortune, pray be kind to him, be kind to him, be kind to him!
Good Fortune, pray be kind to him, and guard him on his way.

Now wouldn't you suppose that anyone as small and timid as Danny Meadow Mouse and with so many hungry enemies always watching for him would be quite content to stay at home? We rather expect Peter Rabbit to do unexpected and foolish things because of his dreadful curiosity, but Peter is many times bigger than Danny Meadow Mouse, and then, too, he can get over the ground very fast in time of danger. But Danny is such a little fellow and his legs are so short that his only safety is in keeping out of sight. So Danny is the last one we would expect to set out adventuring, especially as he is all the time having adventures right at home. Why, if Danny should tell you how many times he has saved his life by the skin of his teeth, as the saying is, you would wonder that he has any nerves left. But Danny accepts these narrow escapes very much as you and I do our daily food, as just part of daily experience.

After all, then, perhaps it is not so surprising that Danny was possessed of a great

longing to see more of the Great World. He isn't so very different from the rest of us. He gets hungry and sleepy just as you and I do. He enjoys his food and his sleep just as you and I do. He works and he plays just as you and I do. He has aches and pains and he knows what fear is and what it is to be happy, just as you and I do. So why should the spirit of adventure get into Little Danny Meadow Mouse and make him want to see more of the Great World, just as you and I do? You see after all Danny has "feelings," just the same kind of feelings that you and I have, if he is only a little Meadow Mouse.

Danny and Nanny, his timid little wife, had had a very happy Fall. They are thrifty little people and great believers in preparedness. They are not at all like happy-go-lucky Peter Rabbit, and they had cut private little paths, ever so many of them, through the grass to the places where food was most plentiful. They had built a snug warm nest in the hollow of an old fallen fence post quite hidden in a tangle of long grass. There had been plenty to eat and they had grown fat with good living and knew just where they would find plenty of food through the long Winter. Decidedly it was very foolish of Danny to be discontented. Nanny told him so.

"I'm not discontented," declared Danny. "But the Great World is a very big place, I am told, and I want to see a little more of it. We've got as nice a little home as anyone could ask for, but that isn't any reason why we shouldn't have a better one, is it? Not that I expect to find a better place to live. I don't. But it would be a lot of satisfaction to know that there isn't a better place. It is a very nice feeling to know that you have the best there is, but this is something you can't know if you never see anything else. Don't worry, Nanny. I guess I am old enough and have had experience enough to take care of myself. I just can't be perfectly happy until I have seen something more of the Great World. You want me to be perfectly happy, don't you?"

Now what could Nanny say to that? Of course, she wanted Danny to be perfectly happy. So like the wise little wife that she is she didn't say another word against Danny's going. She just hoped with all her might that at the last minute Danny would change his mind and decide to stay at home. But Danny didn't. No, sir, Danny didn't change his mind. Perhaps there was something in the air that made him restless and uneasy. Perhaps without knowing it he had a little of that feeling which had sent so many of his Summer neighbors hurrying away to the faraway sunny Southland. Anyway, he wanted to go adventuring. And so one moonlight night he brushed his coat, bade Nanny goodby, told her not to worry, and started forth to see the Great World.

STORY 1491. November 18, 1916

Danny's First Adventure

Danny Meadow Mouse had started forth adventuring. That is, he had started out to see something more of the Great World than the little bit where his home was, and I suspect that down inside that little gray, warm coat of his he felt very much as Mr Columbus did when he sailed away to discover America. Of course, he didn't know he was going to discover America. He didn't know there was such a place as America.

Nanny Meadow Mouse had bravely winked back the tears as she bade Danny

goodby. Danny might not be afraid, but she was. She was afraid for him. But she didn't let Danny see those tears. So Danny started forth in the moonlight as bravely as you please. He chose to travel at night because he felt that it would be safer. Hooty the Owl was the only one to watch out from above and Hooty was over in the Green Forest. Danny knew that because he had waited until he heard Hooty's voice over there. Granny and Reddy Fox had spent the afternoon hunting on the Green Meadows, so Danny knew that they were hardly likely to be back there again that day. Then a moonlight night was a good time to travel for another reason. Moonlight makes a great many Black Shadows. When there is no moonlight the Black Shadows are so crowded together that all is darkness, but when gentle Mistress Moon is shining and pouring her silvery light down on the Green Meadow and the Green Forest the Black Shadows are scattered. They look blacker than ever and they are very friendly to little people like Danny Meadow Mouse. You see, the Black Shadows will hide little people like Danny, while big people like Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote cannot hide in them, and in the silvery light of Mistress Moon are easily seen. So Danny felt that everything was quite as it should be for him to start out to see the Great World.

For quite a long way Danny followed one of his own private little paths, and until he reached the end of that he didn't feel the real thrill of adventuring. But the minute he stepped out of that familiar little path into the unfamiliar and the unknown he tingled all over with the funniest feeling, a mixed-up kind of feeling, a little scary, a little eager, a little doubtful and a whole lot expectant. You see, as long as he was in that familiar little path he felt that if there should appear any sudden danger he would know just where to hide and what to do. But the instant he left that little path he was a stranger in a strange place.

He didn't know where there was a single hiding place, and if danger should appear he would have to trust wholly to his wits to save his life. It was very exciting.

While he was in his private little path: he could run as fast as he pleased, but new he had to go rather slowly. He had to pick his way where the grass stems were not too close together. Then, too, he tried to keep in the Black Shadows. Being such a little fellow he couldn't see over the grass and so never could be sure that the way was clear and safe. So, feeling safer in the friendly Black Shadows, he kept to these as closely as he could.

Doing this meant, of course, that he couldn't keep to a straight line, so by the time he was so tired he just had to rest Danny really wasn't so very far out in the Great World after all, although it seemed to him that he had traveled ever and ever so far.

When he grew so tired that he felt that he had got to rest he kept his eyes open for a place in which to hide. It wouldn't do to simply sit down anywhere because some enemy might happen along and if he was too tired to run and there was no hiding place near that would be the end of him. So, though every step made his legs and feet ache, he kept on until he came to a pile of brush which Farmer Brown had made while clearing out some bushes which had grown along a fence. Danny crept under the edge of this and sat down quite out of breath and very tired. Hardly had he done so when he heard soft, very soft footsteps.

Illustrations. November 13 to November 18, 1916.

1486. Reddy Fox Plans What to Tell Granny
The more he thought it over the more he liked the idea.

1487. Reddy Fox Boasts and Swaggers
"I suppose you mean it was great fun for Bowser," said Granny drily.

1488. Old Granny Fox Speaks Her Mind
"You are old enough to have a little fox sense," Granny went on.

1489. Danny Meadow Mouse Goes Adventuring
"Who's come?" demanded Granny, hurrying to Danny's side.

1490. Danny Meadow Mouse Grumbles a Little
"Don't worry, Nanny. I guess I am old enough to take care of myself."

1491. Danny's First Adventure
He peeped out and there in the moonlight was Old Man Coyote.

He peeped out and there in the moonlight was Old Man Coyote. He was trotting along with his sharp ears cocked and his keen nose smelling of the ground. He was hunting for a dinner. Danny's heart beat fast as he watched. Old Man Coyote had passed the pile of brush and Danny was beginning to breathe easier. Suddenly Old Man Coyote turned and looked straight toward him. Then he trotted straight toward that pile of brush. You see, he knew that a pile of brush like that might easily hide a good dinner and he didn't intend to overlook anything. Danny crawled farther under the brush and his heart went thump, thump thump.

STORY 1492. November 20, 1916

Danny Meadow Mouse Shivers and Shakes

"Ah-h-hi" exclaimed Old Man Coyote as he sniffed along the edge of the pile of brush under which Danny Meadow Mouse had stopped to rest on his way to see the Great World.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum?" said he.
  That smell is good to me.
Unless I'm very wrong.
  A Mouse has been along.
There's nothing quite so fine.
  On which I'd like to dine.
Come out, you little sinner!
  I want you for my dinner."

But Danny Meadow Mouse didn't come out. No, siree! That was an invitation he had no desire to accept. He just crept farther in, and he shivered and he shook as he heard Old Man Coyote sniff and sniff along the edge of the pile of brush. Danny didn't know anything about that pile of brush. He didn't know how big it was, for he hadn't taken particular notice when he slipped under it to rest. Old Man Coyote might be able to pull it all apart, and if he could, and should, why then—Danny shivered some more at the mere thought of what would be likely to happen then. It didn't make him feel any better to hear Old Man Coyote say:

"Come out, you Danny Meadow Mouse! Come out!
I'll get you anyway, beyond a doubt."

Perhaps it was true that Old Man Coyote would get him anyway, but Danny intended to make it as hard work for him as he could. He was shivering and shaking so with fright that his teeth chattered, but he wouldn't for the world let Old Man Coyote know that. Danny had learned long since that no matter how frightened you are it is always best to appear unafraid, so in his funny little voice he boldly squeaked:

"It's of no use for you to try to get me, Mr. Coyote. You will just be wasting your time."

Old Man Coyote chuckled and the sound of that chuckle sent more little shivers all over Danny.

"Perhaps you're right. Perhaps you're wrong.
We'll find out which 'ere very long."

said he, and began to tear at the brush and scatter it in all directions. Poor Danny Meadow Mouse. He wished with all his heart that he had been content to stay at home instead of going forth adventuring to see the Great World. What should he do? What could he do? He thought of slipping out on the opposite side from the one where the Old Man Coyote was at work, but if he did, he wouldn't know where to go, and unless there was another hiding place very near Old Man Coyote would be sure to smell his tracks and run him down. He was in a fix, a terrible fix, and all because he was in a strange place. Still he was sorely tempted to run and take a chance. You see Danny is quite like other folks: the first thing they think of when greatly frightened is to run away. It was just so with Danny. He just had to hold on to himself to keep from running.

It was lucky he did, very lucky. Abruptly Old Man Coyote stopped tearing at the brush and Danny heard his footsteps as he ran swiftly around to the other side. Danny understood just what that meant. Old Man Coyote had hoped to frighten Danny into doing the very thing Danny had so nearly done, and he was running around now to see if Danny had run out. That settled the matter for Danny; he would stay right where he was. In a minute Old Man Coyote was back tearing at the brush again. For a minute or two he worked with all his might, then ran around again to see if Danny had been frightened out.

"I'll get you if you run," said he
"I'll get you if you stay.
You may as well make up your mind
You'll never get away."

"Perhaps he's right," whimpered Danny to himself, "but while there's life there's hope. He hasn't got me yet."

Then for the first time he noticed something which he had been too frightened to notice before. It was a little ridge of earth and it was soft as if recently pushed up from beneath. It took Danny just about one teeny weeny second to jump up on top of it and begin to dig, and as he dug all fear of Old Man Coyote left him. He actually chuckled himself. He had found a way to escape.

STORY 1493. November 21, 1916

Old Man Coyote's Dinner Disappears

My, my, my, how the sticks in that pile of brush did fly! Old Man Coyote was making them fly. He knew that somewhere underneath was Danny Meadow Mouse and he was just hungry enough to be willing to work for his dinner. To be sure, Danny wouldn't be so very filling because he was so small, but he would make a very good beginning and Old Man Coyote intended to have him if he had to tear that pile of brush

all to pieces. He hoped it wouldn't be necessary to go to quite all that work. He hoped that Danny would become so frightened that he would creep out on the other side and try to run away. But Danny didn't do anything of the kind. Every minute or two Old Man Coyote would stop work and turn around to the other side to see if Danny had come out and every time he was disappointed.

"If I would dine on mouse I see
'Tis plain I've got to work," said he.

Then the sticks flew this way and that way in the moonlight faster than ever. Whenever he stopped to sniff the smell of Danny Meadow Mouse was stronger. This meant that Danny was still there. Old Man Coyote chuckled. Half that pile of brush was already scattered and it wouldn't take long to scatter the rest.

It was too late now for Danny Meadow Mouse to try to run away because he couldn't possibly do it without being seen.

"I hope you're fat and won't grow thinner
Before I catch you for my dinner."

That is what Old Man Coyote cried as he stopped to rest a minute. Then he chuckled at his own joke. Then he cocked his ears and listened for some sound from Danny Meadow Mouse. But there was no sound, not even a rustle. Danny Meadow Mouse was keeping as still as if he wasn't there at all. But this didn't fool Old Man Coyote, who thought it probable that Danny was by this time too frightened to move.

"If you'd come out, I'd have you know,
I wouldn't have to scare you so."

Old Man Coyote went on scattering the sticks. The next time he stopped to rest a minute he cried just out of meanness:

"I know of nothing quite so sweet
As tender Meadow Mouse to eat."

This time he heard a sound, a very tiny sound. At least he thought he heard it. And still he couldn't believe he heard it, either. You see, that sound had been very like a chuckle. Yes, sir, that sound had been very like a chuckle. And if it was a chuckle, it most certainly was very like the voice of Danny Meadow Mouse. Old Man Coyote stared suspiciously at the pile of brush, or what was left of it. It must be that he hadn't heard aright. Danny Meadow Mouse certainly wouldn't be chuckling. More likely he would be crying.

He must know that he hadn't a chance in the world to escape. Old Man Coyote's eyes snapped. He would show that meadow mouse that there was nothing to laugh about. That is, that there was nothing for him to laugh at. All the laughing would be done later and he, Old Man Coyote, would do that. So he fell to work again with all his might and the sticks flew this way and flew that way.

By this time Old Man Coyote had reached what had been the very center of the pile of brush, the place where he had expected to find Danny Meadow Mouse. It must

be that Danny had crawled under what was left. So he went right on tearing at the sticks and scattering them in all directions, every second expecting to see Danny Meadow Mouse. Working his head under, Old Man Coyote gave a mighty toss, and the very last of that pile of brush flew into the air. Then Old Man Coyote stared about him with the most foolish look on his face. Danny Meadow Mouse was nowhere to be seen! There wasn't a single stick big enough for him to hide under and yet he was nowhere in sight. Old Man Coyote gasped and rubbed his eyes. His dinner had disappeared.

STORY 1494. November 22, 1916

Old Man Coyote Gives Up

Old Man Coyote rubbed his eyes, and rubbed his eyes, and rubbed his eyes; but all the rubbing in the world wouldn't help him to see Danny Meadow Mouse. It was simply that Danny wasn't there to be seen, that was all. Old Man Coyote had to believe his eyes. He had to. His eyes were perfectly good eyes, but they couldn't see anything that even looked like a Meadow Mouse. When he couldn't trust to his eyes, he used his nose. His nose was perfectly good. There was nothing the matter with Old Man Coyote's nose. But it didn't lead him to Danny Meadow Mouse. It told him that Danny had been there. It told him, in fact, that Danny had been there within a very few minutes. Perhaps if Old Man Coyote had had a little more patience, it would have told him right then what had become of Danny Meadow Mouse.

But Old Man Coyote was too excited to be patient. Danny Meadow Mouse must be around there somewhere. Just HAD to be, that was all. He had been under a pile of brush which had been right on that very spot. He had been there because Old Man Coyote had smelled him and heard him. He couldn't have got out from under there without Old Man Coyote knowing it because Old Man Coyote had kept the sharpest kind of watch while he was tearing that pile of brush to pieces and scattering the sticks. Now those sticks were all scattered and the ground was bare, but there was no Danny Meadow Mouse.

Old Man Coyote looked up at Mistress Moon smiling down from the sky and there was a funny look on his face, a look as if he half thought that Danny Meadow Mouse had suddenly grown wings and he expected to see him flying about like Flitter the Bat. If he had I don't know that he, would have been any more surprised than he already was.

He rushed about this way and that way, peering under everything near that could possibly afford a hiding place for Danny, sniffing under every bush and in every clump of grass. But with all his looking and sniffing he was none the wiser. Danny Meadow Mouse had disappeared and that was all there was to it.

By and by Old Man Coyote came back to where the pile of brush had been and where he had been so sure of catching Danny. There he sat down to think things over. Fat Meadow Mice neither fly away nor turn into nothing. No one knew this better than he did. That Meadow Mouse couldn't have gone up in the air. He couldn't have run away along the ground. Ha! Old Man Coyote's jaws closed with a snap. He had thought

of something: “Could Danny have dug a hole in the ground?”

Swiftly Old Man Coyote’s eyes ran over the ground on all sides, but at first all he saw was a little ridge as if the ground had been pushed up from beneath. He knew what that was. It was the roof of a tunnel made by Miner the Mole and it didn’t interest him just now. Still just from habit he looked it over sharply and then gave a little start of surprise and interest and suspicion. Right on top of that little ridge, half hidden by some dead leaves, was what looked like freshly dug earth. Blinking very hard Old Man Coyote marched straight over to it. It WAS freshly dug earth and right beside it was a small round hole down into the tunnel of Miner the Mole. That hole was just about big enough for Danny Meadow Mouse to squeeze through. Old Man Coyote sniffed at it. He smelled Danny Meadow Mouse. He knew then what had become of Danny. That pile of brush had been right over that very spot, and while he had been tearing that pile to pieces Danny had dug his way down into the tunnel of Miner the Mole.

At first Old Man Coyote lost his temper at the thought of all his hard work for nothing and started to dig furiously. Then common sense told him that this would be waste of time, for Miner’s tunnels are very long and Danny could simply scamper along through this one in perfect safety. Then Old Man Coyote, who after all isn’t such a bad fellow, began to grin and finally to laugh. It was a joke on him, but a good one because he had been so absolutely sure of catching Danny Meadow Mouse.

“I give up,” said he, and trotted away to look elsewhere for his dinner. He was almost out of hearing when he caught a funny squeaky little voice of Danny Meadow Mouses:

Pray, call again some other day
If you may chance along this way.

STORY 1495. November 23, 1916

Danny’s Second Adventure

Perhaps you can imagine how Danny Meadow Mouse felt when he discovered the roof of Miner the Mole’s tunnel right under that pile of brush Old Man Coyote was scattering so fast to catch him. All his fears, all his worries left him just the way water runs off the coat of Jerry Muskrat. Just one little minute before he had been in despair because it looked to be almost certain that this time there was no way for him to keep out of Old Man Coyote’s stomach, and now he actually was chuckling as he began to dig in the soft earth on the roof of Miner’s tunnel. That is the way with Danny Meadow Mouse and most of the other little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, the Laughing Brook and the Smiling Pool; as soon as a danger is past, they forget it. That is they don’t think about it. They remember the lesson it may have taught them, but that is all. It is well that it is so. If they kept thinking about their escapes and the dangers they have passed through they wouldn’t have time to think of anything else and there wouldn’t be any happiness at all for them. So they promptly put such things out of their minds. It was so with Danny now.

If I would live another day
I'll surely have to run away.

said he, and chuckled again as he dug with might and main.

It didn't take long to dig a hole big enough to squeeze through, and with a happy little sigh Danny dropped down into that tunnel. Now he had nothing to fear from Old Man Coyote, so he sat down near the little hole he had made and listened.

He heard Old Man Coyote scatter the last of the sticks of that brush pile and then he heard him run this way and that way, sniffing and sniffing as he tried to find where Danny had gone. He knew just how surprised and puzzled and disappointed Old Man Coyote was and he laughed until he had to hold his sides. When Old Man Coyote finally gave up and went away Danny poked his funny little head out of the hole he had made and watched him out of sight. "Now," said Danny as Old Man Coyote disappeared, "what shall I do next? I want to go on, but this is strange country to me and I might not be lucky enough to find a safe hiding-place if that old sinner should take it into his head to come back this way. I suppose I can stay right here until I'm sure that he isn't coming back, but that will be a terrible waste of time. Ha, ha! Ho, ho! I have it! I'll travel underground for a while. This tunnel of Miner's seems to run in the direction I want to go, so I'll just use it for a subway for my travels." You know subway means a way underground.

"I'll just follow this tunnel as far as it goes and then dig my way out unless I happen to find one of Miner's doorways at the end. I hope Miner isn't using this tunnel just now. It would be very unpleasant to meet him, he is such a short-tempered fellow. But I won't worry about that until I have to. I never did believe in borrowing trouble.

The troubles of the present are quite enough for me;
I cannot know the future and so I'll let it be.

You see Danny is something of a true phil-os-opher, which means that he is one who believes in making the best of things as they are, and not worrying about things which may never be. So he ducked down and began to trot along the tunnel of Miner the Mole. He felt quite at home there, for it wasn't the first time he had made use of one of Miner's tunnels. In fact he had often used old tunnels which Miner no longer used himself.

But this wasn't an old tunnel; it was a new one. Miner himself might come along any minute. So Danny kept his ears open for any suspicious sounds. By and by he came to a place where another tunnel branched off. He hesitated a minute, then kept straight on.

He had gone but a little way when he heard a sound behind him which made him stop to listen. Someone was coming behind him! It was Miner the Mole! He must have come out of that other tunnel just after Danny had passed it. Danny didn't wait a second. He took to his heels and ran with all his might. Behind him he could hear Miner and he knew by the sound that Miner was in a terrible rage. He had discovered that someone was in his tunnel. With all his might Danny hoped that there was an opening at the end of the tunnel, for if he had to stop to dig his way out Miner surely

would catch him and that would be the end of him.

STORY 1496. November 24, 1916

Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire

Do you know that is an old saying which means getting out of one kind of trouble into worse trouble. Danny Meadow Mouse, running as fast as he could along the tunnel of Miner the Mole, wondered if that was what he had done. He had just escaped from Old Man Coyote by digging down into that tunnel where Old Man Coyote couldn't follow him. Now here he was with Miner the Mole gnashing his teeth in a terrible rage behind him, and he not knowing whether or not there was an opening at the end of that tunnel. If there was he would be safe from Miner for Miner couldn't catch him on the surface of the ground and wouldn't try. If there wasn't an opening—well, Danny tried not to think of that. He just gritted his teeth and ran faster. He would have to dig his way out and he I would have to have time enough to do it before Miner could catch him.

Would that tunnel ever end? Danny was beginning to breathe hard. Miner the Mole was slow enough on top of the ground, but here in his tunnel he could move faster than Danny had had any idea he could. And Miner was working himself into a terrible temper. Danny knew by the sounds that it would be quite useless to stop and try to tell Miner that he wasn't doing any harm there and that the only reason he was in there was because it had been his only chance to get away from Old Man Coyote. No, there was but one thing for him to do and that was to get out of there.

So he ran and he ran and he ran, and he hoped with all his might that when he reached the end he would find that Miner had made a doorway there. It was a very terrible feeling, this uncertainty. You see, it gave Danny a mixed feeling, hope that there was, and fear that there wasn't. It would almost have been better to know that there wasn't a doorway there because then he would have known the worst, and sometimes it is easier to know the worst than to simply have to dread the worst.

At last Danny reached the end of the long tunnel, and with a great sigh of relief he found that there was a doorway. It wasn't open, but it was almost the same thing as open. There was a little loose earth closing it, and it was so loose that it didn't take Danny two seconds to dig it out of the way and pop out into the moonlight. And right then Danny got such a shock that he was almost ready to give up in despair. He felt that if he had jumped from the frying pan into the fire before, he had done the same thing all over again. There, not two jumps away, was Old Man Coyote! Yes, sir, it was Old Man Coyote, standing in the moonlight. Do you wonder that Danny was quite in despair?

His first thought was to dodge back into the tunnel. Indeed, he did start to. Then he remembered Miner the Mole. It would be no worse to be caught by Old May Coyote than to be caught by Miner the Mole. Down in that tunnel there wouldn't be the teeniest, weeniest chance of escape from Miner, and there was just the least pit of chance that somehow, he didn't know how he might get away from Old Man Coyote. Fortunately Old Man Coyote was standing back to him. Holding his breath, Danny

crept softly down the side of the little mound of earth which Miner had thrown up when he made that doorway at the end of his tunnel. Just beyond were two or three brown leaves. Danny crept under them. Just as he did so out of the doorway he had just left came Miner the Mole snapping his teeth in a terrible rage.

Of course Old Man Coyote heard him. Like a flash he turned and with two long jumps he was on that little mound, Danny didn't wait to see what happened then. He slipped out from under the leaves, and in the shelter of a friendly Black Shadow he ran with all his might He hoped Old Man Coyote didn't catch Miner the Mole. He had no hard feelings against Miner, for he knew that he had no business to be in Miner's tunnel. Once he turned to look back. The moonlight fell full on that little mound, and what he saw was Old Man Coyote digging with all his might. By that he guessed that Old Man Coyote hadn't caught Miner after all, and somehow that thought made Danny feel better. Then he turned his attention to getting away from there as fast as he could.

STORY 1497. November 25, 1916

The Craft of Sly Old Man Coyote

To be crafty is to be clever, smart, to use your wits so that others may not get the best of you, When Danny Meadow Mouse fooled Old Man Coyote by digging down into the tunnel of Miner the Mole, and so getting away just when Old Man Coyote had been, so sure of catching him, Old Man Coyote had admitted to himself that Danny had been too smart for him this time and had walked away in the moonlight intending to hunt somewhere else for his dinner. You remember that Danny had peeped out and seen him go.

Now, naturally Old Man Coyote had felt a little foolish and upset at being cheated out of a dinner he had been so sure of and naturally as he trotted along, he kept thinking about it. He had gone some little distance when a new thought struck him. He stopped and thoughtfully scratched one ear.

If Danny's in be must come out,
And that's the time to be about,

said he. Then abruptly he turned and trotted straight back, hurrying his steps a little and with a crafty grin on his sharp face.

"Danny Meadow Mouse saw me leave," thought he, "and of course he thinks I have given up trying to catch him tonight. I thought I had myself, but I haven't. He'll stay down in that tunnel for a while, but just as soon as he feels sure that it is safe to do so he'll come out. Now what would I do if I were in his place? Would I come out where I went in? Not if I could find any other place to come out. Danny won't either. Any one smart enough to get away from me the way he did is too smart to do anything like that. He'll follow that tunnel until he finds another opening. Then he'll come out and think how very smart he has been. The thing for me to do is to follow that tunnel until I find one of Miner's doorways and then hide near that and give that Meadow Mouse the surprise of his life when he comes out."

Now, Old Man Coyote knows all about the tunnels of Miner the Mole. He knew that he would have no trouble in following that particular tunnel because when Miner makes a tunnel near the surface of the ground he pushes up the earth in a little ridge, which is the roof of the tunnel. When Old Man Coyote got back to the place where Danny had disappeared all he had to do was to follow that little ridge. He sniffed all about, the little hole Danny had made. Danny hadn't come out. Of that he was sure. Then he made a discovery which puzzled him. That tunnel ran in two directions. You see, the point at which Danny had dug down into it was not at the beginning of it. The question was, Which direction had Danny gone? Old Man Coyote looked first one way and then the other.

If only there were two of me
This puzzle would quite simple be,

he muttered. Then he grinned at his difficulty and decide that he would follow the tunnel in one direction until he came to the end and then if he had discovered nothing he would turn about and follow it in the other direction.

It just happened that he chose the right direction first. He trotted along swiftly watching for some sign of a hole in the roof of that tunnel. Presently he came to a place where another ridge exactly like the one he was following branched off. That meant that there was another tunnel. Here was another puzzle. Which one had Danny taken if he had come this way? Old Man Coyote hesitated a minute. Then he decided to keep straight on. So at last he came to the little mound which Miner the Mole had thrown up and in the middle of which was his doorway It was closed with loose earth, so Old Man Coyote was sure that Danny Meadow Mouse had not come out there. He walked back a few steps and was trying to make up his mind whether to go back and follow that branch tunnel or to hide where he could watch this closed doorway. It was just then that Danny Meadow Mouse, trying to escape from Miner the Mole, popped out and discovered him. Danny had made no noise, but a few seconds later Miner the Mole himself appeared and he did make a noise. Old Man Coyote heard him and whirled about. At the sight of Miner he forgot all about Danny Meadow Mouse. He made two long jumps. They were lightning quick, but quick as they were, Miner was quicker. He ducked down and scampered back along his tunnel. Old Man Coyote began to dig furiously in his excitement and disappointment. Meanwhile Danny Meadow Mouse was running for his life.

STORY 1498. November 27, 1916

Danny Gets a Needless Fright

Life, you know, is just one thing after another. With Danny Meadow Mouse much of the time it is just one escape after another. It is one thrill on top of another thrill even when at home; but since he had started out to see the Great World it seemed to him that there wasn't even a quiet minute between thrills. It was just one never ending thrill. You know what a thrill is. Of course. It is that funny tingling feeling that runs all over you, sometimes hot and sometimes cold, and sometimes both mixed together.

Illustrations. November 20 to November 25, 1916.

1492. Danny Meadow Mouse Shivers and Shakes
"It's no use for you to try and get me, Mr. Coyote."

1493. Old Man Coyote's Dinner Disappears
So he fell work again with all his might and the sticks flew this way and that.

1494. Old Man Coyote Gives Up
Then Old Mr. Coyote, who after all isn't such a bad fellow, began to grin, and finally to laugh.

1495. Danny's Second Adventure
"I'll just follow this tunnel as far as it goes."

1496. Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire
There, not two jumps away, was Old Man Coyote.

1497. The Craft of Sly Old Man Coyote
"Danny Meadow Mouse saw me leave," thought he, "and of course he thinks I have given up trying to catch him tonight."

You have it when you are excited. Sometimes it is caused by great pleasure, but mostly that feeling is caused by fear. Then it is usually cold. When it is caused by anger, as it sometimes is, it is hot.

Ever since he had first discovered Old Man Coyote sniffing at the pile of brush under which he had stopped to rest, Danny Meadow Mouse had had one thrill after another, and they were all the cold kind, the shivery kind. That is, they were thrills of fear. First, they were because he was afraid Old Man Coyote would catch him. When he escaped from Old Man Coyote by digging down into the tunnel of Miner the Mole he had more of the same kind of thrill because he was afraid that Miner the Mole would catch him. And when at the end of the tunnel he popped out on the ground again just in time to get away from Miner there stood Old Man Coyote two jumps away. Fortunately his back was toward Danny, and Danny managed to slip away without being seen.

But as he ran and ran with all his might, Danny was about as scared a meadow mouse as ever wished he was as big as Buster Bear. You see, everything was new and strange to Danny because he was out in the Great World, and had left behind him all those places with which he was familiar. So he didn't know where there were any hiding places. He simply had to trust to his short legs and luck to find one. So I don't wonder that Danny's nerves were shaky, do you?

They were very shaky. They were so shaky that he shook all over. You see, he hadn't had time to get over one fright before he got another. So now as he ran, not knowing where he was going, he was so scared that his own shadow frightened him when he happened to look behind him as he ran across a little open place in the moonlight. What dangers might be in front of him he didn't know, but he did know that somewhere behind him was Old Man Coyote, and he looked behind him so much that he didn't watch where he was going, and the result was that he ran right straight into someone with a big fur coat. He was too frightened to see who it was. He thought it must be Reddy Fox or Granny Fox.

With a faint little squeak Danny gave up and dropped right where he was. He was too frightened to move or even look. "Huh" said a voice, and it didn't sound so very terrible. "If it isn't Danny Meadow Mouse! Why don't you look where you are going? Don't you know that it isn't polite to bump into folks this way? What are you doing so far from home, anyway?"

Danny gave a little gasp and slowly opened his eyes. There sat Bobby Coon grinning down at him. He didn't look at all as if he wanted to harm a poor little meadow mouse. There had been times when Danny had had reason to keep out of Bobby Coon's way, times when Bobby had had hard work to get enough to eat. But now Bobby Coon was fat and good-natured. The look in his eyes was friendly and not hungry. Hope returned to Danny Meadow Mouse.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Coon," said he in his funny squeaky little voice. "I didn't mean to do it. I didn't see you at all. You frightened me almost to death. I thought you must be either Reddy or Granny Fox."

Then Danny Meadow Mouse told Bobby Coon all about his adventures since he

started out to see the Great World. Bobby listened gravely, but with a twinkle in his eyes. It tickled him to think of little Danny Meadow Mouse starting out to see the Great World. "I'm sorry I gave you such a fright," said he when Danny ended his story, "but I don't see how I could have helped it. You don't need to be afraid of me, so this scare is quite needless. Now you take my advice and go straight home."

"But I want to see more of the Great World,' protested Danny, who, now that his fright was over, suddenly felt very brave and bold again.

STORY 1499. November 28, 1916

Bobby Coon Tells Danny of Great Riches

Why is it when we have enough
We're always eager to get more?
Why is it when we're really rich
We're very apt to think we're poor?

It seems to be that way. The very first people to talk about hard times are the ones who don't know what real hard times are and never will know. The first to think themselves poor are the ones who never have known and are likely never to know what it is to really and truly need something and not be able to get it. I suppose it is because the more we have the more we want, and we get so that we mistake wanting for needing.

Now Danny Meadow Mouse didn't really need a blessed thing when he started out to see the Great World. He had a nice, cozy little home, and within easy reach, by his own private little paths, was plenty to eat, more than he and Nanny Meadow Mouse possibly could eat if the coming Winter were to be twice as long as it would be. He had secret hiding places, lots of them, to dart into whenever danger appeared. In fact, Danny was very well off indeed in all that a meadow mouse needs to be happy. And then he had decided to go adventuring, to go out in the Great World to see if there were better things than he already had, and if so to get them for himself and Nanny. It was a foolish thing to do, but he did it.

Now of course he didn't tell Bobby Coon that this was the reason he had left home; the real reason you know. He simply told Bobby that he had wanted to see more of the Great World, which was very true. But Bobby Coon is wise in the ways of the Great World. He guessed that underneath it all was the hope of finding something better than he already had. So Bobby Coon advised Danny Meadow Mouse to go straight home and be content to stay there, which was very good advice indeed. But when he found that Danny had quite set his mind on going on adventuring Bobby decided that the very best thing he could do would be to see that Danny went where he would be reasonably safe.

"If he finds a lot of good things to eat, perhaps he'll forget about wanting to see more of the Great World," thought Bobby. Then he remembered Farmer Brown's cornfield, which happened to be quite near. In fact, he was on his way there himself.

“Now listen to me, Danny Meadow Mouse,” said he. “The Great World is no place for such a little fellow as you are to be roaming around in. Besides, it is such a big place that you couldn’t see all of it if you had a million lives and traveled all the time.

“Now I know a place where there is more delicious food than you ever have seen in all your life, and all you have to do is to help yourself. You won’t have to hunt for it, because it has been gathered and is all right there, enough, I should think, for all the meadow mice that ever have lived.” Of course Bobby Coon was stretching the truth a little. “There are hiding places, dozens of them, just made for meadow mice, and from any one of them all you need do when you are hungry is to poke your head out and help yourself. The food is right there all about you. If I were a meadow mouse I certainly would make my home right there, and never leave it. I would be the richest meadow mouse in all the Great World.”

Danny’s eyes were stretched as wide open as they could be. “O, Mr. Coon, will you take me there?” he asked.

“That depends,” replied Bobby Coon, and in his eyes was a twinkle which Danny didn’t see. “That depends. If I do you will have to make me a promise.”

“I’ll promise anything if you’ll take me there!” cried Danny, his eyes sparkling at the thought of all those riches.

“All right,” replied Bobby Coon. “Promise me that when I have taken you there you will not try to see any more of the Great World.”

“I promise!” exclaimed Danny. “Of course, I promise! With such riches in such a wonderful place what more could anyone want? Will you take me there right away?”

Bobby Coon grinned. “Come along,” said he.

STORY 1500. November 29, 1916

Danny Finds Great Riches

Close at the heels of Bobby Coon ran Danny Meadow Mouse. Bobby was not running. No indeed. Bobby never runs unless he must, and now there was no need of running. But Bobby is so very much bigger than Danny Meadow Mouse that Danny had to run in order to keep up with Bobby, who was merely walking.

“Is it very much farther?” panted Danny. It seemed to him that they had traveled a very long way, though really it was not far at all.

“Not much,” replied Bobby, looking down at his little short-legged friend. “Are you getting tired?”

“A little,” confessed Danny, and right away was angry with himself for having admitted it. You see no one likes to admit that they cannot keep up with other people. This is especially true of little people. Bobby Coon stopped.

“You wait here a minute while I go see if the way is clear,” said he. Now Bobby knew that the way was clear. At least he was reasonably sure that it was. He just made

this an excuse to give Danny Meadow Mouse a chance to rest. By the time he returned Danny was quite rested. If he cannot run very far without resting he rests even more quickly than he gets tired.

"Is it all right?" asked Danny anxiously. "All right," replied Bobby Coon. "It's only a little farther, and then there will be nothing for you to worry about."

"I'm not worrying," retorted Danny stoutly. "Let's get there. I can't imagine such riches as you have told me of. It sounds too good to be true."

Bobby Coon didn't say anything. He Just grinned good-naturedly and started on, Danny keeping close to his heels In a few minutes they passed under a fence. Danny noticed that they were following a little path, whereupon he shrewdly guessed that Bobby Coon had been this way often. Once under the fence they were on the edge of a great open space of brown earth with only a little grass here and there and a few brown weeds, not enough of either to hide in. Danny hesitated as Bobby Coon led the way out into this. He had learned long since that it seldom in safe for a meadow mouse to go out in the open. Bobby Coon paused and looked back.

"What's the matter? Are you afraid," he asked.

"No," replied Danny Meadow Mouse, "I'm not afraid. I was just stopping to look."

Not for the world would he have admitted that he was afraid. He scurried after Bobby Coon. Bobby led the way to something big and tall covered with dry leaves that rustled when the Night Wind passed. It was a shock of corn. They were in Farmer Brown's cornfield. "Here we are," said Bobby Coon. "Climb up in there and see if what I told you isn't true."

Danny did as he was bidden. It was no trouble at all to climb, for a shock of corn is just made for a mouse to climb about in. Up he climbed, and presently he came to a great long ear of corn wrapped in its husk.

It took Danny Just about two seconds to tear that husk open, and there was the beautiful yellow corn, row after row of golden grains! Danny gave a little gasp. Then he sighed, and that sigh was a sigh of pure happiness. After this he nibbled at one of those golden grains. At the first taste he sighed another happy sigh, and then he settled down to eat. He forgot Bobby Coon. He forgot everything but the joy of that feast.

Bobby Coon waited patiently down below. Finally, he spoke. "Is it as good as I told you it would be?" he asked.

"Better," mumbled Danny with him mouth full. "I think if you don't mind, I'll stay right here."

"All right," replied Bobby. "Remember your promise not to try to see any more of the great world. I'm going up to the Old Orchard myself."

"I'll remember," replied Danny. "I don't want to see any more of the Great World. This is good enough for me. It's the most wonderful place! I didn't suppose there was such a wonderful place. I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Coon, for bringing me here."

"Don't mention it," replied Bobby Coon. "I'm going now. Good-by."

"Good-by," mumbled Danny Meadow Mouse.

STORY 1501. November 30, 1916

Danny Meadow Mouse Plans a Castle

Sitting in a corn-shock in Farmer Brown's cornfield, Danny Meadow Mouse ate and ate and ate until he couldn't hold another golden grain. In fact, Danny was so stuffed that he felt as if he couldn't move. He wanted to see more of that wonderful place, but he was very sleepy. You know a full stomach almost always makes sleepy. Besides, Danny really was very tired, for he had traveled what to him was a very long distance, not to mention the narrow escapes he had had.

So Danny found a comfortable hollow among the cornstalks and curled himself up in a little ball. No sooner had he closed his eyes than Danny was sound asleep and beginning to dream. Such wonderful dreams as Danny did have! He and Nanny Meadow Mouse had a new home, a wonderful castle of gold corn. In it they had nothing to do but eat and sleep and eat. They feared no one because they never had to go out where hungry enemies could see them. In their golden castle they lived in the midst of plenty, peace and happiness. It was a lovely dream, the loveliest dream Danny ever had had in all his life.

When he awoke, he thought at first that his dream actually had come true, for the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was a row of golden grains just above his head. You see there was an ear of corn there with a strip of the husk torn away just enough to show the golden grain. For a few minutes Danny kept perfectly still trying to remember where he was and how he came there.

Little by little he remembered how he had started out to see the Great World, the narrow escapes he had had, how Bobby Coon had promised to show him riches such as never had dreamed of, and had been as good as his word, and how he had stuffed himself until he couldn't eat another mouthful.

When he had fallen asleep it had been moonlight. Now the sunlight was creeping in to where he lay. He heard the harsh voice of Blacky the Crow, and it came to him that this was what had awakened him. He wondered what Blacky was doing there. Then he wondered what that wonderful place looked like by daylight. Danny scrambled to his feet, washed his face and hands, smoothed out his rumpled coat, and then climbed to a place where he could peep out. What he saw was a great field of bare brown earth and scattered all over it were shocks of corn, just like the one he was in. On one of them was Blacky the Crow, making a breakfast of yellow corn. Danny blinked and rubbed his eyes.

If every one of those queer looking shocks held as much corn as the one he was in, he, Danny Meadow Mouse, was the richest meadow mouse that ever lived. You see he didn't once think that corn might belong to someone else.

Now Danny is nothing if not practical. He didn't waste much time looking at those other shocks. He wanted to know all about the one he was in. So he climbed all over and through that, and when he was sure that he had seen all there was to be seen he sat down to think things over.

"It's a regular castle!" said he, talking to himself, because there was no one else to talk to. "It's a regular castle! I must get Nanny and move over here at once.

"No one can get at us in here, and we will never have to go outside unless we want to, because there is food enough right here to last us all Winter. We can climb up to the top and look out when we want to, and see our neighbors without being seen. We haven't even got to gather grass to make a bed of, for the covering of this delicious food can be torn up and will make the nicest kind of a bed. I do hope Nanny will be willing to come. She has got to." Danny said this last very firmly.

Then he remembered the narrow escapes he had had getting there. Would it be as dangerous getting home and then back there again? He didn't mind so much for himself, but there was Nanny to think of.

For a long time he sat there thinking it all over, planning the wonderful castle they would build in that ear of corn, wondering if Nanny would refuse to come, trying to think of some way to make the journey safer. At last he made up his mind. He would start for home at once. He wouldn't tell Nanny a thing about the dangers of the journey, but only about the wonderful place they would have, the golden castle of his dream. So watching until he was sure the way was clear, Danny Meadow Mouse started for home.

STORY 1502. December 1, 1916

Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse Move

However great, however small,
No place compares with home at all.

That is what makes it so hard sometimes to move from one home to another, even though the new home be ever so much finer than the old home. You see, the new home doesn't get to be a real home until you have lived in it a while and love has had time to give it the true home feeling. That is the way Nancy Meadow Mouse felt when Danny returned to tell her about the wonderful place he had found, and to insist that they move over there at once. The very instant he proposed moving Nanny began to feel homesick. Yes, sir, Nanny began to feel homesick. She didn't want to move. She wanted to stay right where they were. Hadn't they been the happiest meadow mice ever were right there? It was a very humble little home, to be sure, but it was quite good enough. She didn't want to leave it even if it was to live in a golden castle such as Danny had told her he had found.

At first Danny was very patient. He told her all about the golden corn already stored up for them, and which they could get without once leaving their castle. He told her how they would no longer have to be exposed to the danger of being caught by Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Roughleg the Hawk or Hooty the Owl or anybody

else. He painted a golden picture, a picture in words, you know, of the life of ease they would have, nothing to do but eat and sleep, no fears or worries. But even then, Nanny couldn't make up her mind to leave the dear old home, where in spite of all their worries and troubles they had been so happy. At last Danny lost patience. He didn't let her know this. O, my, no! No, indeed! He simply said in a very decided way which he sometimes has:

"All right, Nanny. You may stay here, but I'm going. I'm going this very night."

That was all he said, but it was enough. Nanny knew that he meant just what he said, and that he would do just what he said he would do. Of course she didn't give in at once. She was very tearful and insisted that she wouldn't go a step, not a single step. But that night when the Black Shadows began to creep out from the Purple Hills and she saw Danny making ready to start she hurried around for a last look at all the dear familiar places, and when at last Danny was ready to start and came to bid her goodby, she said in a small, meek voice, "I'm going, too, Danny."

For just a second Danny turned his head to hide a smile. "That's good," said he. "I knew you would. Now you keep right at my heels and do just what I do."

So Nanny kept right at his heels, and did just what Danny did, and so began their journey to their new home. Fortunately they met no such dangers as Danny had met with the first time. Of course Nanny was terribly nervous and afraid. Danny was nervous, too, but he didn't let on that he was.

And so at last they reached the edge of Farmer Brown's cornfield and Danny showed Nanny the shock which was to be their new home. A few minutes later they had reached it and were safely inside.

"Isn't it perfectly splendid?" demanded Danny as he led Nanny all over it. Nanny had to admit that it was.

"Aren't you glad now that we have moved?" Danny persisted.

Nanny wasn't quite so sure about this. In the first place, she was still homesick. You see, everything was new and strange. And then there was no snug, cozy bed ready, and she was very tired. Besides, it would never do to admit to Danny so soon that she really was very much delighted with what she had seen.

So she began to look about for things to find fault with. But really there was very little she could find fault with, and after she had made a good meal of delicious corn she grudgingly said, "It might be worse."

This satisfied Danny. He knew that once Nanny had set up housekeeping and realized the golden riches all about them, she would be as happy as ever she had been in the old home. He shrewdly suspected that she would be happier, for Nanny Meadow Mouse is a thrifty soul, and here were riches such as she never had even dreamed of. So Danny was glad that they had moved.

STORY 1503. December 2, 1916

The New Home in the Corn-Shock

A home there was, and it was new,
  Over where the cornstalks grew
Through the Summer in to Fall,
  Silken leaved and straight and tall,
'Till the harvest came and bound
  Them in shocks, and Danny found
In the heart of one of these
  Promise of a life of ease.
There was a home and it was new;
  I wonder whose it was, don't you?

It was a very nice home. It was in fact the finest home Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse ever had, finer than they ever had expected to have. The home they had left had been very comfortable, but very modest. It had been made of grass and down on the ground. But this new home was right up in the very middle of the corn-shock where there would be no dampness to worry about. The outside was made of strong, clean outer husks stripped from ears of corn, and the inside was made from the softer inner husks. The bed was made of shreds of these same soft wrappings from the corn together with some brown corn silk and soft sweet grasses. It was quite waterproof and windproof, very snug, cozy and comfortable.

In the building of it Nanny had quite forgotten to be homesick. You know there is nothing like keeping busy to make you forget. It isn't exactly forgetting, either. It is simply that if you 'put your heart and thought into the work you are doing, and do it with all your might, there is no time to think of your troubles. So while Nanny had been so busy planning and building this new home she had not had time to long for the old home. And when at last the new home was finished, it was such a splendid home that Nanny would have been a very silly little meadow mouse indeed not to have been happy and contented.

Of course Danny had helped build that new home. But he had had other things to do, too. It had been for him to find the easiest way from the ground up to their new home, and just where every ear of corn in the shock was located and the best way of getting to each.

Then of course Danny felt that he must know something about the other cornshocks nearest to their own. Supposing something should happen to force them to leave their home in a hurry. He couldn't imagine anything that could happen, but supposing something did. They must have a place to run to. No Meadow Mouse in his senses would be content to have no place of safety save his own home.

So Danny visited the nearest shocks and made little paths from one to another. Of course he sampled the corn in each. If there was any better corn than that in his own shock, he wanted to know it. He wanted the best to be had.

Then Danny did a lot of studying. That sounds like school, doesn't it? Well, Danny's studying was a different kind. He studied to find out what dangers they were

Illustrations. November 27 to December 2, 1916.

1498. Danny Gets a Needless Fright
He didn't know where there were hiding places.

1499. Bobby Coon Tells Danny of Great Riches
He advised Danny Meadow Mouse to go straight home.

1500. Danny Finds Great Riches
He sighed another happy sigh and then he settled down to eat.

1501. Danny Meadow Mouse Plans a Castle
Scattered all over were shocks of corn just like the one he was in.

1502. Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse Move
So Nanny kept right on his heels and did just what Danny did.

1503. The New Home in the Corn-Shock
So Danny visited the nearest shocks and made little paths from one to another.

likely to face and must watch out for in their new surroundings. He had hoped there were none. You see he felt that that cornfield was a discovery of his own, or at least of Bobby Coon's. You remember it was Bobby Coon who had shown Danny the way there. But he wasn't long in discovering that there were just as many dangers to be watched out for as there had been in the old home on the Green Meadows. In fact, there were the very same dangers.

Reddy and Granny Fox seemed to know all about that cornfield, and visited it quite regularly. So did Old Man Coyote. Not a night passed that Hooty the Owl didn't sail over it on noiseless wings at least once. In the daytime Roughleg the Hawk seemed to think it worthwhile to keep it under his keen eyes a good part of the time. And then there was Black Pussy, the big cat from Farmer Brown's home. She visited the cornfield much oftener than she ever had the Green Meadows. Danny hated her. She didn't have to hunt for a living as the others did. Danny would fly in a rage at the sight of her black coat.

But there was one advantage which Danny was quick to appreciate. From his new home he could peep out and watch his enemies. He could see when the way was clear. In his old home he had had to depend almost wholly on his ears, because he couldn't see over the grass. Then, too, he didn't have to leave that shock unless he wanted to. So altogether he felt that the new home was a great success, even more of a success than he had hoped it would be.

STORY 1504. December 4, 1916

A Strange and Terrible Thing Happens

Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse had been established—which means settled—in their new home in Farmer Brown's cornfield for some time before any of their hungry enemies discovered them. You know they had made a Meadow Mouse castle out of a shock of corn, their house right in the heart of it. But they couldn't remain undiscovered forever. No one could. They might have remained undiscovered longer than they did had Danny been content to stay right in that shock where they had made their home. But he wasn't. He just had to visit other shocks to see if they were as good as his own.

It was because of this that Reddy Fox found out where Danny and Nanny had moved to. He had missed them over on the Green Meadows and it had puzzled him a great deal. For several days he had hunted them there without ever getting a single smell of them, and this was something he never had known to happen before. But when very early one morning on his way through Farmer Brown's cornfield he smelled Danny's tracks and followed them to one of the shocks of corn, he guessed right away what Danny and Nanny had done and he grinned. He would waste no more time hunting for them in the Green Meadows.

It took Reddy some time to find out in which shock Danny and Nanny were living. You see Danny's tracks led to several shocks. But at last Reddy found out, and after that he and Granny were forever bobbing up at all hours of the day and night hoping

to surprise Danny or Nanny. They even tried to tear their way in to the shock, but couldn't.

Old Man Coyote also discovered where Danny had moved to, and every night he would come around sniffing and sniffing about the base of the corn-shock and saying:

"You fooled me once; you fooled me twice;
But you will never fool me thrice.
As sure it is as rain is wet
I'll get you, Mr Smarty, yet."

This worried Nanny a great deal, but Danny only laughed. Never in all his life had he felt so safe. No one could get him in that corn-shock and he didn't need to leave it at all, because, you know there was plenty to eat right there. So Danny rather enjoyed watching Reddy and Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote hanging around and trying all sorts of plans to catch him.

But one day as Danny was sitting where he could peep out and see what was going on he discovered something strange and very terrible. Down at the farther end of the cornfield were two tremendous four-legged creatures and behind them a strange thing which moved when they moved, but which had in place of legs four round things that turned over and over. Of course you have guessed what Danny saw—a pair of horses and a wagon. They were the first he ever had seen, and you can guess how strange and, terrible they looked to him, because they were so big and he was so small.

Then he saw Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy. He knew them because he had seen them on the Green Meadows. But the thing that frightened him most was the discovery of what they were doing. Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy were piling those corn-shocks on that wagon. When there was a great pile on the wagon it moved away and disappeared up toward Farmer Brown's house. What did it mean? Would they take all the corn? If so, what was to become of Nanny and himself?

Danny was worried, very much worried. But he didn't tell Nanny what he had seen. He would wait. Perhaps they wouldn't take all the corn. So he said nothing, but he spent a great deal of his time up where he could see out over the cornfield. Later that day he saw another load taken away, and once more his heart sank. But the next day nothing happened and the next nothing happened. Danny began to hope that after all his castle was as safe as he had thought it would be.

STORY 1505. December 5, 1916

Danny and Nanny Have a Strange Ride

We never know from day to day
What wondrous thing may come our way.

Things seem to just happen. That is all you can say about them. They just happen, that is all. Everything is just as it has been for a long, long time, and then all in a twinkling something happens and everything is just as different as it is possible to

dream. That is the way it was with Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. They had just got to feeling thoroughly at home in their castle, which was a cornshock in Farmer Brown's corn field. It was the finest home they ever had had, and they were looking forward to the most comfortable Winter of their lives when something happened to upset everything, and it was all so sudden that they had no time to do anything.

You remember that Danny had seen a strange and to him terrible thing happening down at the other end of the cornfield one day. He had seen the shocks of corn there being carted away on a wagon by Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy. He hadn't told Nanny. He didn't want to worry her needlessly. For two or three days he had kept a sharp watch, but nothing more had happened and Danny had decided that the rest of these corn-shocks were going to be left right where they were, and had stopped worrying.

Then early one morning he and Nanny had been awakened by heavy steps and loud voices close by their castle.

"What is it? Shall we run?" whispered Nanny, shaking with fright.

"I don't know what it is, but we won't run. We'll stay right where we are and keep perfectly still. It is always best to keep perfectly still until you know you have been found," whispered Danny, and tried to appear brave, although he was as badly frightened as Nanny.

Suddenly there was a great tearing apart of their castle, the cornshock you know, and before they could run that part of it in which their snug little home was built was lifted up and then landed with what seemed to them a great crash on a lot more cornstalks. Their house was on its side now and the doorway was closed. But even if it had been open, they wouldn't have run out. They were too frightened to. They just clung to each other and didn't move.

More cornstalks were piled on top and then, after what seemed to them ages and ages, they began to be shaken about and had a strange feeling that, though they were lying perfectly still, they were moving. They were. The wagon on which their castle had been thrown with the rest of the corn in Farmer Brown's cornfield was on its way to Farmer Brown's barn.

"O, O, dear! What has happened? What is happening?" whimpered Nanny. Quite all in a flash Danny remembered what he had seen a few days before. Could it be that they were being carried away as he had seen that corn at the other end of the field taken away? He suspected that that was just what was happening. But he didn't tell Nanny this. Instead he tried to keep her courage up and in doing this he found that he felt better himself. It often is this way.

"No real harm has come to us yet," he whispered in one of Nanny's funny little ears. "Our house is still whole and no one has found us. We will just keep still and hope for the best. If no one finds us we have nothing to worry about."

Bumpity-bump over the frozen ground went the wagon and thumpity-thump went the hearts of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse as they were jolted and

shaken and shaken and jolted. Fortunately, their bed was soft and so they were not as uncomfortable as they might have been. But it seemed to them that that jolting, shaking, bumping, thumping never would end.

They heard the creaking of the wagon, and this frightened them. They heard the stamping of the feet of the horses, and this frightened them. They heard the voices of Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy, and this frightened them. Would there ever be an end to it?

"I wish I were dead," sobbed Nanny.

"No, you don't," replied Danny. "Everything is going to come out all right. You see if it doesn't."

And so they waited for the end of their strange ride.

STORY 1506. December 6, 1916

The End of the Ride

To all things, be they good or bad,
There comes an end that's bright or sad.

And so at last there came an end to the strange ride of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. "Whoa!" cried the voice of Farmer Brown's boy. The shaking and the jolting stopped. Clinging tightly to each other Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse strained their ears to hear what was going on outside. They heard the horses champing their bits. They heard them stamping their feet on something that made more noise than the ground. It was the floor of Farmer Brown's barn, but, of course, Danny and Nanny didn't know this. They heard Farmer Brown's boy tramping on the cornstalks above their heads, and whistling as he worked.

They wondered where they were and what would happen next. You cannot imagine how they wondered. And all the time they were more frightened than they ever had been before in all their lives. It always is worse to be frightened by unknown dangers than by dangers which you know all about. So they clung to each other and shivered and shook and wondered and waited. By and by the cornstalks in the midst of which their snug little home was were lifted and thrown on to a great pile of cornstalks. Danny and Nanny didn't know what was happening, because they couldn't see, but they felt light-headed, and there was an all-gone feeling in their stomachs, very much such feelings as you would have if your house with you in it should be whirled up in the air by a great wind and then thrown down with a crash.

After what seemed to them ages and ages, they heard the creaking of wagon wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs and presently all was still. After all that dreadful noise it seemed as if the stillness could be felt. For a long time they kept perfectly still, waiting for something more to happen. But nothing did happen. All was still as still could be. At last Danny could stand it no longer.

"I'm going out to see where we are," he whispered to Nanny.

"If you do, I am going too. I'm not going to be left alone," Nanny whispered back.

Nothing that Danny could say would induce her to change her mind. If he went she would go, and that was all there was to it. So after waiting a little longer Danny crept out of the little doorway of their house and Nanny was right at his heels. With hearts beating hard with excitement and fear they stole down through the cornstalks until they reached the floor. It seemed very queer to be on boards instead of the earth. Very softly they crept out from under the cornstalks, ready to run back at the least hint of danger, and with eyes wide with wonder they stared about them.

They knew that when they had begun their strange ride jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun had been shining, for it had been early in the day. But now there was a soft duskiness very like the hour just after Mr. Sun goes to bed behind the Purple Hills. They could see perfectly, because their eyes were made for seeing in the dusk and dark. Before them was a great, smooth, open space, with dry corn leaves scattered over it. A little patch of yellow light lay on one side. It came from a little window above the barn door, through which the Jolly Sunbeams were peeping.

Behind them was a mountain of corn-stalks. High up above all around were mountains of sweet, dry meadow grass that filled the air with a familiar, delicious smell. Of course this was hay in the mows, but Danny and Nanny didn't know this, for they never had seen hay-mows before. When they looked straight overhead there was no sky. There were no little stars, no clouds, no gentle Mistress Moon, no jolly Mr. Sun. It was all very strange and puzzling. But one thing they noticed right away: it was very warm and comfortable there, almost as if Summer had returned.

STORY 1507. December 7, 1916

Danny and Nanny Meet a Cousin

"Hee, hee, hee! Excuse me, but you seem to be strangers here. Are you looking for someone in particular? Tee, hee, hee! What funny short tails you have! I really didn't mean to laugh, but you look so awfully foolish, staring around as if you never had seen anything in your lives before that I just couldn't help it. I suppose you are relatives of mine, though never in all my life have I known a member of the Mouse family who didn't have a tail to be proud of unless part of it was lost in an accident. Did you lose part of yours that way? Tee, hee, hee!"

It was a very high, squeaky voice and the speaker was a Mouse, but a different looking Mouse from any Danny Meadow Mouse ever had seen. His coat was grayer than Danny's. He was slim and trim, with a sharp face and good-sized ears, and he had a long tail that reminded Danny of the tail of Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. You know all his life Danny had been a wee bit envious of Whitefoot because of that long tail[31]. Plainly this stranger was a cousin. Danny didn't like him. It struck him that this cousin was putting on airs. And he was laughing at them as if he thought them very funny.

31 STORY 63, 1912.

"You must be my country cousins, continued the stranger. "I wonder if you are as green as you look. However did you get so far away from home?"

"What an impolite fellow," whispered Nanny to Danny. "He acts as if he thought himself a great deal better than we are. Who do you suppose he is?"

"Who are you?" demanded Danny bluntly.

"Me? Why the idea or asking who I am!" exclaimed the stranger. "I am Nibbler the House Mouse, if you must know. You must be very ignorant not to know who I am. Mine is the most widely traveled family and the best known in all the Great World."

"Huh! What does your family know about traveling? Mine is the family of travelers. Why, you little gray runt, you never have been 10 feet outside of this barn, and here you are bragging of belonging to a family of travelers! Scat! Run before I bite off your tail!"

Danny and Nanny turned to look at the new speaker. He was big. To their frightened eyes he looked bigger than he really was. He wore a coat of brown, but it was dirty and rough. He, too, had a long tail. But it was his face which made Danny and Nanny feel uncomfortable. It was a sharp face, out of which looked bold, fierce, cruel eyes that seemed to bore right through them. He was grinning at them, and this showed a mouthful of sharp ugly-looking teeth. His very whiskers seemed to have a fierce look about them. He stared at them very hard for a minute, still grinning. Then he turned and disappeared through a hole in the floor.

Danny and Nanny looked over to where Nibbler had been, but he wasn't to be seen. Danny turned up his nose. "That fellow was afraid," said he. "I'm glad we didn't run."

"Has he gone?" asked a faint, squeaky voice that sounded to Danny rather trembly. Nibbler darted out from behind a pile of sacks of grain, then darted back again. He did it two or three times before he finally remained out. Danny's nose turned up more than ever.

"Has he gone?" repeated Nibbler anxiously.

"Has who gone?" asked Nanny.

"Why, Robber the Brown Rat, of course," replied Nibbler.

"If you mean that fellow who called you a runt, yes," replied Danny. "I guess you are right about belonging to a family of travelers by the way you traveled out of sight when that fellow spoke." There was a great deal of scorn in Danny's voice.

Nibbler glanced over to the hole through which Robber had disappeared. Then he darted forward a few steps. All his fine airs had disappeared. "He's a terrible fellow, that Robber. He's a terrible fellow," he whispered.

STORY 1508. December 8, 1916

Danny and Nanny Find Out Where They Are

Nibbler the House Mouse was nervous. He kept fidgeting about and looking over to the hole where Robber the Brown Rat had disappeared. It was plain that he was ready to run at the least sound from that direction. He had tried to put on once more the grand airs he had had when he had first spoken to Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, for were they not country cousins? But Danny had put an end to this in short order.

"Don't put on any airs with us, Cousin Nibbler," said he, and there was something in the tone of his voice that made Nibbler a wee bit uneasy. "We may have short tails and we may not be as trim and handsome as you, though compared with Cousin Whitefoot the Wood Mouse you are not so very much for looks yourself. We are just plain, honest people and we want some plain, honest answers to some plain, honest questions. If we don't get them—" Danny didn't finish. He just took two or three steps toward Nibbler and gritted his teeth. It wasn't at all a pleasant sound.

Nibbler backed away hastily and looked as if ready to run.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Danny. Nibbler pretended not to understand.

"Wouldn't what?" he asked, stealing longing glances toward the grain bags.

"Run," grunted Danny.

Nibbler noticed how chunky and strong Danny looked and he suddenly was most polite. "I don't want to run," said he, which wasn't the truth. "I'm very glad to see you and I'll be very glad to answer all the questions that I can. As I said before we were interrupted by Robber, my name is Nibbler. Wouldn't we get along better if I knew what to call you?"

"I'm Danny Meadow Mouse and this is Nanny Meadow Mouse," replied Danny. "Now, in the first place, we want to know where we are."

Nibbler looked surprised. He was surprised. Of course, he supposed that Danny and Nanny had come there purposely. "Why, you're in you're in Farmer Brown's barn, Cousin Danny," said he. "I supposed you knew that."

"What's a barn?" asked Danny.

"Why, It's—It's this place," returned Nibbler rather lamely. "It's where the cows and the horses stay, and Farmer Brown keeps his corn and hay, and it's the finest place in the Great World. Just see all these riches!"

"Huh!" exclaimed Danny. "Huh! Have you ever been down on the Green Meadows?"

"Goodness, no!" Nibbler seemed quite horrified at the mere idea.

"Then what do you know about the Great World?" snapped Danny. "You've got hay here, but I saw that hay growing. You've got corn here, but that corn grew right next to where the hay grew. All these riches you boast about came from my old home, and that is the finest place in the Great World. But for the Green Meadows and the cornfield you would starve to death, while we have plenty there always."

"If you are so fond of your old home, why did you leave it? What are you here

for?" asked Nibbler with a provoking grin, for he thought these questions very smart.

"We are here because we couldn't help ourselves," retorted Danny. "We didn't leave our home. That is, we didn't leave our house; we brought it with us, or, anyway, it came with us." Danny was trying to be truthful.

"What's that!" exclaimed Nibbler. "What are you trying to stuff me with? How could you bring your house with you? I don't believe you've got a house. I don't believe you've ever had a house. I believe you're just common, tramps, just common tramps, and nothing more."

Danny's eyes flashed. He suddenly looked very fierce. Before he could say a word Nibbler hastened to say, "I was just joking, Cousin Danny. Really, I was."

"I don't like your, style of joke," growled Danny.

"Of course, if you say your house is with you it must be," Nibbler hastened on. "But I never heard of such a thing before. I—I would like to see it, Cousin Danny."

Just then heavy steps sounded outside the barn door. "Run!" squeaked, Nibbler, Danny and Nanny ran back among the cornstalks.

STORY 1509. December 9, 1916

Danny, Nanny, and Nibbler Visit

It's good for mice and good for you
A little visiting to do.

The very best way in the world to become really acquainted with people is to visit them in their own homes. You may meet people day after day and not really get to know them. But visit them in their own homes and you see them as they really are. It was just so with Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse and their cousin, Nibbler the House Mouse. When Nibbler discovered Danny and Nanny looking as if they were quite lost in Farmer Brown's barn he had felt very much superior to them. That means that he had felt that he was better than they. He had looked down on them, had been scornful of them because they were from the country, and had laughed at them. But when Robber the Rat had appeared Nibbler had run away, while Danny and Nanny hadn't. Right then respect for them had been born in Nibbler and he had begun to be a little bit afraid of Danny.

Then had come the sound of heavy footsteps outside the barn door. Nibbler had cried "Run!" and Danny and Nanny had run. There was something fearsome in the sound of those footsteps, and so they had run just as the door opened and Farmer Brown's boy came in. Now Danny and Nanny being strangers in that barn knew no hiding-places and so they had promptly run under the great pile of cornstalks with which they had unwillingly been brought there from the cornfield. Once safely under the cornstalks Danny discovered that Nibbler was right at their heels.

"If you please, Cousin Danny, I would like to see that house of yours. Won't you

show it to me?" said he.

Danny thought it over for a few minutes. Here he was in a strange place of which he knew nothing. He didn't think much of his cousin Nibbler, but there was nothing to be gained by quarreling with him. On the other hand Nibbler might be able to help them a lot.

"All right," said Danny, "I'll show you our house if you will show us your house."

To this Nibbler agreed. In his heart he felt sure that these country cousins couldn't possibly have much of a house and that when they saw his they would be filled with envy. Danny led the way up through the cornstalks to the snug little house he and Nanny had built with so much pride in the heart of the corn-shock in Farmer Brown's cornfield, and which had been brought all the way up to Farmer Brown's barn with them in it in the last load of corn.

It was a well-built, stout little house, and it had suffered very little harm in the journey. When Nibbler saw it his respect for Danny and Nanny increased tremendously. It was a much better house than his own. In fact, he began to be rather ashamed to show his own. He hoped they would forget that end of the bargain.

But they didn't forget. When Nibbler had examined their little house outside and in, and admired it until Danny's heart swelled with pride, and he had begun to think that his cousin wasn't such a bad fellow after all, he reminded Nibbler that they wanted to see his house. Nibbler did his best to change the subject, but at last saw there was no way out of it.

"It is quite a climb to my house," said he. "Perhaps you are tired and would rather wait until another day."

"We're not a bit tired," declared Danny. "Just show us the way and we'll follow. We don't know how long we may be here and we want to see all there is to see."

So Nibbler led the way and Danny and Nanny thought it was the queerest journey they ever had taken in all their lives excepting, of course, the strange ride which had brought them from the cornfield. There were a great many ups and downs and little secret ways behind things and under things and around things.

By and by they reached a long timber back of the hay up in the mow. It was fun to scamper along this. At the end of it they came to Nibbler's house. It was in a corner of the barn where several timbers came together and was very cleverly built in between them. It was made of hay and was lined with bits of rags and paper, which Nibbler had torn into tiny pieces.

It wasn't nearly as nice or stout a house as that stout round little home of cornhusks which Danny and Nanny had built, but they were, too polite to say so.

STORY 1510. December 11, 1916

Danny and Nanny Decide They Must Stay

Illustrations. December 4 to December 9, 1916.

1504. A Strange and Terrible Thing Happens
He and Granny were forever bobbing up at all hours of the day and night.

1505. Danny and Nanny Have a Strange Ride
He and Nanny had been awakened by heavy steps and loud noises.

1506. The End of the Ride
Very softly they crept out from under the cornstalks.

1507. Danny and Nanny Meet a Cousin
"You must be my country cousins," continued the stranger.

1508. Danny and Nanny Find Out Where They Are
"I don't like your style of joke," growled Danny.

1509. Danny, Nanny, and Nibbler Visit
It was fun to scamper along this long timber.

Things that happen are passing strange;
Not at all as we would arrange;
Not at all as we plan and scheme;
Not at all as we fondly dream.
But we'll find at the end of time's long test
More often than not they're for the best.

Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse were too polite to tell Nibbler the House Mouse that his house up in a corner of Farmer Brown's haymow wasn't as good as their own home down in the pile of cornstalks, but they didn't need to. Nibbler knew it. He felt that he ought to explain why he had not built as stout and good a house as they had.

"I suppose," said he, "that out where you used to live in the country rough Brother North Wind sometimes blows very hard."

"He does," replied Danny.

"And Jack Frost freezes everything he can," continued Nibbler.

"He does," replied Danny.

"And the rain makes everything very, very wet," Nibbler went on.

"It does," replied Danny.

"And the snow covers everything up and blows into everything it can," persisted Nibbler.

"It does," replied Danny, beginning to wonder what Nibbler was getting at.

"And so you have to build a house that will shut out rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost and the rain and snow, don't you?" asked Nibbler.

"We do. Certainly, of course," replied Danny, looking a wee bit puzzled.

"Well, in here I don't have to think about rough Brother North Wind or Jack Frost or rain or snow, because they can't get inside this barn. And so I don't have to build the kind of house you build. All I have to think about is making it comfortable," explained Nibbler.

"That's so. I hadn't thought of that," said Danny. I guess your house is just suited to your needs, and that is all that any house should be. You are very sensible, Cousin Nibbler, not to waste your time building something you don't need."

Nibbler looked pleased. "Won't you come and lunch with me on strawberries?" he asked.

"Strawberries!" exclaimed Danny, his eyes sparking.

"Strawberries!" exclaimed Nanny.

"Certainly," replied Nibbler. "Don't you have strawberries where you came from?"

"Not at this time of year," replied Danny. "They have been gone a long, long time. I didn't suppose there were any now."

"Come with me and I'll show you," said Nibbler proudly.

He led the way along little paths he had made under the hay, and presently they found some strawberries sure enough. True they were dried strawberries, but they were just as sweet and the flavor was just as delicious as ever. You see they had been cut when the grass was cut and had been dried in the sun when the grass was dried and turned into hay, for hay you know is nothing but dried grass. They were a treat, a very great treat. Danny said so. So did Nanny.

Then Nibbler showed them that in that hay were clover seeds and other seeds in plenty, and told them how downstairs was corn in plenty, not to mention oats and wheat and other good things. "It's a splendid place to live," said he. "Don't you think that now you are here you better stay?"

"I don't know," replied Danny. "We'll have to think it over."

So Danny and Nanny went back to their home in the cornstalks to think it over. Everything was so strange there that they felt homesick. They were used to living out of doors. When all was still Danny slipped to a crack under the door and peeped out. It was snowing. To try to find their way back to the Green Meadows would be dangerous. And when they got there, there would be only their old house to go to, because their splendid new house was up here in the cornstalks. Rough Brother North Wind whirled a handful of snow in Danny's face.

"I think we'll stay right here," said Danny.

STORY 1511. December 12, 1916

A New Home in Farmer Brown's Barn

When everything is quite upset,
And topsy-turvy every plan,
With gritted teeth make up your mind
To make the best of it you can.

That is what Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse did. When Danny was sure that it was altogether too dangerous for them to try to get back to their old home on the Green Meadows, because the ground was covered with snow, and they could hardly hope to make such a long journey without being seen by some hungry enemy, he went back to where Nanny was waiting under the pile of cornstalks and told her what he had discovered.

'We've got to stay right here," said he soberly. "There's nothing else we can do."

"I told you no good would come of trying to see the Great World," Nanny whimpered. "If you had been contented to stay at home we would be there right now instead of in this strange place. I didn't want to move over to that corn shock, but you would do it. You wouldn't listen to me at all. Next time perhaps you will think my advice is worth something. If we hadn't moved, we wouldn't be in this awful fix now."

"True enough, Nanny, true enough. It is all my fault," replied Danny. "But we might be a lot worse off than we are. There seems to be plenty to eat here, and you must admit that it is the warmest, most comfortable place we ever were in in cold weather. Listen to rough Brother North Wind howling! Yet he can't reach us in here no matter how he may try. And I don't believe Reddy or Granny Fox or Old Man Coyote will dare come here, and I know Roughleg the Hawk won't. There may be other dangers of which we know nothing, but Cousin Nibbler will tell us about those. Never before in all my life, have I seen so many places to hide. We've got our house right here in the cornstalks and it seems to me we are pretty well off."

"Pardon me, Cousin Danny," squeaked Nibbler, who had come along just in time to overhear Danny. "Pardon me, but I don't think you will want to live in this house in the cornstalks. I am ever so glad that you have decided to stay: we will have great fun together. But I really think you better build a new house up where the hay is."

"Why?" demanded Danny.

"Because these cornstalks will not be left here very long," replied Nibbler in his high, squeaky voice. "Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy will pull all the ears of corn from these stalks and then throw the stalks outside. You see, I know, because I have seen it done before. Why don't you be neighborly and move up near my home under the hay? You'll like it up there."

Danny looked at Nanny, and Nanny looked at Danny, and there was just a wee bit of dismay in the eyes of both. To give up that dear little house they had taken such pride in building would be hard, very hard indeed. It would seem like giving up the very last thing connected with their old happy life.

"I suppose Cousin Nibbler is right," said Danny with a sigh. He knows. At least he ought to know. Of course we must think of safety first. Let's go up where that hay is and look for a place to build a home."

So with Nibbler leading the way they once more climbed up in the haymow, and there Danny wisely left it to Nanny to choose the place to build a new home. She chose a cozy corner deep down under the hay not far from where Nibbler had shown them the dried strawberries, a place easy to get in and out of, and at the same time so well hidden that no one would be likely to find it. Then she and Danny once more set to work to build a house.

Now, of course, there in the barn they didn't need any such stout, weatherproof house as they had needed out-doors, but they had been so proud of that house in the corn shock that nothing would do but another just like it. So back and forth to the pile of corn-stalks down below they journeyed for the stout outer husks from the corn and the softer inner wrappings. It was hard work, but they were so happy in it that they quite forgot their strange surroundings. And so at last there was a new home in Farmer Brown's barn, and it was just like the one that had been built in the cornfield.

STORY 1512. December 13, 1916

Timid Cousin Nibbler

When the new home under the hay in a corner of the haymow of Farmer Brown's barn was finished, Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse had time to think about getting acquainted with their new surroundings. Nibbler the House Mouse had taken the greatest interest in the building of that new home. He had spent all his spare time, and he seemed to have a great deal of it, watching Danny and Nanny work. Danny liked him much better than he had at first. He no longer put on any grand airs. The truth is he no longer felt like it. Danny Meadow Mouse was SO very independent and seemed so fully able to take care of himself, and of Nanny, too, that Nibbler had come to have a great deal of respect for him. Then, too, Danny never seemed to be afraid.

Now, Nibbler was so timid that he was all the time ready to run at the least unexpected sound. If Danny came up behind him quietly and said "Boo!" Nibbler would jump almost out of his skin. At least, it seemed that way. At every unexpected sound he would dart into hiding, and there were so many unexpected sounds in that barn that Nibbler was kept dodging in and out of hiding-places most of the time.

At first this made Danny nervous. You know the barn was a strange place to Danny and he didn't know anything of the dangers that might be there. So when Nibbler would give a frightened squeak and run Danny would run too. But it didn't take long to find out that seldom was there anything to run from. After that Danny simply grinned a wee bit scornfully and kept right on with whatever he was doing. At last he quite lost patience.

"I wish, Cousin Nibbler," said he, "that you would tell me why it is you seem so nervous all the time, always ready to run. I haven't seen a thing to be afraid of yet. You ought to tell us what the dangers are here, because if we are to live here, we must know what to watch out for. I had supposed from what you said at first that this barn was a very fine and safe place, but from the way you act I am beginning to think that it must be a very dangerous place."

"Every place is a dangerous place for people as small as us," declared Nibbler. "I don't believe there is a safer place anywhere than this barn, but even here there are dangers. I'm not afraid; I'm just careful." Nibbler said this in a very dignified way.

"Huh!" sniffed Danny. "I wonder what you do when you ARE afraid. Now what are the dangers here? Does anybody ever hunt you?"

Nibbler drew a little nearer.

"Yes," he whispered. "Black Pussy! She spends a great deal of time out here hunting for me. She is the most terrible creature!" Nibbler shivered.

"I know her," replied Danny. "She used to come down on the Green Meadows and over to the cornfield. She thinks she is a great hunter, but she doesn't know the first thing about hunting compared with some I know. Who else is there?"

"Why—why—I guess there isn't anybody else. Of course, one has to keep out

of the way of Robber the Rat. He is a terrible fellow, but he doesn't go out of his way to hunt me. And then there are Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy, but it is easy enough to keep out of their way," said Nibbler.

"I should say so!" exclaimed Danny scornfully. "Is that all?"

"All what?" asked Nibbler.

"All the dangers we have to watch out for," retorted Danny.

"All except traps, but when you have learned what those are like they don't bother any. I should think that was enough," squeaked Nibbler.

Danny laughed right out. "What are you laughing at?" demanded Nibbler.

"At the little you know about dangers," returned Danny. "All you really have to watch out for is Black Pussy. She is the only one who hunts you. Why, where I came from there was not only Black Pussy, but Reddy Fox, Granny Fox, Old Man Coyote, Hooty the Owl, Roughleg the Hawk, Digger the Badger, not to mention Blacky the Crow and some others. One or another was always hunting us, day or night, it made no difference. Why, you don't know what danger is, and yet you are afraid! Bah! I guess Nanny and I are going to have less worries than ever before in our lives. What's that?"

"It's Black Pussy!" whispered Nibbler and scampered away in great fright.

STORY 1513. December 14, 1916

A Watcher Watched

Clever you think yourself, perchance;
  Clever you are we'll all agree.
But if you please remember this:
  Somebody cleverer yet may be.

When Nibbler whispered that the noise Danny heard was made by Black Pussy, and then scampered away in great fright, Danny Meadow Mouse was at first inclined to think that this was another of the foolish frights Nibbler was forever having. So Danny Meadow Mouse didn't run. He kept perfectly still and listened with all his might. There it was again, a slight rustling of the hay. Somebody certainly was creeping about overhead and trying to make no noise. Danny looked pleased. He was pleased. Yes, sir, Danny was pleased. Can you guess why? Well, Danny was pleased because it made him feel more at home. You see he was so used to being hunted out there on the Green Meadows that life wouldn't seem quite real if he were not hunted at all.

Now Danny knew that if that was Black Pussy, she couldn't possibly reach them down under all that hay. In fact, he couldn't see how anyone could get at them there. Out on the Green Meadows, Reddy Fox had hunted him by following his private little paths. Black Pussy had done the same thing sometimes, though never as cleverly as Reddy Fox. But there they could walk through the grass, while here Nibbler's runways were under things and behind things where no one bigger than a mouse possibly could

get through. So Danny was very curious to know how Black Pussy hunted.

Danny listened as hard as ever he could. All was silent. He couldn't hear a single suspicious sound. Had Black Pussy left? He had a feeling that she hadn't. But if she hadn't, where was she and what was she doing? Danny felt that he would be easier, very much easier, in his mind, if he knew.

"You stay right here until I come back, Nanny," he whispered. "I'm going to find out a few things we very much need to know if we are going to live here."

"Don't you go! Don't you dare go and leave me here all alone!" whispered Nanny. But Danny had slipped out and away, and although she grabbed at his tail to try to pull him back, she was just too late.

"There are some advantages in a short tail," chuckled Danny. "If my tail had been as long as Cousin Nibbler's, I fear Nanny would have caught me by it that time."

He scampered along the passage he was in under the hay until he came to the place where the hay ended, a very small clear space. He remembered that Nibbler had led him across there and had said that that was his playground. He was just about to run out for a look around when he changed his mind.

"If there really is any danger that is where it will be," thought he. "I ought to look the place over. I really ought to. I wonder if Cousin Nibbler knows of any place where I can see and not be seen. I believe I'll go ask him."

Danny found Nibbler hiding in his own house, though he wouldn't admit that he was hiding. Danny knew he was, however, because of the hard work he had to get Nibbler to come out and show him what he wanted. At last Nibbler led Danny to a timber which was a part of the frame of the barn and told him that if he ran along that far enough it would bring him out from back of the hay right above the place where there was no hay. Danny invited Nibbler to come along, but Nibbler remembered something at home which he must attend to, and scampered back as fast as he could go. Danny grinned and started along to find out what he wanted to know.

It was easy running along there, and in a few minutes, Danny reached the place where there was no hay. Very, very carefully he crept out from behind the hay and peeped down over the edge of that timber he had used as a sort of road. For a minute he didn't see anything alarming. Then something moved ever so little. Danny's sharp eyes saw it. He knew what it was. It was the tip of Black Pussy's tail. In a second, he made out Black Pussy herself. She was squatting down just to one side of where Nibbler's little path under the hay came out to that open space. She was just far enough to one side so that Nibbler or he himself, peeping out to see if the way was clear, couldn't see her and would be sure to think all was well. She was squatting there with her eyes fixed on that little opening under the hay. So this was her method of hunting in the barn! It was very simple—just waiting patiently where, sooner or later, Nibbler was likely to come, for, of course, it was Nibbler she was waiting for. She didn't yet know

that Danny and Nanny were in the barn. Danny made himself comfortable and watched Black Pussy, and Black Pussy watched the opening under the hay.

STORY 1514. December 15, 1916

Simple-minded Black Pussy

For a long, long time Danny Meadow Mouse sat watching Black Pussy watching the opening of Nibbler's runway under the hay in the mow of Farmer Brown's barn. Black Pussy was crouched just to one side of that little entrance. Just in that little place there was no hay. It was where Farmer Brown's Boy stood when he pitched hay down to the horses and cows below. Danny sat on a timber which was part of the frame of the barn, and which was right above that open space, so that he could look right down on Black Pussy. The thought of what Black Pussy would say if she found out who was watching her made Danny chuckle to himself.

But Black Pussy didn't find out. She squatted there perfectly still save for the tip of her tail. I don't suppose she could have kept that still to save her life. Danny waited, waited, waited, but Black Pussy didn't move. Her yellow eyes were fixed on that runaway of Nibbler's. Once in a while she closed them, but only for a second. After a while Danny grew impatient. This was new kind of hunting. Out on the Green Meadows those who hunted him usually hunted. If they lay in wait for him, it never was for very long. But here was Black Pussy acting as if she would spend the day there, if need be, in order to catch Nibbler.

As he watched Danny did a lot of thinking. He had laughed at Nibbler when Nibbler had confessed that Black Pussy was the only one who hunted him there in the barn. After what Danny was used to, so many sharp eyes and keen noses all the time hunting him, it actually seemed funny to him that any one should be afraid with only one to watch out for, and that one Black Pussy. So in his heart Danny had thought his cousin Nibbler a very great coward because he jumped and ran at the least sound and plainly was so very, very timid. But now as he watched Black Pussy he began to understand. It was one thing to be hunted openly, as he had been hunted all his life, and it was quite another thing to have an enemy lying in wait for you as Black Pussy was lying in wait for Nibbler.

"When people move you can tell where they are, but when they don't move, they may be right close to you and you not know it," he muttered to himself. "I begin to understand why Cousin Nibbler is so nervous and early frightened. He's been frightened so often by having that pesky cat spring at him when he hadn't any idea that she was anywhere about that his nerves are all upset. My gracious, I do believe he is down there now!"

Danny leaned over the edge of the timber so as to see better. From where he sat, he could look into the entrance to that little runway under the bay. Something had moved there. Danny quite held his breath as he watched. There it was again! Yes, it was Nibbler. He was preparing to scamper across that open space.

"Go back, Nibbler! Go back!" squeaked Danny.

Nibbler went back. He knew by the sound of Danny's voice that there was danger. Black Pussy looked up and saw Danny. Slowly and stealthily, just as if he couldn't see her, Black Pussy crept across the floor until she was right under Danny. There she sat down and stared up at him with fierce yellow eyes, and in them eagerness and longing and cruelty. All the time Danny was looking down and grinning. Pretty soon that fierce stare made him uncomfortable, and he drew back where he couldn't be seen. After a while he peeped over again. Black Pussy was still there looking up. By and by he tried again, with the same result. Never had Danny experienced such patience. It began to make him uneasy.

Finally he had a new thought. He ran back down under the hay, taking the greatest care not to make a sound. When he had reached the floor, he ran softly along the very runway which Black Pussy had been watching. When he reached the entrance Danny peeped out very carefully. There sat Black Pussy still staring up at the place where she had last seen Danny. He chuckled. Then he squeaked. Like a flash Black Pussy turned. Danny scampered hack under the hay. Then he climbed back to the place where he could look down Black Pussy was back where he had first seen her at one side of the entrance to that runway under the hay and she was watching with all her might.

That cat is simple-minded," thought Danny. "All she thinks of is watching the place where she has last seen you. It will be easy enough to fool her!"

STORY 1515. December 16, 1916

Danny Fools Black Pussy

Danny Meadow Mouse trotted back to where Nanny was awaiting him in their new house. Nibbler was there too. "I'm glad to see you back safe, Cousin Danny," said he.

"You didn't expect to see me back any other way, did you?" asked Danny lightly. "By the way, Cousin Nibbler, you came pretty near being caught when you started to come out from under the hay."

"Was it Black Pussy?" asked Nibbler.

Danny nodded. "She was hiding right close by," said he. "She had been watching that passage ever and ever so long, and I had been watching her. I could see you and I knew you couldn't see her, so I called to you to run back."

"I guess I owe you my life, Cousin Danny," said Nibbler. "Now I guess you know what has made me so nervous. I never know where that cat is."

"I understand," replied Danny. "But, after all, she's very simple-minded. If she was like Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote you would have cause to worry."

"Do you mean to say that I don't have cause to worry now?" asked Nibbler in an injured tone.

"Certainly not," replied Danny hurriedly. "Of course you have cause to worry,

Cousin Nibbler, but not half as much cause as you would if that cat were not simple-minded. You know it always is so easy to fool the simple-minded. Why, that cat can be fooled just as easy. I can fool her any time."

Nibbler sniffed. "You're boasting," said he.

"I'm not," retorted Danny.

"If you're not, let's see you do it," said Nibbler.

"I will," replied Danny.

"Don't!" cried Nanny.

"Don't worry, Nanny," said Danny "I'll fool that cat without any danger."

"When?" demanded Nibbler.

"Now, if she's still out where I last saw her," replied Danny.

"All right," replied Nibbler with a provoking grin, "I'm waiting to be shown that you're not a boaster."

Danny's eyes snapped. "Come along with me, then," said he.

He led the way up to the timber which ran out from behind the hay and from which he had looked down and watched Black Pussy. When he reached this place, he peeped over. There she is, he whispered to Nibbler, "Just where I last saw her. She's still watching for you to come out of that runway."

Nibbler looked down and shivered. Just then Danny squeaked sharply. Black Pussy looked up and saw them. Stealthily she crept right underneath them, and there she sat, staring up hungrily. Nibbler was shaking all over. "Wh-hat di-did you do that for?" he chattered. "She sees us now."

That's just what I want. What are you afraid of? She can't get us up here," said he.

"I-I-I'm not afraid," chattered Nibbler indignantly.

Danny grinned. "All right," he replied: "If that's the case you stay here and watch."

"Where are you going?" demanded Nibbler suspiciously.

"To fool Black Pussy," retorted Danny. "I'm going to run right across that open space down there and she won't know it."

Nibbler really was afraid to stay, even though Black Pussy couldn't get him there, but he wanted to see if Danny would make good his boast, so he stayed. Presently he saw Danny peep out from the runway, Black Pussy was still gazing, hungrily up at Nibbler.

Without making a sound Danny scampered across the floor behind Black Pussy's back. Then he scampered back again, making a face at Black Pussy's back as he did so.

"It was nothing," he explained to the admiring Nibbler later. "I told you that cat is simple-minded. All we have to do is to let her see or hear us at a place where we don't

Illustrations. December 11 to December 16, 1916.

1510. Danny and Nanny Decide They Must Stay
Danny slipped to a crack under the door and peered out.

1511. A New Home in Farmer Brown's Barn
"We've got to stay right here," said he soberly.

1512. Timid Cousin Nibbler
Nibbler would jump almost out of his skin.

1513. A Watcher Watched
He crept out from behind the hay and peeped down over the edge of that timber.

1514. Simple-minded Black Pussy
Black Pussy still stared up where she had last seen Danny.

1515. Danny Fools Black Pussy
"All right," he replied, "If that's the case you stay here and watch."

want to stay, and then we can go where we please. She'll watch that one place and never think of any others." And so it proved.

STORY 1516. December 18, 1916

Danny and Nanny Look on a Strange Scene

Danny Meadow Mouse was quite right about Black Pussy the Cat. In her hunting in the barn, she was quite simple-minded, just as Danny had said. She didn't do much real hunting. She would go to a place where she had seen Danny, or Nanny, or Nibbler and then she would squat down within good jumping distance of it and watch it for the longest time, hoping that Danny, Nanny, or Nibbler would come that way again. When Danny found this out, he showed the others that all that was necessary when Black Pussy was about was to let her see or hear them at some particular place and after that they could go where they pleased so long as they made no noise. It was a very simple plan and it worked perfectly. Many a time Danny chuckled inside and made a face at Black Pussy's back as he scampered across right behind her while she watched the entrance to a runway where she had seen or heard or smelled him a little while before.

So Danny and Nanny soon felt quite at home in Farmer Brown's barn. Never in their lives had there been so little to worry about. At night there were no dangers at all, for Black Pussy never came to the barn at night. As long as they kept out of the way of Robber the Rat, whose home was down under the floor of the barn, there wasn't a single thing to fear. Very different it was from their old life on the Green Meadows, where regularly every night Hooty the Owl hunted for them, not to mention Old Man Coyote, and Reddy Fox.

At first it was very fine. Every night they ran about where they pleased. They played, they danced, they hunted for dried strawberries in the hay, they sampled the different kinds of grain and all the time they felt and were perfectly safe. After a while, being so safe became tiresome to Danny. He missed the excitement of being hunted. For that reason he began to look on Black Pussy with almost a friendly feeling when she visited the barn in the daytime. She gave him some excitement. Nibbler couldn't understand it at all.

Danny and Nanny had been living in the barn some time and still nothing had happened to their old home in the pile of cornstalks on the barn door. Danny began to suspect that they had built a new home up in the haymow needlessly. He said as much.

"Wait. Just you wait and you'll see," replied Nibbler. "I guess I've lived in this old barn long enough to know what I know. One of these days you will be mighty glad you have got this new home. I've seen it happen before and it'll happen again."

Just what it was that would happen Danny didn't know. But one day he found out. Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy were very busy in the barn that day. They swept the barn floor and they moved out of the way everything that could be moved. Then in the middle they piled a lot of the cornstalks taken from the great pile in the middle of which was the old home of Danny and Nanny.

"Wait until tonight," whispered Nibbler, mysteriously.

Early in the evening came Farmer Brown's boy and lighted many lanterns. And a little later Danny and Nanny heard many voices and were frightened. For a wonder Nibbler was not as frightened as they. He had seen such things before.

"Come on," said Nibbler. "We will creep out to where we can look down and see all that goes on."

Danny didn't want to go, but he had looked down on Nibbler for being timid and his pride wouldn't let him refuse to do what Nibbler dared do now. Pride is a queer thing, isn't it? So the three little mice, Nanny, Danny and Nibbler, crept to the edge of the haymow and peeped down. To Danny and Nanny, it was the strangest scene they ever had looked on.

Down below on the barn floor were a great many people and they were all laughing and talking at once. Somehow they reminded Danny of a meeting of Blacky the Crow and his relatives, because their tongues went so fast. Then, after a little, Danny noticed that their hands were going quite as fast as their tongues. They were breaking the ears of corn from the stalks and then stripping off the husks. The yellow ears were tossed into big baskets, and as the baskets were filled, they were taken away and emptied by Farmer Brown's boy. It was a husking bee, as that kind of a party is called. It was one of those parties where people work and help their neighbors and at the same time have the very best of good times. And it was very, very wonderful and strange and a wee bit fearsome to Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse.

STORY 1517. December 19, 1916

Danny Sees the Last of His Old Home

How Danny and Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse did stare down from the haymow at the merry huskers stripping the coverings from the ears of yellow corn in Farmer Brown's barn! Never before had they seen anything like that. It was all so strange and those people down there made such a racket that it frightened them. And yet they could not remain in hiding. Ever so many times they ran back under the hay, frightened by sudden shouts of laughter. But in a few minutes, they would be back again with little eyes stretched as wide as they could be stretched that they might miss nothing of what was going on below.

So it happened that they were looking down when Farmer Brown's boy held up something. "See, what I've found!" he cried.

"What is it? O, isn't it cute?" cried a pretty girl, quite the prettiest girl, if Farmer Brown's boy is to be believed.

"O, Danny;" whispered Nanny. "O, Danny! What do you suppose they'll do with it?"

"I haven't the least idea, but there is one thing I do know and that is that I'm glad we took Cousin Nibbler's advice and built a new home," replied Danny.

"What is it?" repeated the prettiest girl.

"It's the nest of a Meadow Mouse," replied Farmer Brown's boy, "and quite the nicest one I've ever seen."

I suspect that Nanny would have been very, very proud if she could have understood what Farmer Brown's boy was saying. But, of course, she couldn't understand. When Farmer Brown's boy mentioned Meadow Mouse there was a great jumping up and wrapping of skirts about their feet by the girls and women of the husking party and a chorus of little shrieks.

Danny was puzzled. "They act as if they were scared," he whispered to Nanny. "What do you suppose ails them? What anybody as big as one of those great creatures needs to be afraid of is more than I can get through my head. It certainly is."

What do you suppose Danny would have said if he could have known that all that fright was caused by the mere mention of his name? Perhaps it is just as well that he didn't and couldn't know. I am afraid that he would have been so puffed up by the idea that he, who out on the Green Meadows never had frightened anybody bigger than a big grasshopper in all his life, could actually make one of these great giants afraid that there would have been no living with him.

"There isn't one in there now, is there?" squealed one girl.

"If there is I shall scream," cried another.

But the prettiest girl didn't squeal or scream or get in the least excited.

"Isn't it a dear little house?" she cried. "How do you suppose those dear little Meadow Mice ever made it? It looks just as warm and cozy as can be. It seems too bad that the poor little things should have lost their home. Where do you suppose they are now?"

"Probably they are down on the Green Meadows with a new home," replied Farmer Brown's Boy. They must have built this nest in one of the shocks when they were standing in the cornfield. I guess they heard us coming for the corn and scampered away. It was rather hard on them to lose such a nice home. They must have thought themselves in a sort of mouse paradise with all that corn about them. I am afraid they will have to work harder for a living than they had planned."

If Danny could have understood that he would have tickled all over. Rich as they had felt in the cornfield, they felt richer still here in Farmer Brown's barn. Not only was there all the corn from the cornfield, but there was also such a variety of other good things, oats, wheat, clover seed and other grass seeds, dried strawberries in the hay and up in, dark corners wasps that were asleep for the Winter and which were really very good eating, spiders and other things. Farmer Brown's boy started to toss the nest over with the cornstalks from which the ears had been stripped.

"May I have it?" asked the prettiest girl.

"Of course you may!" cried Farmer Brown's boy.

And so when the husking was over late that night Danny and Nanny saw the last of their old home as the prettiest girl went out of the barn with it. And I suspect that right down in his heart Danny was glad that it was the prettiest girl who had it. I know I would have been. Wouldn't you?

STORY 1518. December 20, 1916

Danny Gets Acquainted with Robber the Rat

With his cousin, Nibbler the House Mouse, to show him about it didn't take Danny Meadow Mouse very long to learn all about Farmer Brown's barn and to visit every nook and corner of it save under the floor. Somewhere down there under the floor Robber the Rat had his home. Danny would have liked very much, very much indeed, to have seen what it was like down there under the floor and what kind of a home Robber the Rat had, but there was something so unpleasant in the cold stare with which Robber looked at him when they chanced to meet, something that seemed to hint of unpleasant and even dreadful things that might happen, that Danny very wisely decided that while at times curiosity may be a very good thing there are other times when it may be a very bad thing, and this was one of those times.

"What Robber does and how he lives are his own affairs and not mine, thought Danny. "I've noticed the people who get into trouble the most are the ones who poke their noses into the business of others, and that the ones who get into trouble the least are the ones who strictly mind their own business. I don't want Robber the Rat down on me, because he looks mean. He certainly does look mean. He's the meanest looking fellow I've ever met. So I'll just keep out of his way."

All of which shows that a small head sometimes can hold a great deal of wisdom, and wisdom, you know, is one of the most precious of all possessions. So Danny kept away from the hole in the floor that Robber used and did his best to keep out of Robber's way.

But, in spite of all his care to keep out of Robber's way, it happened that one night Danny very unexpectedly met Robber face to face. There was no place to run to, so Danny did the very wisest thing. He pretended that he wasn't afraid. Now as a matter of fact Danny Meadow Mouse is a very plucky little chap. He doesn't fight when there is no need of it. He doesn't go out of his way to pick quarrels. But like Johnny Chuck, if he is caught in a tight place where there is no chance to get away Danny puts on a bold front and fights with wonderful courage.

Robber's eyes snapped when he saw Danny. "Boo! Bah!" he squealed, expecting to see Danny run as he was used to seeing Nibbler run. But Danny didn't run. He didn't even back up He may have been terribly frightened inside, but he didn't show it.

"Good evening, Mr. Rat," said he.

Robber blinked his sharp eyes and stared. "Do you know who I am?" he demanded fiercely.

"Of course," replied Danny, "You are a distant cousin of mine. You are Mr. Rat. I've often heard of you."

Robber grinned. It tickled him to see Danny face him so bravely and it tickled him to be called Mr. Rat. "My name is Robber," said he, and his voice sounded very fierce, as the voice of a robber should. "I fear no one, but every one fears me." This was boasting and wasn't true. Bold and fierce as Robber is, he does fear some—Shadow the Weasel for one and Hooty the Owl for another. If Danny knew this he didn't let on that he did. "Aren't you afraid of me?" continued Robber.

"No-o," replied Danny, trying very hard to keep his voice from trembling. "Why should I be? I don't know any reason why you should want to hurt a little Meadow Mouse like me. I haven't bothered you and don't intend to."

Robber was pleased with Danny's answer, but he didn't let on that he was. He still spoke fiercely. "This barn is mine," said he. "What business have you here?"

"I didn't know it was yours," said Danny. "I didn't come here because I wanted to; I was brought here against my will. It's a very nice place, and I should like to stay here for the Winter, but, of course, if it is yours and you don't want me here, I'll go right away, though I don't know where I can go. I really would like to stay very much, Mr. Rat."

Now, of course, that barn wasn't Mr. Rat's, and, of course, no one knew that better than he did. But it flattered and pleased him to have Danny speak as if he believed it was. He liked Danny's bravery. Whatever else he may be Robber the Rat is no coward, and people who are fearless themselves usually like fearlessness in others. So Robber once more grinned. "All right, Mr. Meadow Mouse," said he gruffly, "you are welcome to stay, and I'm glad to make your acquaintance."

STORY 1519. December 21, 1916

Robber the Rat is Bold and Bad

He's bad and also he is bold,
    Is Robber the Rat;
He is an outcast, we are told.
    Is Robber the Rat;
But bad and bold as he may be.
And though a hated outcast be,
That he is smart we must agree,
    Is Robber the Rat.

It is one of the funny things about life that bad folk often are very smart. Anyway, it seems so. Perhaps if we knew all about them, we would find that they are smart folk who are bad instead of bad folk who are smart. But whichever way it is, they never are quite as smart as they might be. They never are smart enough to see that badness never pays in real happiness. No one can be bad and happy at the same time.

Now, Robber the Brown Rat is bold, bad, smart, and an outcast. Everybody knows

that. An outcast is one with whom no one will associate or have anything to do. He is one who has been cast out from the society of his neighbors. This is the kind of a fellow Robber the Brown Rat is. In all the Great World he hasn't a single friend. The little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest hate him and will have nothing to do with him. While many of them fear him. So Robber long ago left the Green Meadows and the Green Forests to live around the homes of men and by them he is hated even more than by the little people among whom he used to live. And as hate makes hate, so it has come about that Robber, being hated by all, hates all.

Something of all this Danny Meadow Mouse knew. He had heard about Robber and he had heard no good of him. Often he had thought what a dreadful thing it is never to hear a single good thing of another. But bad people sometimes are interesting people, and Danny was very much interested in Robber. So when he met Robber and wisely stood his ground instead of running away he found that Robber was ready to make his acquaintance. If Danny had run as Nibbler would have, he never could have made Robber's acquaintance, because always after that Robber would have treated him as one to be chased and caught if possible. You see, those who are bold themselves like boldness in others, and so Robber liked the pluck in Danny which made him stand ready to fight if he had to.

Danny didn't forget to be polite. There is nothing like politeness to win the respect of others. When Robber told Danny that he was glad to make his acquaintance and that Danny was welcome to stay in the barn, Danny promptly replied: "Thank you, Mr. Rat. I shall be glad to stay in the barn for the Winter, and will take great care to mind my own business and not interfere with yours. I'm glad to make your acquaintance, because I have heard a great deal about you."

Robber chuckled. "I expect you have," said he. "I expect you have. Most folks have heard of me. I don't suppose there is any one in all the Great World more widely known than I am. Tell me, Mr. Meadow Mouse, have you ever heard any good of me?"

Now that was a question which Danny would have liked to avoid answering. One never likes to tell another that they have heard no good of them. So Danny hesitated. He tried to think of some one good thing he had ever heard of Robber, but he couldn't. At last he replied slowly, "I have heard that you are a very brave fighter, Mr. Rat."

That reply tickled Robber. He had fully expected Danny to say that he never had heard any good said of him. While Danny's reply didn't exactly answer Robber's question, it did answer it in a way, and it was a very pleasing way. There is no one who doesn't like to be thought brave, and even bad people can be brave, you know. So on this account Robber was pleased. And he was still more tickled because Danny had been smart enough to answer him in a way that couldn't possibly offend him. So Robber laughed right out.

"I'm glad," said he, "that you have heard that much which isn't bad. But you needn't be afraid to tell me, Mr. Meadow Mouse, the other things you have heard about me. I know all about it. You have heard that I am a robber—a bold, bad robber, who cares for nobody and nothing and has no friends. Well, I am. Yes, sir; I am. What is

more, I am all these things because I want to be, and I don't want to be any different. Now, what do you think of that?"

STORY 1520. December 22, 1916

Robber the Rat Talks About Himself

Danny Meadow Mouse didn't know what to think. He certainly didn't. Never before in all his life had he ever heard any one admit that they were bad and were proud of it. So, not knowing what to say, Danny simply said nothing at all. Robber the Rat grinned. It was an ugly sort of grin. It made Danny feel uncomfortable.

"Yes," continued Robber, "I'm what you folks call bold and bad and I don't want to be any different, because I don't believe it pays to be anything else. I believe the world owes me a living and that I have a right to anything I want and can get, and it makes no difference how I get it. If anyone weaker than I has something I want I just take it. If any one bigger and stronger than I has something I want I just use my wits and steal it. That is what wits are for. I'm always ready to fight for what I've got or what I want. I'm no coward. I'm the only animal smart enough to live off of these men creatures in spite of all they can do."

"How about my cousin, Nibbler the House Mouse?" asked Danny timidly.

"Huh! He don't count!" retorted Robber. "To be sure, he lives in men's houses and barns, but he isn't hunted the way I am. He's glad of anything to eat and is afraid of his own shadow. Some of you people who live out on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest think you know what it is to be hunted by man. I don't mean you, because you are too small for him to bother with, but others. Isn't that so?"

Danny thought of Mrs. Grouse and Lightfoot the Deer and Bob White and Mrs. Quack, and how all of them feared the hunters with terrible guns more than all other things together. "Yes," said he, "I guess that is true. I don't know how anyone could be hunted any more than some of them are."

Robber sniffed. "They don't know what being hunted is," he declared. "They are hunted only at certain times in the year. To know what it is to be hunted you must be hunted all the time and never know a single day when you can be sure of not being hunted, never go anywhere without first making sure that there is no hidden trap there. That is the way it is with me." Robber said this somewhat proudly. "Yes, sir; I am hunted all the time by these man creatures, and yet I make them feed me and feed me mighty well. I live right where they do, in the very houses they build, and if they have anything I want I take it. I gnaw holes in their floors and in their walls and into the secret places where they store things good to eat. They hunt me and hunt me and hunt me, and I hate them because they hunt me, but I despise them because I am smarter than they.

"I am a robber. I belong to a family of robbers. My father and my grandfather were robbers. I believe that might makes right, and that wits rather than strength makes

might. So when I see anything I want I take it either boldly or by cunning."

Danny shook his head. "It isn't right," said he. "It isn't right to take what doesn't belong to you.'

"Anything belongs to me if I can get it," retorted Robber.

"O, no, it doesn't. No, indeed!" exclaimed Danny, looking quite as shocked as he felt.

"That's because you care what other people think. I don't," retorted Robber.

"Don't you want friends?" asked Danny.

"Friends! What good are friends?" sneered Robber. "I haven't any friends. I don't want any friends. Friends are a bother. They are forever getting into trouble and wanting you to help them out. I say let everyone look out for himself. I look out for myself, and there isn't anybody lives any better than I do or sees more of the Great World than I do. I'm Robber the Rat, and I live up to my name. Everybody hates me and I laugh at their hate. Listen! I hear someone coming, and it won't do for me to be seen here!"

Robber grinned at Danny and scurried down through a hole to his home under the floor just as Farmer Brown's Boy appeared. Danny scampered back home to tell Nanny the dreadful things Robber had said, and all the way he tried to imagine what it could be like to feel the way Robber felt.

STORY 1521. December 23, 1916

Danny is Sorry for Robber the Rat

The sorriest thing in the wide, wide world,
A pitiful thing indeed,
Is one who is friendless just because
For friends he can see no need.

That is the kind of a fellow Robber the Rat is. He has no friends, not even one. Worse still, he doesn't want any. At least that is what he told Danny Meadow Mouse when they chanced to meet in Farmer Brown's barn.

"Did you ever know of anything so awful in all your life?" asked Danny when he had told Nanny all about what Robber had said.

"I never did," replied Nanny.

"I'm sorry for him; I am. I'm sorry for him," declared Danny. "I'm sorry for anyone who hasn't any friends."

"I wouldn't waste any time being sorry for Robber the Rat," replied Nanny in a very decided tone of voice. "He's all bad."

"That's why I'm sorry for him," said Danny. "He thinks because he takes what he wants when he wants it, no matter to whom it belongs, he is happy, and he isn't happy

at all. He doesn't know what happiness is. He knows everybody hates him and he hates everybody, and nobody can be happy that way, can they?"

"No," replied Nanny, slowly. "No—, I shouldn't think so."

"Of course they can't," Danny spoke most decidedly. "Hate and happiness don't go together. He boasted to me, did Robber, that no one lives any better than he does. I suppose he meant that no one had more or better things to eat. I guess perhaps that's so. You see he just robs other folks of the best of their things. But eating is only part of living.

"Robber's home is down in the dirtiest place under the floor of the barn. His coat is rough and dirty. He doesn't take any care of himself. He says himself that he is hunted all the time by these men creatures. He doesn't come out in the sunlight if he can help it. He keeps in dark, dirty places. He has to because he doesn't dare do anything else. And because he lives by robbing other people, he is all the time suspicious of everybody. Why the poorest honest person I know lives better than he does!"

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Nanny.

"It is a splendid thing to be smart, continued Danny, "if it is the right kind of smartness. Robber is smart. There is no doubt about that. But it is the wrong kind of smartness. The only real pleasure he gets is in feeling that he is smarter than those he robs; that he is smart in wrong doing. Why, I wouldn't live the way he has to for all the riches in the Great World! No, sir, I wouldn't. And some day he'll come to a bad end. You mark my words. Robber the Rat will come to a bad end. People like him always do. Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy have proved themselves friends of many of the Little People, but they are not friends of Robber. They hate him."

"How do you know they do?" asked Nanny.

"Because Robber boasts of it," replied Danny. "Besides, I saw Farmer Brown's Boy setting a trap right near one of the holes in the floor that Robber uses. If he was a friend of Robber's he wouldn't do a thing like that, would he? You know he doesn't set them for Jerry Muskrat any more. He doesn't even set them for Old Man Coyote. He doesn't set them for any one that I know of, excepting Robber the Rat. He loves all the rest of us, but he doesn't love Robber. I guess he hates Robber. The rest of us live as Old Mother Nature intended we should. Robber lives almost wholly by robbing man.

"You don't find Robber in the Green Fields or in the Green Forest ever. It is only where man is that you find him and it is because he depends wholly on man for all he has. I guess Cousin Nibbler was right when he said that Robber is a dreadful fellow. I guess the less we have to do with him the better."

"I'm sure I don't want anything to do with him," retorted Nanny.

"Nobody does, and that is what seems to me so dreadful," returned Danny. "Just think, not a single friend in all the Great World! I wouldn't be in his place for anything."

STORY 1522. December 26, 1916

Illustrations. December 18 to December 23, 1916.

1516. Danny and Nanny Look on a Strange Scene
"Come on," said Nibbler. "We'll creep out to where we can look down and see."

1517. Danny Sees the Last of His Old Home
"May I have it?" asked the prettiest girl.

1518. Danny Gets Acquainted with Robber the Rat
"This barn is mine," said he. "What business have you here?"

1519. Robber the Rat is Bold and Bad
"I have heard that you are a very brave fighter, Mr. Rat."

1520. Robber the Rat Talks About Himself
"Anything belongs to me if I can get it," retorted Robber.

1521. Danny is Sorry for Robber the Rat
"I guess Cousin Nibbler was right when he said that Robber is a dreadful fellow."

A Very Merry Christmas in Quaddyland

Merry Christmas every one!
  Happiness for all!
For I love you every one,
  My friends big and small!

So sang Farmer Brown's Boy on Christmas morning as he started forth for the Old Orchard, the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. The air was clear and frosty and all the world seemed like a lovely white fairyland. It was almost too lovely to be real. But it was real. In fact Farmer Brown's Boy suspected that to some of his little friends it was almost too real to be lovely. That is why he was starting out that Christmas morning. He was so merry and happy himself that he wanted to be sure that everyone around him was just as merry and happy. So he had given the horses and the cows and the hens and Bowser the Hound and Black Pussy a little extra for breakfast. Then he had had an extra good breakfast himself, and now he was starting out with his pockets and a bag full of good things—for, well, I guess you can guess whom.

"I guess I'm a regular Santa Claus," he chuckled as he tramped through the snow to the Old Orchard.

"Dee, dee, dee! See me! See me," called Tommy Tit the Chickadee, flitting about in the nearest apple tree.

"Of course I see you. How could I help it, you happy little imp? Merry Christmas, Tommy!" Farmer Brown's Boy laughed. Then he stood still and held out a hand on which were some cracked hickory nuts. Tommy flew down and looked them all over. "Dee, dee, dee!" he cried and picked out the biggest, fattest one. The rest Farmer Brown's Boy placed in a crotch of the tree where Tommy could help himself at will. Then he carefully tied a piece of fresh suet to a branch where Tommy Tit and Drummer the Woodpecker and Yank-Yank the Nuthatch would find it. In fact, all three of them were watching him as he did it. So was Sammy Jay. Beneath the tree he scraped away the snow until he had a little cleared space and in this, he scattered corn and wheat and sunflower seeds which he had swept up from the floor of the haymow. These were for Sammy Jay and Dotty the Tree Sparrow and Slatey the Junco and any other friends who might happen to visit the Old Orchard that Christmas morning.

"Chickaree! Chickaree! Chickaree! Here I be! Here I be! Chickaree!" That was Chatter the Red Squirrel over on the Old Stonewall.

"First, first, first, me first!" That was Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel in the next apple tree.

Farmer Brown's Boy shook his head reprovingly. "You are scolding and I am ashamed of you, Happy Jack," said he. Then he stood half way between the tree and the stonewall and clicked two fat nuts together. Happy Jack scrambled down and started toward him. Chatterer jumped from the stonewall and started toward him. Half way to him those two foolish cousins stopped and began scolding each other, calling each other names, and all the while jerking their tails angrily.

"Shame on you both!" cried Farmer Brown's Boy. "Don't you know that this is Christmas morning? Here's peace and good will." He tossed a fat nut to each. Then he left two little piles of nuts and went on to the far corner of the Old Orchard. There he scraped away the snow and made a little shelter of brush. Under it he scattered wheat. This was for Bob White and Mrs. Bob. From there he went to the dear Old Briar Patch and left a couple of carrots and some pieces of turnip for Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter, wishing them a merry Christmas. At the mouth of the Laughing Brook, where it flows into the Smiling Pool and was not frozen, he left a carrot and some pieces of an apple. These were for Jerry Muskrat. Over in the Green Forest he scattered corn for Mrs. Grouse and seeds for Whitefoot the Wood Mouse.

Then Farmer Brown's Boy started for home whistling merrily, and behind him he left happiness and grateful hearts among his little friends. And his own Christmas was the merrier because he had made it a very, very merry day for them.

The greatest joy there is in living
You'll find to be in thoughtful giving.

STORY 1523. December 27, 1916

Danny Meadow Mouse is Missed

Reddy Fox was puzzled, very much puzzled. It was because he was so very much puzzled that he spent a great deal of time on the Green Meadows and in Farmer Brown's cornfield. You see it was a regular part of Reddy's daily life, and had been almost ever since he could remember, to try to surprise Danny Meadow Mouse. When food was very scarce, and Reddy seldom knew what it felt like to have a full stomach, he would always trot down on the Green Meadows and try to catch Danny or Nanny Meadow Mouse. Of course he always failed, or there wouldn't be any Danny Meadow Mouse to write about, but somehow there was always a pleasant feeling in knowing that Danny was there and sometime might be caught. You know how it is when you have some pennies in a bank that can't be opened until it is full. You want very much to buy some candy, but you can't get the pennies out. So you go without the candy because you must, but all the time there is a comfortable feeling that the pennies are there, and that someday you will have them to spend. It was in much this way that Reddy Fox thought of Danny Meadow Mouse.

But for some time now Reddy had had much the same feeling that you would have if you discovered that your bank had disappeared. He knew that Danny and Nanny had moved from the Green Meadows to a shock of corn in Farmer Brown's cornfield, and of course he knew when Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy carried all those corn-shocks up to the big barn. In fact, from a safe distance he had watched them do it.

"That means that Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse will have to go back to the Green Meadows," chuckled Reddy, and just as soon as it was safe to do so, he trotted down to the place on the Green Meadows where Danny and Nanny used to live. For a long time, he sniffed about in their old private little paths, but not a single whiff of anything that smelled like Meadow Mouse tickled his nose.

"Must be they haven't come back here after all," thought Reddy, wrinkling his brows thoughtfully. "I wonder if they can have made their home somewhere else."

So Reddy began a careful search of all that part of the Green Meadows nearest the cornfield and still found no traces of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. When the first snow fell, Reddy grinned. This would help him in his search. He would be sure to find their funny little tracks somewhere. But he didn't. Not so much as one lonesome little track of Danny or Nanny Meadow Mouse could he find, and he hunted everywhere.

"Can it be," said he to himself, "that someone else has caught them?"

After that he spent much time spying on Old Man Coyote and Roughleg the Hawk, both of whom are as fond of Meadow Mouse as he himself. It didn't take him long to find out that they, too were looking for Danny and Nanny. Every night Old Man Coyote would visit that part of the Green Meadows where Danny and Nanny used to live, and spend some time hunting there. Every night Hooty the Owl would fly back and forth several times over that place. Every day Roughleg the Hawk would sit for the longest time on the top of a tall tree where he could watch that particular place. It was very clear to Reddy that they knew no more about Danny and Nanny than he did.

Every possible hiding place near the cornfield Reddy searched and searched again. He even when over to the dear Old Brier Patch and artfully inquired of Peter how Danny Meadow Mouse was. You see he thought that Danny might have gone there to live. He watched Peter sharply and he knew by the little sigh of relief that Peter gave that Peter was telling the truth when he replied that he didn't know anything about Danny and was worried for fear something had happened to him, for he hadn't seen him for a long time.

That little sigh of relief was because Peter knew by Reddy's question that Reddy hadn't caught Danny, and that was what Peter had very much feared when he had missed Danny for so long.

"Something must have happened to him, but I haven't the least idea what," said Reddy. "I haven't found any trace of him for ever so long and neither has Granny Fox nor Old Man Coyote, nor Roughleg the Hawk, nor Hooty the Owl. It's too bad. We certainly do miss him."

And all the time Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse were warm and comfortable and happy in Farmer Brown's barn.

STORY 1524. December 28, 1916

Shadow the Weasel is Suspected

Suspicion is a hateful thing
Because so seldom it is right.
A name that always has been good
'Twill often blacken over night.

And then, too, a name that is already black it will make blacker still. You know

how easy it is to suspect one who has done wrong once of doing wrong again, even when there isn't the least bit of proof. Yes, sir, suspicion certainly is a hateful thing. There is nothing that makes more unhappiness in this world. Ask Sammy Jay; he knows. He is suspected of doing a great many things he doesn't do at all, just because he does some things which are not altogether nice. It is just the same way with Reddy Fox. He is suspected of stealing a great many chickens he never so much as sees. Someone else steals them and Reddy is blamed.

Now, when Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse were missed on the Green Meadows each of those who hunted for them suspected the others. Reddy Fox suspected Old Man Coyote and Roughleg the Hawk and Hooty the Owl. Old Man Coyote suspected Reddy Fox and Roughleg and Hooty. Roughleg suspected the other three, and Hooty did the very same thing. But after a while each discovered that all the others were still hunting for Danny and Nanny, so then they tried to think of someone else to suspect.

One day Reddy trotted over under the tree in the top of which Roughleg the Hawk was keeping watch. "Good morning, Roughleg," said Reddy. "Danny Meadow Mouse seems to have disappeared very mysteriously. I don't suppose you happen to know anything about it."

Roughleg's keen eyes twinkled as he looked down at Reddy Fox. "And I don't suppose that you really suppose that I would tell you if I did," said he.

Reddy laughed. "I don't suppose I do," said he. "But I do know that you don't know what has become of him, because if you did, you wouldn't have answered that way. Besides, I have been watching you and I have seen you hunting for Danny. If you knew what had become of him you wouldn't be wasting time that way. Be honest, Roughleg and tell me if you have seen the slightest trace of Danny."

"No, I haven't," replied Roughleg "What is more, Old Man Coyote hasn't either, for he told me so, and you know Old Man Coyote has eyes almost a sharp as mine and a nose quite as keen as yours. Someone has caught Danny, but I don't know who it can be unless it is Hooty the Owl."

"It isn't Hooty," declared Reddy, "for I have watched Hooty and he still goes hunting for Danny every night. I have always looked on Danny as belonging to me, you know, and I am rather put out about this." Reddy grinned as he said this.

Roughleg grinned, too. "Just a little mistake on your part, Reddy. Just a little mistake on your part," said he. "I've had an eye on that fat Meadow Mouse for so long that I consider that he belonged to me. But seeing that neither of us is likely to get him we won't quarrel about the matter. The question is, who did get him? It wasn't me. It wasn't you. It wasn't Granny Fox. It wasn't Old Man Coyote. It wasn't Hooty the Owl. Was it—" Roughleg paused and looked down at Reddy meaningly.

"Was it who?" demanded Reddy.

"Shadow the Weasel; was it he who cheated us out of a dinner on Danny Meadow Mouse?" replied Roughleg

"Now you've thought of something!" barked Reddy. "It must have been Shadow. I wonder I didn't think of him before this. Of course, that is who it was. He is just that kind of a fellow, sneaking around and hunting where he has no business. Have you seen anything of him about on the Green Meadows.

"Not a thing," declared Roughleg, "but that isn't surprising. He might have done it in the night and I wouldn't have been any the wiser. Danny Meadow Mouse has gone. We know who didn't catch him, and if we and if we can find that Shadow, I have an idea we'll find out who did."

STORY 1525. December 29, 1916

Shadow the Weasel is Falsely Accused

The thing that hurts the very most
Of anything I know
Is having people say of one
A thing that isn't so.

You know what it is to be accused. It is to have someone tell you that you have done or haven't done something. To be accused falsely is to be told such a thing when it isn't true. It happens over and over and over again and it hurts and is very hard to hear. Even those who seem to enjoy doing bad or mean things never like to be charged with having done something which they haven't done.

Now Shadow the Weasel is hated by all his neighbors, as everybody knows, and you wouldn't suppose that he would care a flirt of his black-tipped tail if people did say things about him which are not so. But Shadow is not so unlike other people after all; he doesn't like to be accused of doing things which he hasn't done. If he should get into Farmer Brown's hen yard and kill a chicken he wouldn't feel badly at all over what he had done. But if someone else should kill a chicken there and then he should be accused of having done it he would fly into a terrible rage. You see that would be injustice, and injustice is one of the hardest things in all the world to bear patiently.

Shadow had taken it into his head to do a little hunting down along the edge of Farmer Brown's cornfield. He hadn't been down there for a long time and it just popped into his head that he might find it worth his while to hunt through the tangle of bushes along the fence. So he had followed along the stone wall and then down along the fence beside the lane that led to the cornfield. Bushes and weeds grow along the fence and more than once in the Summer had Shadow surprised little feathered folk hiding there. Now the bushes were bare and the stalks of the weeds rose brown and dead above the snow, but they still made a hiding place of a kind and so Shadow kept among them. He did it for two reasons. In the first place he hoped he might find Peter Rabbit there, for he knew Peter is very fond of these old fence rows. In the second place he wanted to keep out of sight himself. You will find that all doers of evil deeds try to keep out of sight, even when there is nothing to fear.

It was a moonlight night and Reddy Fox had decided to have one more look at

Danny Meadow Mouse along the edge of that cornfield. You see, it was very hard work for Reddy to believe that Danny had disappeared for good. Suddenly Reddy saw something moving among the bushes. He crouched down in the snow and held his breath. There it was again, just a little dark spot on the snow. Could it be Danny? It was coming toward him and in a minute he would know.

Nearer and nearer came that little dark spot, and Reddy crouched flatter than ever in the snow. Just before it was within springing distance it paused and then it seemed as if a little heap of snow arose right in front of it.

In that very instant Reddy knew that he had been fooled. He knew that that little black spot was the black tip of Shadow's tail, and that what had seemed like a little heap little heap of snow rising up was Shadow himself in his Winter coat of pure white.

Just then Shadow saw Reddy and his little eyes grew red grew red with hate. He arched his back and spat angrily. He has no love for Reddy Fox and Reddy has no love for him. An ugly gleam crept into Reddy's yellow eyes and he drew back his lips in a snarl.

"This is the time I pay you up for catching Danny Meadow Mouse when he belonged to me," said he, and sprang at Shadow. "You're a thief!"

Now, there is no one who can move more quickly than Shadow the Weasel He can move so quickly that it is hard for the eye to follow him. When Reddy landed it was where Shadow had been, not where he was. He was two jumps off to one side, spitting and snarling, his eyes redder than ever.

"I haven't caught Danny Meadow Mouse!" he snapped. "But I will now if I can if for nothing more than to spite you. He doesn't belong to you anyway. I've got just as much right to him as you have. I haven't had so much as a smell of his tracks, but now I'm going to look for him and you know when I get on anybody's tracks, they don't often get away. You're a nice one to be calling me a thief, you red-coated robber! Danny Meadow Mouse belongs to whoever is smart enough to catch him, and I'm that one."

STORY 1526. December 30, 1916

More Results from a Bad Name

Reddy Fox is smart enough to know when someone is smarter than he. So after two or three attempts to catch Shadow the Weasel down there along the fence on the edge of Farmer Brown's cornfield he gave up and trotted off about his business, telling Shadow that he would get even with him yet. Shadow just grinned in the most provoking manner. He wasn't worried the least bit by Reddy's threats. He had heard such threats before very, very often, but no one had caught him yet and he didn't for a minute believe that anybody ever would catch him. You see he had the greatest confidence in his own smartness. If you had asked him, he would have told you that there wasn't any one in the world smart enough to catch him, and he would have believed it, too.

But you know there is such a thing as being too smart for your own good. People sometimes get to thinking themselves so very smart that they grow careless. This is just what happened to Shadow the Weasel. He watched Reddy Fox out of sight and then he started on along the fence to see what he could find. He was immensely tickled with himself to think that he had been too smart for Reddy Fox, and at the same time he was very, very angry because Reddy had falsely accused him of having caught Danny Meadow Mouse, If it had been true he wouldn't have troubled in the least. But it wasn't true, and because it wasn't true, he felt it was very unjust. So his eyes were still red with anger as he bounded along in and out among the bushes, and in his heart he resolved that he would get Danny Meadow Mouse now if for nothing but to spite Reddy Fox. He was so intent on thinking how sweet would be his revenge when he could tell Reddy that he had caught Danny that for once he forgot to watch out as sharply as usual.

Out in the cornfield was a little white mound, a snow-covered heap of cornstalks. Shadow saw it and at once decided that he would look it over. Danny Meadow Mouse might be living there, you know. Lightly Shadow bounded along over the snow to that little white mound. Just as he reached it there was a sharp whizzing sound overhead. Instantly he jumped sideways. But he was not quite quick enough. Something sharp tore through his white coat and he was lifted up, up into the air.

"This is to pay you for catching my Meadow Mouse!" cried the voice of Roughleg the Hawk. You will be mighty poor eating, but better than nothing, and you'll never again steal what doesn't belong to you!"

This was too much for Shadow. For a second time that day he was falsely accused. He knew it was all because of the bad name he had earned, but this didn't matter. "It's a lie!" he screamed. "I haven't even seen a Meadow Mouse, and no Meadow Mouse belongs to you until you've caught it! Let me go or you'll be sorry."

Roughleg the Hawk laughed and that laugh was harsh and unpleasant. "Who'll make me sorry?" he sneered, beating the air with his great wings as he headed for the Big Hickory Tree.

If he had waited a minute longer, he wouldn't have asked that question. As I have said before Shadow the Weasel is no coward. He will fight for his life as long as there is a breath in his slim body. When Roughleg had shot down from the sky he had intended to clutch Shadow just back of his head, but Shadow had jumped so suddenly that he had succeeded in clutching him only by the skin just above his tail. Now you know Shadow is very slim and long and no one can twist and turn quite as he can. Though Roughleg's claws hurt terribly Shadow twisted and squirmed and threw himself up and back so that he managed to sink his sharp little teeth in the fleshy part of one of Roughleg's legs. The feathers protected it, but Shadow ground and ground his teeth until they got through the feathers and Roughleg squealed with pain. In the air he couldn't do a thing to make Shadow let go and so he hurried for his favorite perch where he would be able to use his cruel hooked beak and tear Shadow to pieces. Just as he got there, Shadow ground his teeth harder than ever and the pain made Roughleg loosen his hold of Shadow. Like a flash Shadow let go his own hold and dropped. He

struck a branch, caught hold, ran along it and into a hole in the trunk of the tree and was safe. And there he stayed to nurse his wounds, which were not very bad, and with bitter thoughts to feed the anger in his heart. Outside Roughleg the Hawk nursed his wounds and wished he had let Shadow alone.

Meanwhile over in Farmer Brown's barn, Danny Meadow Mouse was having a splendid time without the least idea of what a lot of trouble his disappearance was making for others. I suspect that it would have tickled him if he had known.

Illustrations. December 26 to December 30, 1916.

December 25, no story.

1522. A Very Merry Christmas in Quaddyland
He went to the Dear Old Briar Patch and left a couple of carrots and some pieces of turnips.

1523. Danny Meadow Mouse is Missed
He even went over to the Dear Old Briar Patch and artfully inquired of Peter how Danny Meadow Mouse was.

1524. Shadow the Weasel is Suspected
"It wasn't Hooty the Owl, was it?" Roughleg paused and looked down at Reddy meaningfully.

1525. Shadow the Weasel is Falsely Accused
Shadow did a little hunting along the edge of Farmer Brown's cornfield.

1526. More Results from a Bad Name
"This is to pay you for catching my meadow mouse," cried Roughleg the Hawk.

Appendix 1. Thornton W. Burgess "Personal Letters" 1916

During 1916, Thornton W. Burgess continued to write "Personal Letters" addressed to members of various newspapers' Bedtime Stories Clubs. Only some of the papers running Little Stories for Bedtime ran these letters and varied in both their numbering of these letters and the dates on which they ran them, if they ran them at all. This series of letters appears to have ceased by the end of May.

On June 10, Burgess began a series of letters addressed specifically to the Old Mother Nature Club of the *Toronto Star*. Nineteen of these letters were published before the end of the year.

LETTER 15.

Dear Clubmates—What do you say to going bird-nesting? A funny time of year? Not a bit of it! People often come to me and say that they wonder what I can find of interest out of doors in the winter, and why I like to take long walks in the green forest and over the green meadows when there is so little to see. Bless their hearts, this is the best time of the whole year to see things!

Just take the birds, for instance. In the spring, when all the birds were housekeeping, and all the trees and bushes were covered with leaves, each nest was a secret which Old Mother Nature did her best to help the owners keep. You know Old Mother Nature is great for keeping secrets as long as there is any need for keeping them. But when there is no longer need, she doesn't care who finds them out. In fact, I suspect that she uncovers a lot of them just so that we may learn. And so it is that in the winter I have learned a great deal about the birds that I couldn't learn at any other time of year.

There was Red Eye the Vireo, who last spring and early summer sang among the maples back of my house. I knew he had a home there. He told me as much. But that is all he would tell me, I hunted and hunted for that dainty little nest, but I couldn't find it. The other day I happened to think of it and took a long walk among the maples. Almost right away I saw that little cradle, for with no leaves to hide it was as easy to find as it had been hard to find before. So I cut the branch in a fork of which it was suspended and took it home to study and learn what materials Red Eye likes best for a nest. You see it was quite all right to take it because Red Eye never would use it again. He would build another next year even had this one been left. In a single walk in winter, I have found a dozen or more of these dainty nests, to say nothing of other nests, whereas in the summer I have gone over the same ground and found not more than one or two.

So I have found it great fun, in winter to look for nests and keep a record of the number found, the kind of trees and bushes in which they are, and the materials of which they are made. I cannot always tell who was the builder of a nest, for many nests are quite similar, and then, too, often they are much the worse for exposure to the weather. But this in itself is a pleasure because it is a mystery, and you know we all like mysteries. It sets me to wondering who it was who was smart enough to keep their secret from me so long, and to resolve that if they return next spring I will find out.

You want to learn all you can about our little feathered friends, don't you? Of course you do. Now is the time to begin. Their old nests will teach you a great deal and really it is more fun than you suspect to hunt for them. Just try it. Take one of them to school and see how many can tell who built it. See how many kinds of material It contains and try to find out what each kind is. Then when the little builders return next spring you will be better prepared to make their acquaintance and to understand them. There is a story in every old nest. See how much of it you can understand.

Yours for knowledge,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 16/17

Dear Clubmates—Sleeping Fairies! Have you ever hunted for them? It's great fun. Of course you know that there is a fairy of life asleep in every seed. But there are other fairies of life sleeping in the most interesting cradles, and this is a splendid time to look for them and take them home to waken in the spring right where you can see them. Have you guessed what these cradles are? No? Well, they are called cocoons, and the sleepers inside will be called moths and butter-flies when they come out in the spring. But I call them fairies. You see to me they always seem enchanted. Only fairies are supposed to have the power of enchantment, but what is it but enchantment to go to sleep ugly looking and to wake after a long sleep to find yourself so beautiful that the very flowers are envious?

What did you say about its being a funny time of the year to be talking about butterflies? It isn't half so funny as it is to hear people say that there is nothing interesting to see, nothing to look for in winter. As for butterflies I think if you were to go out for a walk with me today I could safely promise to show you one or more butterflies, not cocoons, but real butterflies, and this despite the fact that as I look out of my window all the world is white with snow and there is skating on the Smiling Pool. The mourning-cloak butterfly, called *antiopa* by those who are particular as to names, spends the winter in hollow trees, under pieces of bark and old boards and in other sheltered places. It even comes out to fly about a bit on a warm sunny day. So it isn't so funny to talk about butterflies after all, is it?

As for the sleeping fairies, those in cocoons you know, this is a splendid time to look for them. I almost never go for a walk in winter without bringing home one or two. And yet time and again people go to walk with me and do not see them at all until I point them out. Eyes they have but see not because they have not learned. Do you know where there are any trees of the wild black cherry. Look them over the first chance you get. I will be surprised if you do not find a few rolled up weather-gray leaves clinging to them. What are they doing there when all the rest of the leaves dropped long ago? Why should they cling to the twigs in spite of all the storms?

Look closely. Ha! Each one is bound to its twig by tough bands of silk! You have found cocoons and in each one is a sleeping fairy—a *Promethea* moth. Take them home and put them where in the spring you can see them daily. It is worth a great deal

of watchful waiting just to see these handsome fellows come forth.

Watch the stems of bushes for big brown swellings, which will prove to be wonderful silken cradles. Examine old fence rails and peep under weather beaten boards. You will find many a prize. When there is no snow on the ground you may be lucky enough to spy, if your eyes are sharp (of course every Bedtime Stories Club member has sharp eves) a little brown bundle among the dead leaves—the cocoon of the beautiful Luna moth.

Oh, there is plenty to look for and plenty to see these winter days. Trust Old Mother Nature for that.

Yours for seeing,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter No. 18

Dear Friends: The other day I went to the dear old Brier Patch to see how Peter Rabbit is getting along this winter. Now, growing in the Brier Patch is a young willow tree and almost the first thing I noticed was a queer, brown thing on the end of one of the twigs. It looked very much like a small pine-cone, but what would a pine-cone be doing on a willow? Of course when I examined it closely I found that it wasn't anything of the kind, although it was made of little brown scales very like the scales of a pine-cone, only not so hard and stout.

Was it some strange kind of fruit? No, for the willow does not bear fruit. Can you guess what it was? I knew. You see, I had found just such queer cones before. But it interested me just as much as if I never had seen one before. There are some things so very wonderful that no matter how many times you them or how intimately acquainted with them you are the wonder of them is ever new. So whenever I find one of these little cones on a willow I feel as if I wanted to take off my hat and make Old Mother Nature a bow of respect and admiration.

That little cone was a castle! Yes, sir, a castle. Inside it was sleeping an enchanted fairy. If I had broken my way into the heart, the secret chamber, of that castle, I would have found a very tiny, uninteresting looking white worm without legs or feet, the enchanted fairy. In the spring, for I left the castle, undisturbed, the fairy will be set free and will come out in her own beautiful shape, a very tiny lace-winged fly, which you probably would not notice at all. If you did you probably would call her a mosquito.

As a matter of fact, that sleeping fairy is not a mosquito at all, but a gall-fly and the queer cone is called a gall. Last spring a gall-fly laid an egg in the bud on the tip of that willow twig and the egg hatched into the tiny worm of larva which is in the heart of the gall now, the sleeping fairy, you know. By one of those secret ways of which Old Mother Nature knows so many, she caused that bud to stop pushing ahead and making the twig longer. Instead it pushed out all its leaves right at that one point so that they made a thick cluster, over-lapping like the scales of a cone, and thus protected the helpless little worm from sharp eyes of enemies. The little worm lived on the juices

of the willow, and when the fall came the leaves hardened instead of dropping off like other leaves and so made the wonderful castle that looks like a little pine-cone.

Isn't that more wonderful than any fairy-tale you ever heard? And it is true. That is what makes it so really wonderful. Just keep your eyes open when you are out walking this winter and see if you cannot find some of these fairy-castles yourself. Winter is the time to look for them. Oh, this is a wonderful fairy world, and the queen of the fairies is Old Mother Nature.

Yours for the fairies who really live,

Thornton W. Burgess

Letter 19.

Friends All—This is funny old world and a good old world, and all sorts of surprising and pleasant things are happening all the time. Not long ago a lot of little folks at a school in Cincinnati organized a band of mercy and did me the very great honor of naming it for me. Nothing which has happened since I began writing bedtime stories has pleased me quite so much. Then came Christmas, and with it a calendar bearing a photograph of these little folks sitting at their desks at school. Because I couldn't visit them, they came to visit me. They are smiling at me from my wall now as I write. Could anything be more delightful?

But this isn't all. The coming of the new year brought a beautiful greeting and good wishes from the Bedtime Stories Club of Troy, N. Y., and ever so many letters from little club members all over the country, each wishing me a Happy New Year. Of course it is going to be happy. How could it be otherwise with such beautiful wishes from so many of you? You cannot imagine how much these letters mean to me. And so because there are so many that if I should try to answer every one I am afraid I should have to stop writing stories for a while, and Peter Rabbit wouldn't stand for this at all. I want everyone who has written me to feel that this is a personal letter of appreciation and thanks. And I want every other reader to know that the very fact that you have pledged yourself to love and to be kind to Mother Nature's children has brought to me such happiness as I cannot at all express. And then think of the happiness you have given and are every day giving to the little wild folk who so need human love and protection! Yes, indeed, this is a good old world; a splendid old world when we make it so.

I am wondering how many of you will find those queer castles on the willow trees of which I told you last week. On these same willows you are likely to find another kind of castle with its sleeping fairy, but this kind is not made up of scales like a pine-cone. It is smooth and oval in shape, and looks like a swelling on the twig. In fact, it is. It also is a gall made in much the same way as the one I told you about last week. There are other galls just as interesting as these on the willows, and some of them are even easier to find. Go to a field where the beautiful golden rod bloomed last fall. You will find many of the brown stalks still standing, and on many of these will be big, round swellings. Sharp eyes will find many of them. In some you will find holes and no

sleeping fairies within. A little friend of ours knows all about these castles and how to get into them. In fact, the sleeping fairies furnish him many a meal. Can you guess who this little friend is? Just put your thinking caps on and try to think who is able to break into such stout little castles.

Yours for sharp eyes.,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 20.

Dear Everybody: Someone has written to ask me something about Hooty the Owl and how to find where he lives. Of course we usually think of Hooty as living in the Green Forest and that is quite right, too. But there are several members of Hooty's family and some of these make their homes in the Old Orchard or even in the city parks where there are plenty of trees with convenient hollows. This is especially true of the funny little Screech Owl. I live not far from a park and very often I hear the odd little tremelo call of this little fellow. Indeed, I have called his wife and her whole funny family right to me at dusk more than once.

Last spring I visited Chicago and right in one of the most beautiful home sections just outside the city I saw this little member of the Owl tribe, and it was very clear that his home was not far away. Indeed, the Screech Owl is not at all above nesting in a box placed in tree if the entrance be large enough. So it is that though you may seldom see this little Hooty it may be that he is living a great deal nearer to you than you think and quite often sees you.

As to find where Hooty lives, let me tell you what I found not so very long ago. I was out walking in a little strip of woods near my home just for the pleasure of being out of doors. As always, I kept my eyes wide open for something of interest, nor was I disappointed. By mere chance I had found among the dead, dry leaves on the ground one of those fairy castles of which I have told you, a little brown bundle which I knew to be the cocoon of the beautiful Luna moth. It happened to be the first I had ever found and so, hoping I might find another, I kept my eyes on the ground as I walked.

Presently I was rewarded. Near the foot of a tall tree, I discovered not one but several of what at first glance I took to be cocoons. "Ha!" said I as I stooped to pick them up. But the feel of them in my fingers brought another "Ha!" Never had I felt cocoons that seemed solid as did these. Looking at them closely I found them to be gray in color and very much like felt, which, you know, is compressed fur. And that is just what these were composed of—felted fur.

Now, no moth or butterfly ever came from such a cocoon. So I broke one open and inside I found bits of bone all mixed in with the fur. Then I looked up at the tree and presently I discovered that it was hollow. I had found the home of a Screech Owl. You see an Owl cannot remove the skin from a fat mouse or pick out the bones. So Old Mother Nature had provided him with a means of getting rid of these indigestible things. When all that is good has been digested the fur and bones are rolled into little pellets and these Hooty brings up and spits out.

And so it often happens that if your eyes are sharp you may discover where Hooty lives, not by looking in trees, but by finding these curious little felt "cocoons" on the ground. The larger Owls nest deep in the woods or swamps, usually taking possession of abandoned nests of hawks or crows. The Great Horned Owl lays eggs before the snow and ice has disappeared.

Sincerely yours,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 21.

Dear Friends of My Friends—One, of your number, a little laddie in Kansas City, writes to ask how he can tell Bully the English Sparrow from Little Friend the Song Sparrow. Others have asked the same question. So I am going to answer for the benefit of these and of any others who have been too bashful to write and ask.

There are three ways of telling Bully and Little Friend apart by appearance, character and habits. You see, they are quite like us humans after all. Now for appearance. The middle of Bully's throat and his breast are black, and some of his wing feathers are tipped with white. Mrs. Bully is a dirtish white underneath, with breast and sides washed with pale grayish brown. Little Friend the Song Sparrow is quite different. His breast is more or less streaked with black and reddish brown on a whitish background. In the centre of the breast these streaks tend to run together and form a large spot. There are no white-tipped feathers in his wings. There is little chance of confusing him with his English cousin.

Even were they as like as two peas you could tell them apart by character. Bully is bold, quarrelsome, noisy, impudent, in every respect a little ruffian. Little Friend is quiet, shy, retiring, a thorough gentlemen in appearance and actions. And then there comes the difference in their habits. Bully you will always find about the homes of men, on farms, in villages and in cities. He builds a nest of the stuff he can get and puts Its anywhere he can make it stay, behind blinds of houses, in eaves, troughs, sometimes in trees, a great hulky, dirty mass. He is dirty, living in the street and getting much of his living from the filth of the street. He never likes to be alone and you will almost always find him with a flock of his own kind. He is forever fighting.

Little Friend the Song Sparrow is a lover of brooks and swampy places, but also lives in our gardens. His nest is built in low, thick bushes, or on the ground. You will not find him flocking with others, for he seems to care only for the society of his little brown wife. He will sometimes come about the doorstep to pick up crumbs, but not often. He is a friendly, cheery, gentle, and very useful. And he is one of the sweetest singers of all the glad springtime. In every way he is just the opposite of his cousin Bully, just what his name implies—Little Friend. You will never find him in the street. You will never find him quarreling or fighting.

You will never find him other than neat and trim and modest. You will most often find him near water. Writing about Little Friend arouses a great longing in my heart to hear once more his merry, tuneful song. What a relief it will be from the constant

chattering and harsh quarreling voices of Bully and his flock, which I hear every day and wish I might never hear again,

Yours for our native birds and their protection,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 22.

Dear Friends of My Friends—

A member of our club has written to me asking that I do something for the relief of the poor horses we so often see with their heads pulled up and back by check-reins. There isn't much that I can do alone. If there were, you may be sure that I would do it without wasting one wee minute. But the minute I read that letter I thought of you and sat right down to write this letter and ask your help. Perhaps between us all we can do a little something toward ending a cruelty which is so common that I am afraid that very often some of us do not even notice it.

The horse is not one of our little wild friends in whose welfare we are so interested, but he is one of the noblest of Old Mother Nature's children, and man's best servant, The little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest are constantly in danger, but they have that most blessed of all things—freedom. They are free to come and go as they will. They are free to take care of themselves as best they may. They are free to at least try to run away from danger and from the thoughtless, cruelty of mankind.

All this is denied to that splendid, faithful friend and servant of ours, the horse. Noble as he is, he is really a slave. He can do nothing, not the least little thing for himself. He is wholly dependent on man for everything—food, water, shelter, protection, even his very life. He must work when his master demands it, no matter how weary or ill he may feel. He must stand in storm or under a scorching sun until his master gives word to move on. He must go without food until such time as his master chooses to give it to him. He must take blows and abuse. He must do all these things because there isn't any way for a him to help himself.

Therefore he needs the thoughtful, gentle, merciful friendship of each one of us as does no other one of mother nature's children of whom I know. Alas, that we so often needlessly or carelessly forget this! Of all God's creatures, none is so deserving of man's merciful care. Yet none is so often tortured. The next time you see a handsome horse with his head held 'way back by a check rein watch how he champs at the torturing bit until his mouth is all foam. Very stylish and handsome he looks as he prances along, but that prancing is nothing in the world but his effort to relieve the strain on his neck and the soreness of his mouth. Just try for yourself walking for 15 minutes with your head thrown as far back as you can force It and think what it would mean to have it held there all the time.

There is an opportunity for all Bedtime Stories club members to make good that pledge you have given. If you know of anyone who is in the habit of checking a horse

in this cruel fashion just go to him and tell him just how it makes you feel to see a horse suffer so, Ask him to think for a minute how he would feel in the place of the horse. Tell him about our club and what it stands for, and then ask him to loosen that cruel check. Will you do it?

Yours for mercy to all the suffering,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 23.

Dear Bedtimers—Do you know what a prom-is-sory note is? When a man wants to borrow money he goes to a bank and if the bank thinks he is to be trusted it lends him the money he needs and he signs a paper promising to pay the money back to the bank on a certain day. This is called a prom- is-sory note. You see, it is a note in which he makes a promise. Now you are wondering what under the sun prom-is-sory notes have got to do with us Bedtimers. Aren't you?

Well, it's this way: When it gets around to this time of winter, I suspect that most of us are getting just a little bit tired of cold weather and ice and snow. We are beginning to think of spring and long for it to come and sometimes it seems as if it never would come. Don't you feel that way sometimes? I do. When I do, I just go out and look at some of old Mother Nature's promissory notes and then I feel better. What's that! You didn't know she had anything to do with promissory or any other kind of notes!

Listen! There are millions of little promises all about you—the leaf buds on the trees and bushes. Each one is promise of a coming spring, a coming summer. I call them Old Mother Nature's promissory notes. Why not? So whenever I grow weary of winter and begin to wonder if ever spring will come again, I go and look at the little promissory notes. I did just that thing the other day and I found that those little buds swelled a little. They were a little more plump than when I had last looked at them. I knew then that 'way down deep in the ground already the forces of spring are stirring, and that all in good time Mother Nature will redeem every one of those little notes. That is, she will make good her promise when it is time just as the man who gives a promissory note to the bank will pay back the money as he has promised. Then I felt better.

By the way, Bedtimers, don't forget our little feathered friends just because it is getting near to spring. I wonder if you know that the very last of winter and the first of spring are one of the hardest seasons in all the year for these little friends. You see they have eaten all of the food easiest to find and as yet there are no new supplies. So, though it is not so cold a time it is a hungrier time, especially for some, than the very bitterest part of the winter. Just remember and keep your lunch rooms well supplied.

Happy Jack Squirrel called the other day. He sends his love to you. So do I.

Ever your friend,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 24.

Dear Helpers—Do you know I really believe this big club of ours is accomplishing something, perhaps a great deal more than we have any idea of, for our dear little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest? Anyway, some people who ought to know seem to think so, for they have written me the most delightful letters telling me of good deeds which have been done for the little wild friends by club members. So when I write my stories I like to think of you each as a HELPER in the good work.

Just as I thought that sweet Mistress Spring was almost here Jack Frost and rough Brother North Wind returned, and today as I write I look out on a very wintry world indeed. I hope all the Bedtime Stories Lunch Rooms are well supplied for hungry visitors. It seems a bit queer, but it is true, that sometimes the very hardest time of year is in the beginning of spring, as you will learn in one of the stories. It is then that the little people need our help. Once in a while some of our feathered friends returning from the sunny Southland get here too soon and are caught by Jack Frost. If they can get food to eat, they can stand his pinching. But if he freezes the ground hard for two or three days, as he sometimes does, they must starve unless we supply the food they need so sorely. Food and shelter are quite as necessary in the early spring as in the middle of winter. Just bear it in mind.

I expect all of you are watching for spring signs. I live way up in cold New England and Mistress Spring does not get here as soon as she does where some of you live. Yet very often I have found signs of her coming when all the world has been white with snow and the ground frozen. Several times in February, and often in the first week of March. I have often found the skunk or swamp cabbage in blossom. Peter Rabbit will tell you what it looks like. I have found the little brown hoods actually coming up through ice, the very first sign of spring. Always I have felt like removing my hat, in the presence of such bravery and have gone home feeling better and stronger for the example they have set. And do you know ever since I first discovered that these little plants are brave enough to actually bloom, while grim old winter is still hanging on I have really liked the smell of them in spite of the fact that it is like the perfume of Jimmy Skunk. It isn't a nice smell, but one forgets all about that because it symbolizes courage and faith and the determination to do their part be it ever so humble.

And so even the ugliest appearing may have a message of joy. Isn't it a wonderful and beautiful thought?

Always your friend,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 25.

Dear Bedtimers—The other day I had a delightful talk with one of the greatest friends in all the world of Peter Rabbit and the other little people of the Green Forest. This friend is Dr. W. T. Hornaday, who is at the head of the wonderful zoological park of New York city and one of the greatest naturalists living. He is a member of the Bedtime Stories club, of our club, if you please, and he thinks it is a splendid thing. He

thinks that we Bedtimers can do a great deal for our little wild friends and wants us to help him to help them. Of course I told him that we would. In fact I told him that we would help him with all our combined might, and we will, won't we? Please say yes.

Now, Dr. Hornaday is not liked by some people. Those people are a certain class of hunters who with their terrible guns would kill, if they could, every quail and every grouse and every duck. They don't like him because he has for years worked with might and main to have wise laws made protecting the wild folk, my friends and yours. But there are many states in which some of them are not protected, and the reason they are not protected is because their real friends have not been true friends. That is, they have been heedless or thoughtless, and have not tried to stop the heartless hunters who have no thought of the future and so long as they can kill what they want care not at all whether or not, there are any little furred and feathered people to make glad the Green Forest in the years to come. It is to getting wise laws that shall protect our dear little wild friends, just as other wise laws protect us that, Dr. Hornaday is devoting much of his time and his wonderful knowledge of the little people of meadow and forest. He loves the little wild folk and he loves the little boys and girls, and that is why he is very enthusiastic about our great club. He believes that if we love Peter Rabbit and Bob White and Sammy Jay and Happy Jack Squirrel and go about trying to or get others to love them through understanding them we can do a great deal toward helping to get those wise laws which are so much needed. And so I told him that that was the very thing we wanted to do, and that whenever he could show us a way to help we would help with all our might.

By the way, how many of you are planning to put up houses for the birds this spring? Now is the time to do it, so that they will be all ready when the birds coming from the sunny southland get here. Jenny Wren, Winsome Bluebird, and Skimmer the Swallow will be especially glad not to have to go house hunting. Tommy Tit the Chickadee will also be glad to be an all-the-year around neighbor if he can find the right kind of a house handy. I am going to write more about bird houses in my next letter,

Your very sincere friend,

Thornton W. Burgess

Letter 26.

Dear Friends of my Friends:

Already Winsome Bluebird has arrived where some of you live. Probably Welcome Robin has, too, and other feathered friends are not far behind. Is there anything sweeter than that soft, elusive whistle of Winsome Bluebird or more gladsome than the "Cheer up! Cheer up!" of Welcome Robin? I wonder what you Bedtimers are planning to do for our feathered friends this spring. There is one thing I wish you would do, and that is put up houses for some of them. If you have never tried it, you have no idea of how much pleasure you will get from playing landlord to a family or two of feathered folk. You remember that in the winter I suggested a chain of Bedtime Stories club lunch

rooms clear across the country. I don't know how many of you started these free lunch rooms, but I know some did. Now, why not a chain of Bedtime Stories Club tenements, rent free?

Boys can make these houses themselves and have a lot of fun in doing it. If you cannot make them, you can buy them. Some very nice little houses are offered for sale and are not expensive. I cannot think of a possible better use for your pennies than in buying one of these little houses. But it must be done right away. Winsome Bluebird is an early house hunter, so the sooner a house is ready for his inspection the better. The shape of the house doesn't matter much. But the neater it is the better pleased you will be with it. And if it is made so you can open it so much the better. Then if Bully the English Sparrow takes possession, as he is almost sure to try to do, you can easily evict him and take out the rubbish he is pleased to call a nest. If you want the other birds, you must keep Bully away.

Don't make your houses of bright new wood or paint them in bright colors. Use old weather-worn boards. The birds like these best. They are afraid of bright colors. Four old shingles for the sides, and two pieces of old board for the top and bottom, will make a homely but satisfactory house. Near the top make an opening for a doorway. If it is for Jenny Wren the opening need not be larger than a quarter of a dollar. This will be big enough for Jenny, but too small for Bully the English Sparrow. Tommy the Tit the Chickadee needs a hole an inch and a quarter across. For Winsome Bluebird and Skimmer Swallow make it an inch and a half across. Nail the box to the trunk of a tree out of reach of cats.

Where Bully the English Sparrow cannot be driven away suspend your house from the branch of a tree by a wire. Jenny Wren will not object to a swinging home, but Bully will. He will have none of it. For Purple Martins and for Swallows a house with a lot of rooms in it, an apartment it you please, each room with an outside entrance, the whole mounted on top of a tall pole out in the open is best. Whatever your houses are made of, have them water-tight. Do not make the doorways at the bottom, but near the top.

If every one of you would put out just one house this spring just think what that would mean. It would mean thousands and thousands of houses ready for our feathered tenants. It would mean that every one of those feathered families would be where it could be watched over and protected by someone, and it would mean to each of you no end of pleasure and joy. Just try it. If you can get nothing better take an old starch box, see that it is perfectly clean inside, make a doorway, and put it up.

Who will put up a house for the birds this year?

Yours for the feathered friends,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

Letter 27.

Dear Bedtimers—Little things are the biggest things in the world when there is

enough of them. Did you ever stop to think of that? You know the old rhyme: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." A raindrop is a very small thing, but when there are millions of raindrops all at once we have floods that do terrible damage and sometimes drown people. A snowflake is a very tiny thing, but snowflakes falling in countless numbers stop railroad trains and make men prisoners in their homes and cost them great sums of money before they can go on with their business.

It is just the same way with bugs. A bug or worm is a very little thing, even the biggest of them, compared with man. Some are so tiny that you can hardly see them. When you see one of these little bugs it seems foolish, very foolish, indeed, to think that it can harm you, or that it can really harm the plant. And when you get right down to the facts, the amount of harm that one little bug can do is so small that we might say that it does no harm at all. But just remember that a single little raindrop or a single little snowflake is the most harmless thing in the world. It is when millions and millions fall that they become a terrible force.

It is just the same way with bugs. One little bug doesn't count, but when there are great numbers of those little bugs they become a mighty force, a force for evil instead of for good, a destroying force. If bugs were allowed to go right on laying eggs to hatch out into little worms, and nothing was done to stop them; in a very little while, a surprisingly short time, there wouldn't be a living thing on the face of the earth, not one. You see they would eat every plant and tree, and without these man and animals and birds could not live. And then when they had eaten every living green thing, they would die themselves because there was nothing more to eat.

Some of you live where the grasshoppers have come and left great stretches of land as bare as if nothing ever had grown there. Some of you, perhaps, have seen the army worms march across a field and leave it looking as if fire had swept it. You who have seen these things will understand how it would be possible for bugs and worms to destroy the life of the world.

But wise Old Mother Nature will not permit anything like this to happen. She destroys great numbers of bugs by storms and disease. She has made certain kinds of bugs to live on certain other kinds. And she has given us the birds, the beautiful birds, to be policemen of our orchards and forests and gardens. It is their business to keep the bugs and worms in check, to destroy them and their eggs. They are man's best helpers. Without them, in spite of all that man has learned about fighting the pests of the garden and orchard with poisons, the bugs and the worms would win in the end. As it is, with all that man can do and with all that the birds can do, the bugs and the worms destroy in a year in this country more than half a billion dollars' worth of grain, fruit, vegetables and trees.

That is a very great sum of money. It would build a great fleet of the very largest battleships, the biggest fleet in the world. If it was divided up among the people of the United States it would give every one of us about $5. It is a lot of money for this country to lose in a year, and it is wholly lost. The birds are doing their best to save it for us. If we had more birds we would have less of this dreadful loss. We need and we want more birds. That is why when a man or a thoughtless boy kills one of the

feathered friends of the field and orchard he commits a crime against himself and against his neighbors.

That is why I want you to feel, each one of you, that in putting up a house for the birds this spring, and in protecting them whenever and wherever you can, you are not just doing a favor, a kindness, to the birds, but really are doing something for yourself, for your country. You are not merely doing a humane thing; you are doing a patriotic thing. Just think it over and DO SOMETHING for the birds.

Yours as always,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 28.

DEAR EVERYBODY-There are other ways in which you can do something for our feathered friends besides putting up houses for them. Those who build open nests will not be interested in houses, but they will be interested in nesting materials. If about your home there are trees and bushes which will make good nesting places, you may induce some of the home hunters to look no farther by the very simple plan of placing nesting materials where they will be quickly seen.

For instance, Welcome Robin must have mud for a foundation for his home. But Goldie the Oriole would turn up his nose at the mere thought of mud. Chippy the Chipping Sparrow would not be happy without a lining of hair for his nest, while Cresty the Flycatcher would not think his home complete without the cast-off skin of a snake woven into it.

So in providing nesting materials see to it that there is a variety. If there happens to be a long dry spell this spring remember Welcome Robin and his needs. Put out a pan of mud or soft clay where he will find it, and see that it is never allowed to dry out. The chances are that he will repay you by nesting very close to your house, perhaps on the house itself or in the vines trailing over it. Hang bits of string, yarn, thread, fibres of rope, etc., on bushes, fences or the lower branches of trees where they will be easily seen, or put them on the ground where the birds can easily get them without danger of being caught by cats. Scatter fine straw, rootlets, fibre of grapevine or cedar bar, a few strands of hair from the tail of a horse, soft feathers, and sphagnum moss in open places. All these things are of use to the nest-builders.

If you will put them where you can watch them without awakening distrust you will get no end of fun, and be able to learn a great deal which is delightfully interesting about the busy feathered neighbors. Also by watching them as they take the material you will learn the secrets of their nesting places. A supply of materials should be kept exposed for their use from early in April until July, at least.

One other thing. Remember that birds often are thirsty and sometimes they are hard put to it to get a drink. Keep a pan of clear, fresh water where they may safely drink without danger of being caught by Black Pussy. Ten thousand times will they repay you for your time and trouble.

Oh you Bedtimers! When I think how much you can do if you will for our dearly beloved little friends I almost dare to think that our club may some day be one of the greatest forces in America for kindness, mercy, justice, and protection of the helpless. It is my dream. Won't each one of you do your part to make it more than a dream—a reality?

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 29.

Dear Club Members—Every once in a while I get a letter asking about Bully, the English sparrow, and what we are to do about him. To a great many It doesn't seem fair that we should always be against him. One little laddie says that it isn't Bully's fault that he hasn't a beautiful voice or a handsome coat, and that as God made him, he must have a place in the world. This is all very true. The point that a great many of you miss is that Bully's place in the world isn't in America. In the place for which he was meant he may be all right, but in America he is all wrong. It was man who brought him to America, and in so doing upset old Mother Nature's plans.

Bully, the English sparrow, is not a loyal citizen. He is like those other citizens who are seeking to make trouble for the land, which has welcomed them and given them of its best. Bully is not a true American[1], and he never will be. He is doing all he can to drive out the true Americans, Welcome Robin, Winsome Bluebird, Jenny Wren, Skimmer the Swallow, and all the other feathered people of the Old Orchard. And he is driving them out and doing it very fast. They are true Americans. Old Mother Nature placed them here for a purpose and they are faithful to that purpose. She placed them here to work, to keep our trees and shrubs and gardens, free of insects. Bully drives them out, but he does not take up their work. Instead of helping man, he gets his living from man. He lives almost wholly on what man raises and not only does nothing to help, but actually does all he can to drive away those who do help. He is a traitor, the very worst kind of a traitor.

Now, as true Americans ourselves, we owe it to those other true Americans, the very first Americans, our native birds, to do all we can to check this dirty, noisy, quarrelsome traitor whom we have brought to our shores. Of course, we Bedtimers believe in mercy, gentleness, and justice. Bully is not to blame for being here, but we should see to it that he is not allowed to increase his race. Where our native birds are content to raise one or two broods in a year Bully raises four or five broods of young. If conditions are bad for our native birds now, what will they be in a few years? The thing to do is to discourage Bully as much as we can. Destroy his nest whenever and wherever you find it. Do all you can to get the other birds to nest about your home, but drive Bully away. Do not let him build. If you find his nest with eggs in it do not allow the eggs to hatch. If everyone would do this perhaps in time we might force Bully to become a good citizen. Then he would be welcome. But as he is now, he will never be anything but the very worst kind of a bad citizen. Do not feel badly over destroying his nest and driving him away. Remember that he is doing that very thing to the beautiful,

1 All references to "America" were replaced by "Canada" in the *Toronto Star*.

useful little feathered friends to whom Old Mother Nature first gave this land.

Yours for America and true Americans.

Thornton W. Burgess

Letter 30[2]

Dear Everybody: Where I am writing I can look out and still see a great deal of snow, but it is melting fast, and yesterday I heard both Winsome Bluebird and Welcome Robin. In fact,

Welcome Robin perched on a tree just across from my window and talked to me for quite half an hour, and you don't know how much better I have felt ever since. It is surprising how much different one little bird can make the world look. The birds are our friends in more ways than one. They not only work for us by destroying the worms and bugs, but they gladden our hearts by their cheery voices and inspire us by their busy ways.

Let me make a confession. You know it always does one good to confess when one has done wrong. So here goes, and please don't think any worse of me than you must: When I was a boy I sometimes threw stones at the birds. Yes, sir, I did. Not that I wanted to kill or hurt any of them, but just to see if I could throw straight enough to hit them. You who are boys know what that feeling is. You see, in those days I didn't understand what dear, lovable, helpful friends the birds were. I hadn't learned that they were little people—people just like us, who feel joy and pain and fright and hunger and cold and everything else just as we do. Of course that is no excuse, but if I only had known perhaps—indeed I'm quite sure I wouldn't have thrown those stones.

Now I have confessed, and do you know why I have done so? Well, it is because I want to make up to the birds of today for the frights that I gave the birds of long ago. It is because I don't want any of the boys of the Bedtime Stories Club to have anything like that to confess when they grow up. Please, you boys, if ever you are tempted to throw a stone at a bird, just remember that that bird is a little feathered friend, one of the truest of true friends. Then you will not throw the stone. You will not even want to throw it, for no one throws stones at a friend.

The other day I read how hunters in one of the states through which the ducks pass on their way north to their nesting grounds are trying to have the law changed so that they may be permitted to shoot the ducks as they pass on their long journey. I hope that every Bedtimer will try his or her best to see to it that those hunters fail to secure any such dreadful change in the law. As you read the Bedtime Stories of Mr. and Mrs. Quack you will understand how cruel spring shooting is. I suspect that when they were boys those hunters used to throw stones at the birds, and since then never have learned any better. I am sorry for them. But I am still more sorry for the birds. All through the spring and summer they should be protected in every way possible. It is for the men who make the laws to do this, and it is for us to see that the men who make the laws know just how we feel about the matter.

2 The *Kansas City Star* headlined this letter, "Mr. Burgess Once Stoned the Birds."

Kindness, mercy, justice, love! These are the things for which our great club stands. You don't know how proud I am that out of my little stories has grown such a club with such splendid ideals. And if you are true to them, true to your pledge when you became a member of the club, let me tell you that our little friends of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows will bless you a thousand times over, and in their work for you and in the joy which their friendship will bring to you will be repaid over and over again.

Ever your friend,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 31.

Dear Fellow Members: Right now, and from now on, a lot of our little friends are and will be in need of your watchful care and protection. Many of the little feathered people already have eggs and these are anxious days for them. You see those eggs must not be allowed to get chilled. If they do get chilled there will be no little birds. So if you are sharp-eyed enough to find the nests of some of your little feathered friends this year please, please don't visit them very often. That is, please don't go near enough to frighten the mother bird so that she will leave the nest. If by chance you do frighten her so that she does leave the nest go away at once in order that she may return before the eggs get chilled.

Also please keep a watchful eye on these nests. There are others quite as much interested as you can possibly be. If you happen to see Mr. Blacksnake hanging around near a nest just encourage him to go somewhere else. Don't, please don't kill him. In spite of what some folks seem, to think, Mr. Blacksnake is a friend of man. Just remember that, and don't kill him. But Mr. Blacksnake is not a friend of nesting birds, so when you find him about just encourage him to show you how fast he can run away.

Chatterer the Red Squirrel and even Happy Jack the Grey Squirrel are to be discouraged when they become very inquisitive near the nesting place of one of your feathered friends. But the one enemy the birds dread most, the most cunning, heartless, and cruel, is Black Pussy. It is sad but true. I know just what a lot of you will say right away. You will say that your dear Kitty wouldn't do such a dreadful thing as to kill a dear little mother bird or the helpless little bird babies in the nest. Please don't give her the chance. The minute you see her anywhere near nesting place of a bird either frighten her away or take her away. Don't trust any cat.

Listen! Several millions of birds are killed every year in America by common house cats. Cats kill more birds than all the wild enemies combined. And the greatest loss is during the nesting season. The old birds in their unselfish anxiety for their, precious young are easier for cats to catch, and the babies themselves, both in their nests and when just beginning to fly, are easily secured tidbits for puss.

I wish that each member of this great club would try to find at least one nest this spring and then appoint himself or herself guardian of it. If each of you will do this just think what it will mean! It will mean that several hundred thousands nests will be

protected and watched over, and that more than a million little birds will have a chance to grow up and take their places in making the world a better and brighter and happier place in which to live. And every one of them would be an Old Mother Nature Club bird! Wouldn't that be splendid? Will you try to do it Never, never take any of the pretty eggs, not even one.

Always your sincere friend,

Thornton W. Burgess

Letter 32.

DEAR BEDTIMERS--This is going to be a letter on just seeing things. You know this is the time of times in the whole year to see things. Old Mother Nature is so busy just now that she cannot stop to show you any of the wonderful things she is doing. Even if she could I don't believe she would, because she firmly believes that all her children, to whom she has given eyes, should learn to use those eyes. That is why she gave them. But it is surprising how many people go through life seeing only the things so big that they have to be seen. Some don't always see these. If they did there wouldn't be so many automobile accidents.

Of course no one can see everything. There are too many interesting things for any one person to see all even of the things right about them. But that is no excuse for going about and seeing nothing, or next to nothing. Now, we Bedtimers have got sharp eyes. Of course. So this spring we are going to see a great many wonderful and beautiful things. I wonder if you know that some of the most wonderful are the small things, the tiny things. If you learn to see these you will hardly miss seeing the larger things. The trouble with most of us is that we pass over the little things because they are little. Just remember this, that nothing is too small to be interesting. Some of the smallest flowers and plants are even more wonderful than some of their larger and more showy neighbors. It is the same way with insects.

Speaking of insects, most of you know the little plant lice, the tiny little green bugs with feeble little legs. Nothing very interesting about those you say. That all depends upon how much you see. These tiny aphids, for that is what they are, do not always stop to bother with laying eggs and so going through all the changes that most insects pass through. It takes too much time. Instead a tiny "bud" appears on the body of one. It grows rapidly and soon drops off another aphid, which in its turn produces more in the same way. Isn't that wonderful? And is it any wonder that a plant is so soon covered with these busy little sappers of its life juices.

So, you see, there is something interesting, which doubtless you have seen and yet not seen, time and time again. Then there are the little white masses on the stems of grass, which look so much like "spit" and sometimes called frog spittle. Did you ever stop to look at one? I wonder how many of you know that in the middle of each little frothy mass is a tiny insect and that he has taken this means of hiding from enemies. He has simply covered himself with a mass of tiny bubbles of juice from the grass that sharp eyes may not see him.

I just mention these two things because they are common things, and yet I will venture to say that very few of you have ever really seen them. Just now, of course, you are all interested in the birds. I hope that every one of you is watching nests, so that you may watch over them and see that no harm comes to them. Hunting for nests is one of the most delightful pastimes of which I know, and there is nothing better to test the sharpness of your eyes.

Birds build in all sorts of queer places. Some build on the ground, and these nests are hard to find. Some build in the ground. That is, they dig holes in sandy banks. That seems a funny thing for birds to do, doesn't it? But they do it. Bank and cliff swallows do it, and the kingfisher digs a tunnel several feet long. Some build in bushes and some in tall trees. Others like vines in which to build. Some build under bridges, and some on buildings or even inside of them. So you must keep your eyes peeled all the time if you would see all the little homes of the feathered folk right about you. I wish that each of you would keep a record of all the nests found and the names of the birds building them. Will you? It would be very interesting to see who has the longest list by the middle of summer.

Ever your friend,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Letter 33.

Dear Bedtimers-The other day a friend visited me, a friend who has spent most of his life in big cities. He asked me to tell him just what the dear old Brier Patch is like. He confessed that he didn't have a very clear idea. Instead of telling him I took him over to see the old Brier Patch for himself. You see, it isn't very far from my home. Who do you think was waiting for us?

Peter Rabbit, of course. He was sitting right on the edge of the old Brier Patch. When he saw that there was a stranger with me, he showed us how he can run through the very worst tangles of friendly old brambles by means of his private little paths. The friend was so delighted with his glimpse of Peter at home that he isn't through talking about it yet. Wasn't it nice of Peter to be so obliging?

On our way there we saw Mr. and Mrs. Quack, of whom you have been reading lately and a number of other little friends. When we reached home again this friend said that he felt that he had missed a great deal out of life by not having learned to know these little people of the meadows, the forest and the Smiling Pool, and I told him that he had, and that they had missed a great deal in not having his friendship. You see, every friend they gain means so much to them. This is why I am so delighted with the way our great club has grown and is growing. Each new member means a new friend for the dear little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. If each of you would bring in one new member this next week just think what it would mean! It would mean the doubling of our club. It would mean a million members in a very short time, and just think what a million people, all pledged to be kind to the birds and animals and to protect them from their enemies, could do. I am sure that Winsome Bluebird and

Welcome Robin, and all the other sweet singers would sing as they never have sung yet, and I know that Peter Rabbit and all his neighbors would dance for joy. I suspect that I would do that very thing myself.

Speaking of singers, have you ever seen the sweet singers of the Smiling Pool? You know who they are, the Hylas, tiny tree frogs. They are welcoming in the joyous spring. Every night now I hear them, and often during the day. But to see them; ah, that is a very different matter. That is something to test your eyes and your patience. I have stood on the bank of the Smiling Pool and listened to those clear, piping voices coming from every part of it, and looked and looked until my eyes ached without getting so much as a glimpse of a single one of those sweet singers. At the first move the singing stops. I remember very well the first time I managed to catch one of those shy singers at his music making. It was the reward of patient sitting in one place for a long time without moving. When at last I made out one of those tiny musicians and saw him swell out his music bag I felt like a discoverer. I felt just as you feel over a puzzle, and just as you are about to give it up you solve it. And I marvelled anew at the wonder of Old Mother Nature's watchful care of even the least of her children. From earliest boyhood I had known the "peepers" of spring by their voices, but I was a man grown before I saw one of them singing.

The great tide of bird life is rapidly pushing north now. I hope that each one of you is watching and will try to learn all you can about these feathered friends hurrying to do their share in making the Great World beautiful.

Your very sincere friend,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 1.

June 10, 1916, page 20

Thornton W. Burgess to Write a Weekly Letter Just For Us

He Wants Members of the O.M.N. Club to Write Him and Tell What They Want Him to Write About—Would You Like to Know More of Our Feathered Friends?

Dear Members of the Old Mother Nature Club:

Do you know what your editor has asked me to do? Guess. He has asked me to write a weekly letter just for YOU: a letter each week about the out-of-door things in which Toronto and other Canadian boys and girls are especially interested. And I have told him that I will. That is, I have promised him that I will if you will do your share. He has promised me that you will. Will you?

Oh, I forgot that I haven't told you what your share is. Of course you cannot do it unless you know what it is. Well, it is this I want you to write to me in care of this Club, telling me what you especially want to know about regarding our little friends of the Green Meadows, the Green Forest, and the Old Orchard, not to mention the Smiling Pool and the Laughing Brook. Every one of them is interesting, but some are more

interesting than others. Just now the housekeeping of our feathered friends is of special interest. I wonder if you would like to have me tell you about some of the birds you see so that you may know who they are when you see them, and all about their ways, what they do, and what they eat, and where they nest, and how they look. Would you? If so, please write to your editor telling him what particular birds you want to know about. Recently I attended a great picnic of Club members in one of the parks of the city of Troy. N.Y. There were about 2,000 little folks there to give me greeting: everyone a true friend of Peter Rabbit and Sammy Jay and all the other little people. What do you think I found they had done this past winter? They had built about a thousand bird houses and put them up for the birds: Isn't that perfectly splendid?

Is Your Birdhouse Empty?—Don't Be Discouraged

Of course right away I heard of houses which have no tenants this year, and would-be landlords begged me to tell them why, when they had worked so hard to do something for the birds, the birds themselves had not been grateful enough to build in the houses provided for them, of course I couldn't give just the exact reason in any particular case. You see any one of several reasons may account for those empty houses and the need of a "To Let" sign until next season. Perhaps some of you have empty houses and are discouraged. Let me tell you just what I told the little would-be landlords of Troy. Don't be discouraged! Some of these feathered folk are too smart to adopt new things until they have found out about them. Probably those empty houses have been carefully investigated more times than you dream of. Very likely most of them have been marked for next spring's homes. Exposed to the weather all this summer some houses will lose their newness and be far more to the liking of the feathered folk. To see that they are kept in good condition, water-tight and wind-proof. Though you may not have tenants this summer you may be surprised next winter to find tenants there, even though you do not apply light and heat. And some of those who find shelter in bird houses in winter as very apt to remain to build their homes there in the spring. So, though you may have an empty house in your will have wasted your time in building it. Be patient the end you will be rewarded. My, how long this letter has grown! Write me what you want me to write about, please.

Yours for Old Mother Nature and all her Children

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 2.

June 17, 1916, page 20

Miner the Mole Made Ridges Through Mr. Burgess' Lawn

Dear Club Members—

This morning when I looked out of my window I discovered that during the night there had been a visitor at my home. Someone had spent a good part of the night in my yard and had made himself very much at home there. All along the edge of my driveway the sod was raised in a little ridge broken here and there by little mounds of

brown earth. Then I looked over in my neighbor's yard and I saw a little ridge cutting across his lawn and more of those little mounds of brown earth.

Now my first thought was one of anger. I knew who had been there making those little ridges and little heaps of brown earth. I knew that even then he probably was in either my yard or that of my neighbors. It was Miner the Mole. And my heart was hot with anger against him. He had spoiled the looks of my lawn, for the beauty of a well-kept lawn is smoothness, and here was a snakey looking ridge the whole length of my driveway, to say nothing of the little brown mounds of earth. "I'll set a trap for that Mole!" said I. "I'll kill him, that's what I'll do."

And then I went out to examine into the damage which Miner had done, and as I put a foot on that ridge and the soft earth yielded and was pressed down to its old level a still, small voice inside of me whispered just one word "Justice." Somehow all the anger towards Miner the Mole just melted away and I sat down to think a bit, to try to decide what would be just in this case. Had Miner done something so terrible that he should be trapped and killed? All he had done was to spoil the looks of my lawn. Had he done even this? I could push a roller along that ridge and one would never know that it had been there. I could even press it flat with my foot and in a few days there would be no trace of Miner's work. Certainly this was nothing very terrible. In fact, had Miner done anything wrong at all? Did he know that those little ridges of his make a lawn look unsightly? He knows nothing about lawns. He had no means of knowing that he had no business there. He was a trespasser on my property, but he didn't know he was trespassing. In a court of law a human trespasser may be punished only when there are signs warning against trespassing. Would it be justice to punish one who had no means of knowing that he was where he had no business to be?

And then another thought came to me. Was it true that he had no business there? What had led him there? He had been in search of food, and Miner's food consists almost wholly of worms and grubs. Some of those grubs are very harmful to grass roots. He had done me no real harm, and who knows but he had been of real service to me? I suspect that he had. And then there came over me the wonder of what that little worker in the ground had done in a single night. Of course you know that the ridges were made by forcing up the surface as he made a tunnel through the earth. If I were to dig a tunnel big enough to crawl through and makes it as long in proportion to my size as was the one Miner dug last night, it I would have to be about 800 feet long. Just imagine that. Right there on my own lawn this morning was one of the wonders of Nature, and in the blindness of silly anger I did not at first recognize it.

So it is with the relations between man and many of our little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. We judge and condemn without evidence. We are unjust. The bird who takes a few cherries has bought and paid for those cherries a hundred times over by the insects which he has destroyed, but we forget that. Miner the Mole has nothing to fear from me now. The birds in my fruit trees are my friends. What they take I give freely. They have earned it.

Dear Club Members, as you study the little people about you keep that one word "justice" ever in mind. So shall we wander together over the Green Meadows and

through the Green Forest with eyes that see and ears that hear, and hearts aglow with love, and the little wild people, who are wild only through fear, will come to call us "friends" and will no longer fear. Fear is born of injustice. Let us be just. Justice is founded on knowledge. Let us learn the truth. In my letters of the future, I shall try to tell you some of the facts about our little neighbors.

Ever your friend,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Toronto Star Letter 3.

July 1, 1916, page 20

Every Time You Help a Bird You Are Serving All America

It's the Truest Kind of Patriotism to Protect the Birds, Who in Turn Protect Us From Insects Who Would Destroy All Our Food.

Dear Fellow Club Members.—How many of you have visited that sanctuary for the birds at Harcroft, about which there was such a splendid account in a recent number of the Star Weekly? I hope some of you have. I wish all of you might. Just a little while ago I received a special invitation from Mrs. Harvey to visit it, and I can think of nothing that would give me greater pleasure. Someday I hope to do it. It is a wonderful and beautiful thing which Mr. and Mrs. Harvey have done in providing this place of safety for the home-building of the dear little feathered people, and I know that just in proportion to the joy which they have given to the hundreds of birds who have found out about this secure and beautiful retreat and have made their homes there, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey have received joy from their feathered tenants. But they have done more than a beautiful thing; they have done a patriotic thing. They have done something worthwhile for their country, and not only for Canada, but also for all America.

Did you ever think of it in that way? It is true. No country can long exist without birds. It took man a long time to find this out, but he is beginning to understand it now. Without birds the beautiful Dominion would soon become a dreary waste, for in spite of all that man has learned about destroying harmful insects, it is still true that the birds are the one great force which keeps them in check and enables man to grow the food on which he sustains life. When we protect the birds, we are not doing them a favor. I want to get this firmly fixed in your minds. Protection of the birds is not kindness at all but is simple justice. It is simply partial payment of a personal debt which we owe.

We are All in Debt to the Birds

No one likes to be in debt. But we are in debt, every single one of us, to the birds. Don't forget it. Every time one of you boys or girls saves an insect-eating bird (most small birds are insect eaters) from harm, places water for them to drink in hot, dry weather, or food for them to eat in winter, you do something for your, country. Not only for your own country do you do it, but also for the great country to the south of you.

You see the birds of Canada, that is a great many of them, are not Canadians—they are Americans in the biggest, broadest sense. They know nothing of boundary lines. Some of the identical birds who work for you in Canada work for us in the United States, for the people of poor war-torn Mexico, and even for some of those countries farther south in Central America. I mean by that that sometime during the year they are hard at work holding the destructive insects in check in each of these countries

So every time you save the life of a bird or do something for the protection of birds you do an act of international service. Isn't that a wonderful thought? It is true, just as true as it is that this great world goes round. And if this is true, it is equally true that every time a man or boy takes the life of one of these little friends, he does an act of international harm.

Not all of us can do such a wonderful work as Mr. and Mrs. Harvey are doing at Harcroft, but every one of us can do something in a small way at least. Let us do it every chance we get and in the doing of it remember that it is just as truly an act of patriotism as a direct service for the nation we love. In fact it is a direct service.

Yours for America and first Americans—the birds,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 4.

July 8, 1916, page 20

How to Know the Birds Apart

Mr. Burgess Gives Some Rules

Make Sure of His Size, His Dress, How He Flies, Whether He Walks, Hops, or Runs, What His Voice Is Like, and Where He Is Most at Home—Then Ask Mr. Burgess About Him.

Dear Everybody.-Every other day I get a letter from some bright-eyed lad or lassie who has seen a bird which they have never seen before. At least they think they have never seen it before, though the chances are that they have seen it, or others like it, many times, only with unseeing eyes. You know you can see a thing and still not see it. So they write me a little about this bird and ask me to tell them what it is. And very frequently all I can do is to tell them that it is—just a bird. You see, they have not learned how to really see, how to use their eyes so as to see the little feathered stranger well enough to tell what he looks like.

Here is an example: "The other day I saw a little brown bird picking canker worms from one of our apple trees. Please tell me what kind of a bird it was." Now if someone should tell you that they had seen a red apple and asked you to tell them what kind of an apple it was, what would you say? It would be just as easy for you to answer that question as for me to answer about the little brown bird. You know there are a great many little brown birds. That is, there are many which seem just brown at the first glance.

Now supposing you met three men who looked just alike and dressed just alike, except that one was wearing a red necktie, one a blue necktie, and the other a white necktie, how would you tell them apart? By their neckties, of course. Those little bits of color would be enough for you to tell the men apart. It is much the same way with birds. If that little brown bird wore a reddish-brown cap, a grayish waistcoat, and had a black bill, it was a Chipping Sparrow, which I suspect was really the case. But the bright eyes that saw it saw only the bird as a whole, and, I suspect, that not very clearly, for if it was a Chipping Sparrow it was quite as much gray as brown.

Look for Special Markings

THE way to learn to know the birds is to look for special markings which will make it possible for you to ask questions possible instead of impossible to answer. First make sure of his relative size as compared with some bird with whom you are acquainted, Welcome Robin, for instance, or Bully the English Sparrow. Then watch sharply for a spot of color. If you see none while he is quiet, wait until he flies. When he spreads his tail in flight you may discover that there are white feathers in it which you could not see when the tail was closed. The same is true of the wings. It may be that in the middle of a gray breast there is a black dot. It may be that somewhere about him is a dash of bright color, yellow, red, or orange. Possibly he has a crest on his head or it may be that there is a little hook at the end of his bill. In other words, the thing to do is to see some particular mark and to see just where that particular mark is located, on his head, his sides, his breast, his wings, his tail.

Then you should try to discover how he flies and how he walks. Some birds walk, some run, some hop. Some birds fly with a steady, even flight; others soar without seeming to flap their wings, save occasionally, some rise and fall as if going over a roller-coaster; some flit, some dart. When you have learned how the various birds fly you often will be able to tell them just by their flight when they are too far for you to see their colors at all.

Let Your Ears Help Your Eyes

AND then there are your ears to help out your eyes.

Some birds warble, some trill, some chip, some peep, some scream, some have sweet voices, some have harsh, unpleasant voices, and some you seldom hear at all. One thing more. Note where you see the birds. Some you will find high in the trees and others only among bushes. Others you will never see alight anywhere save on the ground, and still others, like the Chimney Swift, you will see only in the air. Many you will find only on or near the water, and still others only in the depths of the Green Forest.

So, dear friends, when you see a bird with whom you are not familiar, note these things: First, his comparative size; then just how he is dressed, how he flies; whether he walks, hops, or runs; whether he is most at home in trees, bushes, on the ground, or in the water, and what kind of a voice he has.

If you will do these things perhaps I or some other friend who is well acquainted with the birds can tell you what bird it is you have seen. And if you do use your eyes

in this way, you will never forget a bird once you have found out what kind it is. I will be only too glad to help you in every way I can to learn to know our little feathered friends, but please don't ask me the name of "a little brown bird," or "a little grey bird," or "a red apple."

Yours for eyes that see,

Thornton W. Burgess

Mr. Burgess has informed us privately that he will be glad to have the boys and girls, who are members of the Old Mother Nature Club, write to him, in care of The Star Weekly, and ask him to tell about some particular bird or other. Come now, who'll be first?

Toronto Star Letter 5

July 15, 1916, page 20

Domestic Cats Kill Millions of Useful Birds Every Year And Therefore "N—ine"[3] Cannot Be Taken Into the Circle of the Quaddies, Who Simply Would Not Trust Him—Keep a Watch on Your Pet Pussy.

Dear Fellow Club Members,-A very nice letter has just reached me. It is from a cat, and because her name is N—ine I suspect that she is the same color as Farmer Brown's Black Pussy. Now "N—," as she is called, has a very beautiful kitten. At least she says that it is beautiful, wherein I suspect that she is like most fond mamas. She wants Fluffy, for this is this kitten's name, to be a Quaddy, and is quite sure that Peter Rabbit and the other Quaddies would enjoy playing with her. "N—." says that her dear little Fluffy wouldn't hurt anyone, and to please ask the Quaddies to admit her to their circle. Of course I have had to leave this matter to Peter Rabbit who, you know, founded the Quaddies. Peter says that it just cannot be done. He is sorry, but it won't do. In the first place the Quaddies are the little people of the Green Meadows, the Green Forest, the Old Orchard, the Old Pasture, the Laughing Brook, and the Smiling Pool, the little people who live in those places, make their homes there, and get their food there. They are the little people whom we humans call wild creatures, which really means not wild at all, but "free." Those who live in the homes of men and are taken care of, like Fluffy, and Bowser the Hound, and Bossy the Cow, are not and cannot be true Quaddies. The Quaddies will be glad to have them as friends but they cannot admit them to their own precious circle.

Simply Cannot Trust Cats.

One thing more. Peter says that they simply cannot trust cats, no matter how well trained they may be. He says that the littlest Quaddies suffer more from cats than from any other cause, unless it is man, and he blames men for the cats. Cats just naturally love to hunt. It is born in them. I guess they just can't help it. No matter how well fed they may be, they simply cannot resist the temptation to hunt birds and squirrels and little rabbits, and Danny Meadow Mouse and other little Quaddies. And this is something that Quaddies cannot forgive. Of course these very little folks would prefer

3 The offensive words appeared in the original.

not to be hunted at all, but they know that some of the bigger Quaddies have to hunt them in order to live themselves, and so this is all right. The bigger Quaddies hunt the little Quaddies only when hungry; not just for the pleasure of killing. So it is a law of the Quaddies that each must be smart enough to take care of himself, smarter than those hunting him. The one unforgivable thing is to hunt another when there is no need whatsoever. This is why Shadow the Weasel has never been admitted to the Quaddy band, and why no cat can ever hope to join. So I am afraid that Fluffy will have to be content to be simply a Quaddy friend, and I hope she will be always. But, like Peter Rabbit, I feel a little doubtful about it. It would be too good to be true.

Cats Kill Millions of Birds Every Year.

Now, you mustn't think that I do not like cats. I do. One of the best pets I ever had was a cat. If everyone would keep their cats within bounds and not allow them to stray from home, we would have many millions more birds than we do have. Some of you may not know that the annual loss of birds killed by pussy, not the bob-tailed cousin of Tufty the Lynx, but the house cat, is estimated to be in the millions. The trouble is there are too many cats. Just watch your own pet cats, boys and girls, and do your best to keep them from hunting the birds. In that way you can do a real work for the Club and for the furred and feathered Quaddies whom we all love so much.

With love to all of you,

Thornton W. Burgess

Here Is "N—'s" Letter

I am a black pussy, and my name is N—ine, but I usually get Just plain "N—." I live in an Eastern town. I have a nice lawn to play on with trees, grape vines, arbors, shrubs, cat-nip, beautiful flowers, etc., etc.

I have a beautiful grey kitten, and its name is Fluffy. It was six weeks old last Friday, and it is just as soft as a bunch of wool or downy fur. It is very playful; it can run and jump and roll over. It often runs and jumps on my head and back. It is really a distinguished kitten, and I have been taking great interest in your "Little Stories for Bedtime" column, and I would like to have Fluffey join your quaddie circle. It would be a great help to the little quads, and I must say it is a perfect beauty. Its both ears are piped with light grey fur, and I think your quaddie circle is not complete without a Fluffey in it. Fluffey loves to have fun. It has needles in its mouth, and also in its little pads, and it bites very soft. I do not think it would hurt anyone, and I am sure all the quads would like Fluffey. I think Peter Rabbit could have lots of fun with Fluffey. I guess this is about all I have time to write to you just now. Although I could tell you a great deal more, but space and time will not permit me to do so; but I want you to interview all the little quads, and try and take Fluffey into your circle. I would be glad to hear from you through your interesting column.

"N—." Picton, Ont.

Toronto Star Letter 6.

July 22, 1916, page 20

Sooty the Chimney Swift Gets Lot of Fun Out of Flying

More Than Any Other Bird He Gets Pleasure Out of His Wings.

He's Worth Viewing

The Skater of the Air—Why He Lives in Chimneys—Likes Lots of Company.

Dear Folks: I like that word folks. It means a whole lot.

It includes big and little, rich and poor. It has an intimate sound, a friendly sound. I always think of our little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest as "folks," and I suspect that a great many others are beginning to think of them in the same way. Speaking of folks, common and otherwise, there is one whom most of you have seen often enough and yet I wonder how much you know about him. It is Sooty, the Chimney Swift.

Sooty is most often called Chimney Swallow, but he doesn't belong to the Swallow family at all; he is a Swift. There is nothing beautiful about Sooty. In fact, he is about as homely a fellow as I know of so far as the way he dresses is concerned. But when it comes to flying, I confess I often envy Sooty the Chimney Swift. Of all the birds that fly Sooty is the one who seems to get the most fun from the use of his wings. You know a great many birds appear to use their wings solely to get them from one place to another. You never would suspect Welcome Robin or Sammy Jay or Blacky the Crow of flying just for fun, would you? Did you ever stop to think of that? Isn't it so? On the other hand, when you see King Eagle or Redtail the Hawk or Skimmer the Swallow sailing in circles high in the blue, blue sky, it always seems as if they must be doing it as much for enjoyment as for any other reason. But for getting fun, pure, unadulterated, hilarious fun, out of wings, there is no one to compare with Sooty the Chimney Swift.

Like a Small Boy

JUST listen to him! He is like a small boy let loose for a holiday when his skates are sharp and the ice is smooth. I always think of him as the skater of the air. Watch him. See him rush ahead with swiftly-beating wings, shouting joyously the while, and at the end of the rush glide smoothly in a great curve, then do it all over again. Isn't that for all the world like a small boy on skates who thinks more of speed than grace and who must shout for pure joy as he makes short spurts, ending each in a smooth gliding, turn? Certainly if anyone gets "fun" out of flying it is Sooty. Even now as I am writing I hear him and the sound of his voice gives me exactly the same feeling that does the shouting of a boy at play.

But Sooty is doing something besides play. He is filling his stomach at the same time. He seems to me to be the one person who has best learned how to get pleasure out of his work. You know he lives wholly on insects which he catches as he flies, and he must catch a great many every day to give him the energy to use those funny little narrow wings of his. So most of the time he is hunting food, but at the same time

getting all the fun possible out of it.

Despite his unattractive appearance Sooty is a wonderfully interesting little fellow. He is smart enough to turn the presence of man to his own advantage. Before the coming of man, he built his nest in a hollow tree, but it didn't take him long to discover that a chimney, from which no smoke issues in the summer, is a far better place in which to live than a hollow tree. In the first place the open top is easier to get in and out of. Then the rough interior is just suited to his needs, for it is easy to fasten his nest to it. This is, made of tiny twigs broken off while the bird is flying (think of that!), and glued together with a sticky substance which Sooty produces in his mouth. The nest is fastened to the side of the chimney in the same manner.

Uses One Wing at a Time

Another interesting thing is his manner of flight. It is pretty well established that Sooty at least part of the time uses first one wing and then the other instead of both at the same time, as is the case with other birds, much in the same manner as you will sometimes see a man lazily rowing a boat by taking a stroke first on one side, then on the other. This is a somewhat disputed point, but the closest students assert that it is so. I confess that his wings move too fast for me to be absolutely sure about it myself. Another interesting thing is that very little is known as to where and how he spends his winters.

After the nesting season Sooty is of a social disposition, great numbers of Swifts occupying the same chimney. I have seen them going down a certain old chimney in a steady stream at dusk until the inside must have been lined with the queer little fellows clinging to the sides. It is wonderful how they can check themselves in full flight and go straight down without bruising their wings against the chimney. I never have known a Swift to miss his aim but once, and that once was a tragedy. I think it must have been a young Swift who had not yet learned this fine art or else it was a very careless one. The chimney was protected by an old-fashioned lightning rod which stuck up spear-like some three feet above the top. Somehow that Swift made a mistake and came straight down on that sharp point, and he came down so fast that the point went clear through his little body and projected several inches, killing the bird instantly. And there the little body remained, a dreadful warning to other Swifts not to be careless.

Now this letter is getting over-long so I must end it. Just remember that Sooty is not a Swallow, but a Swift. Watch him and see how many interesting things you can discover about him for yourselves is the things we find out ourselves that are the most interesting.

Your sincere friend,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Toronto Star Letter 7.

August 19, 1916, page 18

Why Kill the Garter Snake?

Mr. Burgess Tells a Story of What Happened at a Baseball Game.

A Vesper Sparrow

On a Golf Links and Another Bird in Far-Away Mexico Fared Better.

Dear Club Members: Do you think I have forgotten you and the Club? Not a bit of it. I've been having a vacation, that's all. You know even writers need a vacation once in a while. Then when I got home again there was such a lot to do that somehow I couldn't seem to catch up. So you see it wasn't at all that I had forgotten you or lost interest.

Let me tell you of something that happened while I was away to remind me of you and of my little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. One day I went out to play golf at quite a famous club. One of the players drove his ball into some tall grass and I went to help him look for it. Suddenly from under our feet flew a little bird with an anxious cry. Looking down we saw a beautifully made little nest on the ground and in it two brown speckled eggs. It was the home of a Vesper sparrow, sometimes called ground sparrow or grass finch. Poor little birdie! She had chosen what looked like a good hiding place but which, on account of the way provoking little golf balls have of going where no one ever intends they shall go, was not safe at all. But of course a little bird could not be expected to know about golf. We warned others who were near to watch out for the nest so as not to step on it while hunting for lost balls, and I hope with all my heart that little Mrs. Sparrow succeeded in raising her babies there.

From my home city a great many men have gone to the Mexican border as soldiers. Today I read that they had been very busy clearing a great piece of ground for camping. It was covered with cactus and tumble-weed. In a clump of tumbleweed right in the middle of what is to be their camp ground a little nest with eggs in it was discovered. Someone reported to the colonel in command and he at once issued orders that that clump of tumble-weed should not be disturbed, and had stakes driven around it so that no one should by accident disturb the nesting bird. Wasn't that splendid? It was no more than right and simple justice, but just the same it was splendid.

Now listen to this. In that same paper was an account of a ball game. A ball was batted to one of the fielders and as he stooped to pick it up he suddenly threw up his hands, yelled and jumped back, evidently in fright. At once a crowd rushed out to see what had happened, and there they found little Mr. Garter Snake wondering what all the fuss was about. A bat was brought and with it little Mr. Garter Snake was beaten to death. Poor little Mr. Garter Snake! Not two feet long, hardly as big around as my little finger, harmless and really beautiful, he was beaten to death, and for what? Why, because he was a snake. It makes me blush to think of it; to think that there can be people, members of the enlightened human race, so ignorant as to let silly fear brutalize them to the point of killing one whose right to life and happiness was God given.

I pray each one of you never to allow ignorance to make you brutal, unjust, merciless towards our little friends, the Quaddies.

Yours heartily,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 8.

September 2, 1916, page 21

Little Feathered Folks Are Getting Ready to Move South

Food is Getting Scarcer Every Day, and Chipmunks, Squirrels, Beavers, and Muskrats are Busy Storing Nuts for Winter, While Johnny Chuck and Buster Bear are Putting On Fat.

Dear Fellow Club Members:

There are two periods in the year which are peculiarly interesting to all lovers of Old Mother Nature and her children. One is in the spring, when our feathered and furred friends are setting up housekeeping, and the other is in the fall, when they are breaking up housekeeping. The return of the birds in the spring and the awakening of the sleepers is always very interesting to me, but not less are the preparations for the long winter. They have already begun. And as I watch them I cannot but notice the difference in wise Old Mother Nature's treatment of the little friends we all love so much.

In the spring when the sleepers awaken and the birds return from the sunny Southland they have no need to take thought for the morrow. Old Mother Nature is doing that for them. Each day the food supply becomes more plentiful. They have awakened or returned to a land of increasing plenty. They can give themselves wholly to the joy of home-making, and until they have babies to watch over and care for there is little to worry about or plan for. And so in a thousand ways they give expression to the joy of living.

But in the autumn with the ever nearer approach of Jack Frost everything is very different. To a certain extent Old Mother Nature is through providing. It is just the reverse of the spring. Each day the food supply becomes less plentiful. The little people must take thought for the morrow instead of being careless of what it may bring forth. It always seems to me that Old Mother Nature in her great wisdom deliberately chooses at this time to make the little people themselves responsible for their own welfare. No longer may they live carelessly for the day only but must plan for the morrow. All the summer they have been given an abundance. Now they are left to provide for themselves to the end that they may gain in wisdom and in self-reliance and thus be better fitted to fill their allotted places in the great world.

Soberly Preparing

SO on every hand we find them soberly preparing for the winter. Many of those who are to stay with us until the return of sweet Mistress Spring are hard at work. They

know that on their work now depends their ability to live through the long winter. Food they must have and this food must be secured now or they will starve when all the land is covered with snow and ice. So Striped Chipmunk, and Happy Jack Squirrel, and Chatterer the Red Squirrel, are laying up stores of nuts and seeds where they can get them when needed. Johnny Chuck and Buster Bear are doing the same thing only in a different way. They are storing their food under their skins in the form of fat. They will sleep through most of the winter, but they know that unless they are fat when they go to sleep they will have no strength when they awake in the spring. Paddy the Beaver is both laying up stores of food and building his house to be warm and comfortable when his pond is frozen over.

His cousin, Jerry Muskrat, is doing likewise.

An Interesting Season

THE birds are gathering in flocks, making up parties for their long journey to the sunny Southland and getting themselves in condition for the strain of such a long trip. Old Mr. Toad and his cousin, Sticky-toes, the Tree Toad, are looking for places in which to bury themselves for their long sleep, places where they will be sure that no harm will come to them. So it is with nearly all the little such as Reddy Fox, and Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter and Peter Rabbit, and some of the birds such as Tommy Tit the Chickadee and Drummer, the Woodpecker, and Yank- Yank, the Nuthatch, and a few more, little people who are certain that they can find enough to eat, even in the winter, are not busy preparing for the long winter.

So this is a very interesting season if you will but keep your eyes open. It is a season when much of great interest is to be learned just by watching. Watch your little friends of the summer and see how differently each prepares for the long winter. Keep a record of the dates when you see the different feathered friends for the last time. It will give added interest to their return in the spring. Old Mother Nature is very, very wise, and at no time is her wisdom more manifest than now as she teaches her children the great lesson of self-reliance.

Sincerely yours,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 9.

September 9, 1916, page 12

Bully, the English Sparrow, An Enemy of Useful Birds

He Drives Away the Native Birds Whose Aid We Need for the Destruction of Harmful Insects—Never Allow Him to Build a Nest or Hatch Eggs

Dear Clubmates: Every other day I get a letter asking me if it is right and fair to urge you to lift your hand against the English Sparrow; if it is in keeping with our pledge to be just, merciful and kind to Old Mother children. I have written on this matter before, but because of the frequency of these letters and also because in future

I hope to tell you something about our native sparrows I am glad to devote this one to Bully the English Sparrow, the one member of the Sparrow family whom nearly everyone is acquainted with.

With all my heart I desire to be quite fair and just to Bully. Never have I even suggested that he be killed. We do not believe in killing, you know, unless it be absolutely necessary. What I have suggested is that Bully be discouraged from building; that when his nest is found it be destroyed. Thus may his tribe be in a measure kept from increasing and in time he may be forced to mend his ways. It is not that Bully is directly harmful. He is not destructive of crops. His offence is that he is indirectly harmful in that he drives away from our homes those birds which are most beneficial by their destruction of insects and weed seeds. This is not a theory, but is a proven fact attested by every close student of bird life.

Almost Wholly a Parasite

IF it were not for this, I would say tolerate' Bully, though there is little enough about him which is attractive. Of if he would confine himself wholly to the heart of the city where in the dirt of the streets he is perfectly at home, I would have a friendly feeling for him. But his tribe has increased so rapidly that he has overflowed the city limits and taken possession of the land, driving from their familiar nesting places the native birds whose aid we so sorely need. This would be a matter for deep regret even if he assumed their duties in policing our gardens, orchards, and shade trees. But this he does not do. The plain unvarnished truth is Bully the English Sparrow, more properly called European House Sparrow, is very much in the nature of a parasite. You know a parasite is a creature which lives off of others. Bully lives off of man.

That is, he gets most of his food from man. That is why he has attached himself to man's dwelling place. You do not find him earning an honest living in the fields or orchards. He picks it up in the street or steals it from the poultry yard.

Not infrequently someone writes me that I am mistaken about Bully and that they have seen him catching worms and insects. I am not mistaken, but also it is true that at times he does catch worms and insects. When there are young in his nest, they must have soft food and then Bully and his wife do catch a few worms and soft-bodied insects to feed the babies. But the number destroyed in this way is as nothing to what the native birds who depend on such food for the greater part of their living destroy. Just remember this.

Noisy and a Dirt Lover

Now for a few facts about Bully which you may confirm for yourself. He is a fighter, noisy, and a lover of dirt. He revels in the dirt of the road. His nest is a cumbersome affair of straw, grass, feathers, and rags and as dirty as he is himself. His playground is the street and much of his living is picked up in filth. He is not native of America, but was brought here, where, unfortunately, he has not fitted in to Old Mother Nature's plan, but on the contrary, has upset the balance of things by driving out native birds. He is bold, impudent, without beauty of plumage or sweetness of voice. The one thing to be said in his favor is that he does bring a touch of feathered life into the dreary

streets of the city and has the courage to stay through the winter when a glimpse of bird life is so welcome that even his sins may almost be forgiven him. It is not Bully's fault that he is here, but it is our fault if he is allowed to drive out the other birds. So I say, do not allow him to nest when you can prevent it. Otherwise remember your pledge.

Thornton W. Burgess.

Toronto Star Letter 10.

September 16, 1916, page 14

Whitethroat Sings "Sweet Canada" Or "I Live Happ-i-ly" As You Please

He Wears True Sparrow Coat, and Is a Useful and Loveable Bird.

Dear Clubmates: As I told you last week, I am going to tell you something about the Sparrow family. I began last week with Bully the European House Sparrow because he probably is familiar to more of you than any of his, cousins. There was little good that I could say for Bully, and I didn't enjoy writing the letter. But happily there is little but good that I can say for the Bully's American cousins and so to write about them is a delight. When I say American, I mean just that—native to America. There is no international boundary line for the birds.

They are neither citizens of the United States nor of Canada, but of America. I am glad it is so, aren't you?

Now I am going to tell you of one of the Sparrows which I know you want to claim as Canadian, but which I cannot allow you to so claim because we love him too much on this side of the line, and he is quite as much at home in the forests of the northern part of the United States as in Canada. Do you guess who I mean? Whitethroat, of course! Who else should it be? Whitethroat is one of the larger Sparrows and such a contrast to dirty, quarrelsome Bully! He is a gentleman in the truest and best sense, neat, modestly but attractively dressed, sweet-voiced, gentle in manners, but courageous, if need be, industrious.

Red-Letter Days

Where I live Whitethroat tarries but a few days, but those days are red letter days for me. When in the spring I hear his never-to-be-forgotten song and hasten out to find him busily at work among the dead leaves beneath my hedge I am stricken with envy of you who have him with you all the long summer. He is so lovable, and loving if we may believe his exquisite song. No wonder you are sure he sings, "Swee-e-et Can-a-da, Can-a-da." To me he always seems to say, "I live happ-i-ly, happ-i-ly, happ-i-ly." And I'm sure he does, for no one could live otherwise who makes other people so happy.

Whitethroat wears the true Sparrow coat of rufus-brown, more less streaked with black and greyish white, and with greyish underparts. But you may always know him by his white throat, whence his name. His cap is white and black, the white being a narrow stripe between two broader bands of black. Above each eye, along the side of

the head, is a white stripe, and before the eye is a yellow line, and there is yellow on the bend of the wings. Altogether Whitethroat is a handsome little fellow in a modest way.

Goes South in Fall

HE is a lover of the Green Forest and there he builds his nest of grass, rootlets, moss, strips of bark, and places it on the ground or in low pushes. This last summer while in the White Mountains I spent half an hour searching for Whitethroat's home, knowing by the anxious chirps of Whitethroat and his mate that it was close at hand. But it was so cunningly hidden that at length I gave up. I would not willingly prolong the distress and anxiety of two such dear little friends. Before I was out of hearing distance Whitethroat's joyous voice reached me, "I live hap- p-i-ly, happ-i-ly, happ-i-ly," and I was glad that I had not lingered too long to disturb that happiness.

Whitethroat eats both seeds and insects and is one of the protectors of our forests. He goes south in the fall and winters all the way from southern New England to far away Florida, and wherever he is he is always working in our interest. In the spring he hurries back to his beloved northland. Going and coming he is most sociable and gladly welcomes other birds to travel with him. Love him? Of course we do, dearly. And the best expression of that love is an effort on the part of each one of us to see that no harm befalls him. No bird more richly deserves to "live happily."

Yours for Whitethroat,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 11.

September 23, 1916, page 14

Little Friend Song Sparrow The Most Lovable of Birds

Embodies in His Song the Very Spirit of Happiness

Dear Everybody: One day while tramping along by the Laughing Brook just "looking." I caught a glimpse of a slender little bird with long legs, a finely spotted coat, and a queer habit of continually bobbing up and down as if so delicately balanced on his legs that the least breath of air made him bob. It was Teeter the Spotted Sandpiper. It being the season of housekeeping for most of my feathered friends, I suspected that Teeter possessed an interesting secret hidden near, and at once began to search for it. Presently Mrs. Teeter slipped away from before me as if anxious not to be seen. Then I stepped with care for I knew that eggs or young, whichever might be in the nest, were in danger, for the home of the Teeters is on the ground. In a moment I found it. It wasn't much of a nest, just a shallow depression in the sand with a few straws by way of lining. It was close to a little clump of bunch grass, and there were four eggs.

When I had admired them to my heart's content I started to walk away and as I did so just happened to glance down on the other side of that bunch of grass. Imagine my surprise to discover another nest cleverly tucked in under the grass, and in this one four eggs. But this nest was very different from the other. It was a real nest. It was

compactly built of grass and rootlets, and lined with fine, soft grasses. It was the home of Little Friend the Song Sparrow. A good sized panama hat would have covered both nests.

Friend to All the World

Which chose that location first? I do not know, but I suspect that it was Little Friend. Can you imagine the English Sparrow tolerating a neighbor so close as that? Never! But Little Friend the Song Sparrow is of a wholly different type. He is Little Friend to all the world. Of all the birds there is none more lovable than this little singer of the thickets along the brook, the edge of the swamp, or other wet places. He wears a rufous-brown cap, and for the rest, his coat is streaked with black and rufous with edgings of greyish color. His breast is greyish, with wedge-shaped streaks of black and rufous-brown, which tend to run together and form a dark blotch in the centre. His sides are washed with brownish and streaked with black and brown. Altogether, he is a very sparrowy little Sparrow, modest as to dress, just shy enough in his ways to be delightful, and so bubbling over with the joy of living and pure happiness that he needs must share it with all his friends. So we find him singing when other birds are silent. Of course, he sings more freely in the spring, but there isn't a month while he is with us that his song may not be heard. And such a song! There are others more brilliant, more wonderful, but none so embody in liquid sound the very spirit of happiness. It is one of the gladdest sounds of the early spring for a little friend returns to us while the snow still lingers in the thickets. And he stays late as if loath to leave, singing once in a while to assure us that the autumn is not a sad time unless we make it so.

He is a great eater of seeds, mostly harmful weed seeds, and a persistent destroyer of injurious insects. Seldom is he seen far above the ground, and he is ever ready to disappear among the shrubs when alarmed, always flying downward and never up. He builds a substantial nest on the ground or in low bushes. A tussock of grass is a favorite location. There, Mr. and Mrs. Little Friend rear one, two, three, even four broods in a season, for they are among the most domestic of all our friends.

If you do not know Little Friend (of course you do), take my advice and look for him at once to make his acquaintance. You will find him in the shrubbery of the city park, along the Laughing Brook, in the alders by the Smiling Pool, near the swamp in the Old Pasture, mayhap in your very own dooryard. He is one of Old Mother Nature's perfect little gentlemen, and I bespeak for him your love, protection, and watchful care.

Long may Little Friend live, and his tribe increase! He is as worthy as his European cousin is unworthy.

Sincerely Yours,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 12.

October 7, 1916, page 18

Chipping Sparrow is Most Useful of All Birds on Farm

In June 90% of His Food Consists of Insects and Worms—Eats Weed Seeds Also.

Dear Friends:—While we are discussing the Sparrows there is one member of the big family whose acquaintance everyone of you should make if you have not already done so. This is Chippy the Chipping Sparrow, sometimes called "Hair Bird." The latter name comes from his habit of lining his nest with horse hair. Chippy's scientific name is *Spizella socialis*, and for once the learned folk who bestow names of a dead language on living creatures have chosen one that at least expresses one of Chippy's most conspicuous traits. He is nothing if not social.

In every way he is the opposite of his cousin Bully, the English, or European House Sparrow, save that like Bully he has to a certain extent attached himself to the abode of man. But while Bully has done this that he may live on man's bounty, boldly stealing what is not given him, Chippy has had a wholly different purpose in mind. He makes his home close to our homes in order that he may live on the worms and insects which attack the trees, plants, and bushes peculiar to our gardens, orchards, and home grounds. He is trim, neat in person and in his home, exceedingly friendly, yet never obtrusively so, cheerful, never quarrelsome with his neighbors, and an indefatigable worker. In short, he is a modest little gentleman in the truest sense.

If you are not acquainted with him, you should be. Certainly it cannot be his fault. Very likely you will not have to go beyond your own doorstep to make his acquaintance, for his confidence in man and his own friendliness often lead him to search for crumbs at our very door. You will know him by his small size, slender build, bright rufous (reddish- brown) cap and brown back streaked with fine lines of black. Over the eye is a clearly marked grey line. His bill is black, and his rump grey. His song, if song you can call it, is an oft-repeated chippy-chippy- chippy chippy chippy, sometimes running into an insect-like trill. It is not musical, but neither is it tiresome despite the monotonous character of it. It is to be heard at all hours of the day from daylight to dark, and even in the night. Moreover, you will hear it in mid-summer when the voices of other birds are rarely heard.

Eats Insects and Seeds.

Like most Sparrows, Chippy eats both insects and seeds, and he has the distinction of being the most useful of all birds in the garden and orchard. In June more than ninety per cent. of his food consists of insects and worms, and in other months the proportion of insect food is very large. Chippy destroys the moths of the tent caterpillar, forest tent caterpillar, and is very fond of the codlin moth. He eats the dreaded gypsy caterpillar, and the caterpillars of the brown-tail moth and the tussock moth. Currant worms and canker worms are great favorites with Chippy, and the number he and his modest little wife will kill in a day when they have hungry babies to feed is almost beyond belief. The pea louse, which has caused a loss of three millions of dollars to the pea crop in a single State in one year, is a tid-bit for Chippy, and he leads all birds in destroying these pests.

Weed seeds compose about forty per cent. of this little gentleman's bill of fare. Crab seed is a great favorite, and so is dandelion seed. So wherever he may be in the shade trees, among the shrubs, quietly working in and out among the vegetables of the garden, or unobtrusively busy on the lawn, he is a feathered blessing.

His nest is as simple and modest as Chippy himself. It is quite in keeping with its builder. It is small, not a bit bigger than absolutely necessary, and is made of fine rootlets or grasses, and lined with long hairs, most often the hairs from the tail of a horse. Where and how he manages always to find them is a mystery. Sometimes the nest is in a tree, frequently in the shrubbery, and by no means rarely in the vine that screens the porch. Frequently I have found Chippy's nest within three feet of where people sat every day. The eggs are blue, pointed at the smaller end, and with a ring of black spots around the larger end. With the advance of cold weather. Chippy leaves for the far-away Gulf States and Mexico. Love him; protect him. He will repay you a thousand fold.

Faithfully yours,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 13.

October 14, 1916, page 14

Dotty the Tree Sparrow is a Most Lovable Wee Bird

In the Summer Time He Goes to Hudson Bay and Labrador, But He Spends Winter With Us.

Dear Everybody:

Do you remember what I wrote you about my feeling that the birds belong neither to Uncle Sam nor to Our Lady of the Snows, but to all America? Perhaps some of you have read in the papers recently about the migratory bird treaty between the United States and Canada. It is simply an official recognition of the fact I have already stated, that the birds know no boundary lines. Citizen Bird is all-American, and the sooner this is recognized by the makers of our laws the better for him and for us. When this new treaty is ratified, it will mark a long stride towards simple justice for our feathered friends.

You may have a legal right to shoot one of my feathered friends who happens to fly over the imaginary line which separates your country from mine, or the reverse may be true and the laws of my country will permit me to shoot one of your feathered friends whom you have protected, but who has crossed to my side on his way south. We may both be within our legal rights. But, be this as it may, we are both violating moral right and the laws of mercy and humanity if we kill those to whom we are indebted for services rendered. God speed the day when the protection of our birds becomes uniform throughout America.

The Tree Sparrow

Last week I told you something about Chippy, the lovable and loving Chipping Sparrow, sometimes called Hair Bird. He has a cousin of whom I am very fond. I call him Dotty because in the middle of his breast is a single black dot, but he is commonly called Winter Chippy or Tree Sparrow. He is slightly bigger than Chippy but otherwise there is a strong resemblance. He also wears a reddish-brown cap, but there is no black on his forehead as is the case with Chippy. While the latter's bill is all black, Dotty's bill is black on the upper half and yellow on the lower half at the base, the tip being black. His scientific name is *Spizella monticola*. (I like Dotty better myself. It is easier to remember).

While Chippy is a beloved companion of the summer, Dotty hies himself away to the far north, to Labrador and the Hudson Bay country for his nesting. It would seem that he regards his home as too precious and sacred a thing to be exposed to the curious eyes of men. Like his cousin he lines his nest with hair, but needless to say it is not the hair of horses. The nest is usually on or near the ground.

Comes South for Winter

BUT with the coming of cold weather Dotty comes to us to spend the winter and take the place in our hearts and shrubbery left vacant by Chippy, and I find him a most welcome substitute. Though the snow be deep and the cold intense, Dotty flits about and twitters cheerily and proclaims that all is well. I love him for his stout heart and the friendliness with which he comes to my doorstep to see if perchance I have remembered to scatter some seeds of crumbs for him. He is a great destroyer of weeds, and you will find him almost any winter day wherever the weeds and grasses break the white surface of the snow-covered fields. Next to Tommy Tit the Chickadee I think I love him best of all the birds who dare Jack Frost to do his worst, He is worthy of all the protection we can give him.

He is of social disposition, and I often find him with Juncos searching for the seeds which eyes less sharp than theirs would never see. Watch for his coming when the weather turns cold. He is a friend worth having and worth knowing.

Yours as ever, Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 14.

October 28, 1916, page 18

Danny Meadow Mouse Became Famous Quite by Accident

And Now He's Going to Form a Feature of Crest of New Boy's School at Lennoxville, Quebec—Mrs. Ross Turned Him Out of His Home With Her Gold Spade.

Dear Club Members:

Since my last letter to you one of the nicest things possible has happened, and I am going to postpone what I had planned to write about some other members of the tribe of Sparrow, and instead tell you about this very important event. Danny Meadow Mouse has become famous! Yes, sir. Danny has become famous, and he is to be honored by a

great school. What do you think about that? Best of all, it all happened right up in your own beloved Canada. If it had happened to anyone but Danny Meadow Mouse I would be afraid of the effect. But Danny is such a modest, retiring little fellow that I do not in the least fear that the honor will go to his head or that he will be in the least conceited or puffed up.

At Lennoxville, Que., there is to be built what it is hoped to make one of the finest schools for boys in America, a million-dollar school donated by Lieut. J. K. L. Ross, R.N.C.V. Last week there took place the ceremonies incident to the turning of the first sod in preparation for the new buildings, and as a result of what happened then, Lieut. Ross has said that Danny Meadow Mouse is to have a permanent place in the school crest. Of course, you all know that the turning of the first sod, breaking ground, for a big institution like this is a very important event. It is considered an honor to turn this first shovelful of earth. This honor was given to Mrs. Ross, and a special spade in black and gold, the yachting colors of Lieut. Ross, was provided.

Turned His House Over

When Mrs. Ross turned the sod over who should run out but Danny Meadow Mouse. Without knowing it was there she had turned his house over. Of course, Danny was much upset and a great deal frightened, and he scampered away as fast as ever he could. You see, he didn't know that he was among friends. But he was. No one wanted to harm him. In fact, everyone was glad to see him, and the only regret was that his home had been so rudely destroyed. To make amends, Lieut. Ross announced that Danny's lineaments will be made permanent on the school crest. Isn't that splendid?

I cannot imagine any of the boys attending that school being cruel to Danny Meadow Mouse or willingly frightening him. I don't know just how much about Old Mother Nature's children is taught in that school, but if all those boys are simply made acquainted with the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, made acquainted in an intimate way, I feel sure that Danny Meadow Mouse may in the future well be proud that he has been honored on the school crest, for to be intimately acquainted with these little people and their lives is to become their friend, to lose all desire to frighten or harm them.

Not at All Pretty

Danny Meadow Mouse, perhaps as often called Field Mouse, is one of our most common little friends, and yet, unless you go looking especially for him, he is seldom seen. If you do see him it usually is no more than a glimpse as he scampers along one of his private little paths through the grass. He is a chunky little fellow, not pretty at all, and you may always tell him by his short tall, which looks as if it had been nipped off. Not one of all the little wild people has more dangers to watch out for. Reddy Fox, Old Man Coyote, Digger the Badger, Hooty the Owl, the different members of the Hawk family are forever hunting him. Even Blacky the Crow is not above hunting him when other food is scarce, and Longlegs the Heron is quite willing to dine on him if he gets a chance. Added to these is Puss the Cat, who hunts him not to eat, but for the pleasure of hunting. Altogether Danny has a lively time of it day and night, summer and winter.

Sometimes he gets into mischief by gnawing the bark from young fruit trees when other food is scarce in winter or by taking what Farmer Brown thinks is more than his share of grain in the shock, but you must remember that he doesn't know any reason why he shouldn't help himself to these things. In the summer he makes up in part by adding to his bill of fare various insects. In winter he tunnels under the snow in all directions and seems quite as comfortable in cold weather as in warm. I am very fond of him myself and always sorry when he gets into trouble. He is a brave little rascal, too, and will fight for his life as courageously as anyone I know of. The Green Meadows would not be the same without Danny Meadow Mouse.

Yours, for our little friends,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 15.

November 11, 1916, page 18

Mr. Burgess Wants His Boy and Girl Friends to Write

This Week He Tells Us About the Fox Sparrow and White-Cap the White-Crowned Sparrow.

Dear friends of the Little Folk:

Are you getting tired of sparrows? Well, this is the last I am going to write you about them for a while anyway. Those I have already told you of are such good everyday friends that I have wanted to help you to know them when you see them. Some of them look so much alike that they are often confused in the minds of those who do not use their eyes and ears as they were intended to be used. This always seems to me too bad. You wouldn't like to be mistaken for someone else, especially when you had been doing a great deal of good, would you?

But there are two members of the Sparrow family who, while true Sparrows, are in no danger of being confused with any others. You cannot help knowing them as soon as you lay eyes on them. The first of these is Scratcher the Fox Sparrow: Scratcher is the largest of the tribe, a big bird as Sparrows go, and he is practically all one color—fox red. It is because of this that he comes by his name of Fox Sparrow, and not because his character is in the least like that of Reddy Fox. It isn't: Goodness, no! I should hope not!

His size and color make it an easy matter to recognize Scratcher. His upper parts are reddish-brown, brightest on lower back, wings, and tail. Throat, breast, and sides are heavily marked with same color. So this whole appearance is as being of one color. He is a great lover of bushy thickets and roadside shrubbery, especially where it is a bit damp, it being his great delight to scratch over the dead leaves on the ground in quest of insects with which to vary his menu of seeds. And how he can scratch! He makes things fly. He has reduced scratching to an art that might well make Old Mother Hen searching for worms for a brood of hungry chicks fairly envious. He appears to use both feet at once, though how he does it is beyond me.

Not one of all his talented relatives can surpass Scratcher as a singer. His song is full, rich, spontaneous; with just the faintest hint of plaintiveness to make the joy of it a deeper and sweeter memory. The nest is built on the ground, or in low bushes.

The other cousin you will be sure to recognize on sight is White-Cap the White-Crowned Sparrow, one of the most aristocratic-looking of the entire tribe. He is a little larger than his cousin Whitethroat, with whom he frequently journeys during the spring and fall migrations. You will know him instantly by the white stripe across his crown. This is bordered on either side by a black stripe, all of about equal width. A conspicuous white line passes from over the eye-backward along the side of the head. These, markings are all that you need to identify him. His song is very much like the latter half of Whitethroat's.

White-Cap nests in the far north and in the high mountains of the western part of the United States The nest is placed on the ground or in low bushes. Both Scratcher, and White-Cap destroy quantities of weeds and insects.

There are many more, members of this interesting tribe, the Savanna Sparrow, very common in Canada; the Grasshopper Sparrow, the Seaside Sparrow, Brewer's Sparrow, Bachman's Sparrow, Ipswich Sparrow, Henslow's Sparrow, Lincoln's Sparrow, and several more; but if you make the acquaintance of those I have told you about you will know the more common Sparrows and the most useful and, interesting.

I wish that you would write me personally in care of The Star, telling me what birds and animals you are most anxious to know more about and asking such questions about them as puzzle you. It will help me to make these letters interesting, and l may be able to help you, more directly to get acquainted with our little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. Yours as ever, Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 16.

November 18, 1916, page 18

Peter Rabbit Says Folks Get Him and Hares All Mixed Up

He's Not Much of a Digger and He Doesn't Change the Color of His Coat in Winter—Why He Likes the Dear Old Briar Patch.

Dear Friends of Old Mother Nature—

Peter Rabbit is disturbed. Also I suspect that he is a wee bit jealous. He says I ought to write a special letter about him. I told him that everybody knows him and all about him. What do you thing he replied? "Nobody knows everything about anybody. A lot of people think they know all about me, when all the time they have got the facts all mixed up. Some of them don't know the difference between me and my English cousin, and some don't know the difference between me and my American cousin, Jumper the Hare. You've been writing a lot of letters about the Sparrow family, and now I want you to write one about me."

It was this last that makes me suspect that Peter is a wee bit jealous. So I told him

that I would write a special letter about him if he would tell me what he wanted to say. He scratched his left ear with his long right hindfoot, and then agreed to tell me what he wanted me to tell you, and this is it:

"I belong to the family *Leporidae*, and I'm the smallest member. I don't care anything about that name because I like Peter Rabbit better. It's easier to remember. But a lot of people call my cousin, Jumper the Hare, by my name, and I don't like that. What's the good of a name if you can't have it all to yourself? To be real fussy about the truth I suppose I am really a little Hare, and that the name Rabbit really belongs to my European cousins, but I guess I'm near enough to a true Rabbit to be called one. Anyway, everybody calls me a Rabbit—in some places the Grey Rabbit and in others the Cottontail Rabbit. All the rest of the family in America are true Hares, and yet people are forever calling 'em Rabbits. There's the long-eared, long-legged cousin of mine in the West. Everybody calls him Jack Rabbit when he ought to be called Jack Hare. And then there is my cousin Jumper in the North whom people will call Snowshoe Rabbit when he should be called Varying Hare. It's very annoying.

"Now you would think that as long as I have lived right in the Old Briar Patch right near people they would know me better than they do. But most of them have some queer ideas about me. Almost everybody seems to think I am a burrowing animal. That's where I am mixed up with my European cousins. They all are great diggers and live in holes at in the ground almost altogether,

So I have heard. I don't. I can dig a little, but I don't go in for that sort of thing much. It is too hard work. When I use holes in the ground they usually are holes someone else has dug. I find them very handy sometimes when I am in danger, but I prefer to spend my time on the surface and not in the ground. In fact, I was born on the surface, and not down in a hole as most folks seem to think. My mother just scraped out in a little hollow and in that made a nice warm nest, in which I and my brothers and sisters were born.

"Another thing: a lot of people think I change the color of my coat in winter. I don't do anything of the kind. My coat is a greyish-brown all the year through. It is my Cousin Jumper who has a white coat in winter and in summer a coat very much like my own. I suppose my ears are long compared with those of Johnny Chuck, Billy Mink, and Jerry Musk-rat, but they are not nearly as long in proportion to my size as are the ears of Cousin Jack and Cousin Jumper, or even my European cousins. Cousin Jumper likes the deep woods. I don't. I like the dear Old Briar Patch. The more briars and brambles and tangles of vines and thick clumps of bushes the better And if there are some young birch trees, a pine or two, a few rotting old stumps, a hollow log, and one of Johnny Chuck's old holes I won't ask for any better place to live. It is easy to hide in that kind of a place. Cousin Jumper depends on his long legs to get him out of danger, but though I can run pretty fast for a short distance, I can't keep it up the way he can and so I need hiding places right handy. I eat grass, clover, berries, bark, and garden vegetables when I can get them. Now, please tell everybody just who I am so they won't be calling my Cousin Jumper by my name and won't be blaming me for the mischief which I understand my European cousins are noted for. I guess that's all."

So here you are. I've told you what Peter told me, and if any of you have been mixed up about Peter and his cousins as he suspects I hope this will straighten it all out. Peter sends his love.

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 17.

December 9, 1916, page 15

Peter Rabbit Explains How Johnny Chuck Hi-ber-nates

Johnny and Grandfather Frog and Buster Bear All Go to Sleep for the Winter Months

Dear Friends—A dear little lassie has written me to ask how it is that Johnny Chuck and Grandfather Frog and Buster Bear and a lot of other people can sleep all winter. She says that she has been told that they do, but she just can't see how they do it. She doesn't understand why they don't starve to death. It is rather a mysterious thing, this hi-ber-na-tion, for that is what this strange long sleep is called. I don't wonder it puzzles this little maid. It has puzzled a great many older folks. You know it puzzled Peter Rabbit so that once on a time he tried to find out all about it. He thought it would be fine to sleep away the cold months as Johnny Chuck does. But when he tried to go to sleep that way he couldn't, and little by little he got it through his funny little head that it is only those who couldn't live if they were awake and moving about who can go into this strange, long sleep. Peter thought about it a great deal, and asked a great many questions of everybody he met, and what he found out I am going to tell you.

"You see, it's this way," explained Peter, scratching his long left ear with his long right hindfoot. "We don't all eat the same kinds of food, which. I guess is pretty lucky, because if we did we would soon eat it all, and then have to starve. So some eat leaves and bark and berries and seeds, and some eat huge bugs and worms, and some eat roots, and some eat-well, some eat each other. I think that is dreadful."

Peter looked at me as if he expected me to say something. "So do I," said I, "but what has this to do with sleeping all winter?"

"I was coming to that." replied Peter. "Can't you give a fellow a little time?"

Mother Nature's Plan

Of course I apologized, and then Peter went on with his remarks. Johnny Chuck lives on grass and lover and tender green things, and Old Mother Nature has given him a stomach for just this kind of food. Now, what can a fellow like that do when Jack Frost comes along, and kills every blessed thing he can eat? All he can do is to starve to death. Unless Old Mother Nature takes care of him. So she puts him to sleep—way down under ground where their cold cannot hurt him, and she keeps him asleep until there is something for him to eat again. All food is for anyway is to make heat and energy. If you are lying perfectly till you are not using up any energy, so you don't have

to have food to make that. And if you have a great thick layer of fat under your skin as Johnny Chuck has when he goes to sleep, and are way down where the cold cannot get at you, you are not going to need food to make heat. That is why Old Mother Nature puts him into such a deep sleep. It's the simplest way of keeping him alive all winter.

"I guess it isn't such a strange thing when you come to think about it. You don't think it particularly strange that trees and bushes are bare all winter. You are so used to it that you don't think anything about it. But they are doing just the very same thing that Johnny Chuck does: they are hibernating. They are sleeping. They are alive even though they look very much as it dead. It is just the same way with Johnny, Chuck and Grandfather Frog and Buster Bear, and a lot more. Now I can eat dry grass and bark and tender twigs, so I can find food even in the coldest weather. I don't have to hi-ber-nate in order to live, so Old Mother Nature wouldn't let me even If I really wanted to, which I don't.

Birds Do Not Hi-ber-nate

YOU don't find birds hi-ber-nating—Some stay with us all winter, but only those who can find food. The others fly away to places where their particular kind of food isn't cut off by Jack Frost. Probably if Johnny Chuck and Buster Bear had wings, they would fly south Instead of sleeping all winter." Peter chuckled. "Wouldn't they look funny with wings?" said he.

I admitted that they would, very funny indeed. Peter chuckled some more; then he continued.

"Those who eat food that can be stored away for use in cold weather have to get busy every fall, and store it away. Take Striped Chipmunk, for instance. A lot of people think he sleeps all winter, but he doesn't. He sleeps great deal of the time, but he wakes up every now and then to eat. It is only those who live on food can't be stored away for the winter and that can't be found after the coming of Jack Frost who sleep like the trees. For my part, I'm thankful that I am not one of them. Think of all the fun they miss!"

Peter kicked up his heels, and in no time at all there was nothing to show that he had been there save his funny little footprints in the snow.

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 18.

December 23, 1916, page 12

Buster Bear Tells Some Real Truth About Himself

He Insists That He Is the Most Understood Person in the Green Forest, and After You Read What He Says You'll Think So, Too.

Dear Everybody: Buster Bear insists that I ought to write a letter about him. He says that it is due him because of his size, but still more because so few really know him. At least that is the way he feels about it, and I don't know but he is right.

Isn't it funny how some people are misunderstood? Buster insists that he is the most misunderstood person in the Green Forest and to judge by the way he is treated I begin to suspect that he is. Anyway here is what he has asked me to tell you:

"The other day," said he. "I met a man very unexpectedly, and the minute that man laid eyes on me he yelled fit to kill himself, and took to his heels in a way to make Peter Rabbit ashamed to think that he can run. Yes, sir, that man just acted as if he thought he hadn't got more than a minute and a half to live. You see he didn't have any gun, and just the sight of me scared him so his teeth fell out." (Guess they must have been false ones, don't you?) "Now what was he so scared for? If he had looked around he would seen me getting away from there twice as fast as he was. There wasn't a thing in the world for him to be afraid of. I wouldn't have hurt him. If he really had known the first thing about me he would have known that I always get as far away from these men creatures as I can and as soon as I can. I'm afraid of them. I have reason to be. Of course, if they should get me cornered in a place where I couldn't run I would fight for my life. Wouldn't you? Of course you would. I never go looking for trouble, but always try to keep out of it. Just tuck that away and think it over.

"A lot of people seem to think my food is mostly meat. That is another mistake. Of course I don't mind a bit of meat when I have a chance to get it, but if I depended on it I would starve to death. I live mostly on roots, fruits, nuts, berries, fish, ants, frogs, and things like that, and am not particular what it is so long as there is enough of it. Of course I've got a sweet tooth, and I'll run considerable risk for a taste of honey or molasses, but these are things I get only once in a while. I've heard that some folks don't understand why a great big fellow like me with a warm heavy coat sleeps most of the winter, while a little fellow like Peter Rabbit is hopping about in the coldest weather. It's wholly a matter of food. It is because the food I live on mostly can't be found in winter that I hibernate. If I was such a meat-eater as some folks seem to think, and lived by eating my neighbors, as Howler the Wolf does, I wouldn't go to sleep for the winter any more than he does. But I'm not, and so I get as fat as I can in the fall, and then when food gets scarce with the coming of winter I make a bed, and what's that? Certainly I make a bed. I like to be comfortable just as much as you do. I rake together a lot of leaves or break off a lot of evergreen boughs, and make my bed in a cave or under a ledge of rock, or under a windfall. Sometimes I even crawl into a hollow log, if I can find one big enough, which isn't often. It was easier when I was smaller.

"How small was I when born? You won't believe me when I tell you. I was so small that you could have held me in the palm of your hand. Of course I didn't come out into the light then, because I was just a little helpless baby. I was many weeks old before I so much as put my nose outside. To look at me now you wouldn't think I ever was so small as that, would you? Why is it that I am not more often seen in the green Forest? Because, as I told you before, I am afraid of men. Usually I see them first, or I hear them or I smell them. Then I keep out of sight. I may be big and I may look clumsy, but if there is anyone who can get out of sight more quickly and make less noise doing it. I don't know who it is. Now it is time, for me to turn in for the winter. Just tell folks what I have told you, and perhaps when I awake next spring, they'll treat

me better."

So here it is just as I got it from Buster Bear. He really is a great big, fun-loving, good-natured fellow who means no harm. And he is smart, too. I know of few smarter. I think it is a shame that whenever he is seen the first thing thought of is a gun to shoot him.

Sincerely yours,

Thornton W. Burgess

Toronto Star Letter 19.

December 30, 1916, page 14

Feed the Birds in Winter, You May Save Many Lives

Little Feathered Folks Will Soon Know You as Their Friend, and You Will Have Much Joy.

Dear Everybody,—Did you have a merry Christmas? I hope so. And did you remember to make it merry for the little feathered friends? I hope this also. If you didn't, do it now—today. You have no idea what it means to them to know of a place where they can be sure, absolutely sure, of getting a good meal. Sometimes, more often than you think, it means a life, or perhaps several lives, saved, and every life saved now means several little lives in the spring when the nesting season comes.

Every once in a while someone notices that a certain kind of bird, which usually is quite common, has become rare and is seldom seen. It will be this way for several seasons, and then that particular kind of bird once more becomes common. Do you know why this is?

Well, very often it is because a great storm or bitter winter weather, with scarcity of food, has destroyed great numbers of these particular little friends, and so for a few seasons we miss their cheery presence. But if we miss them the trees and gardens miss them more, for they suffer, suffer from harmful insects, which multiply unchecked.

So when you put out food for the birds in winter it is not wholly an unselfish act. It may seem so, but it isn't. You are doing something for yourself as well as for the birds. Did you ever think of it in that way? Probably not, but it is true. You know the Bible lesson of casting bread upon the waters and after many days it will return. I know of no better example of the truth of this than is afforded by the winter feeding of birds. It is not charity. For every seed or grain or crumb of suet which you put out you will be repaid many times over by the destruction of harmful insects and weed seeds by the very birds you have fed at a time when food meant life and lack of it meant death. No, it is not charity. The little feathered folk pay, and pay handsomely, for the food you offer them. The winter feeding of the birds is an investment, and one of the most paying investments of which I know.

And then the pleasure, the personal pleasure, which you derive from these little friends! I remember nothing which has ever given me a greater thrill of real pleasure

than was mine the first time Tommy Tit the Chickadee dropped down on my hand to help himself to a bit of nut one cold day. There was such a merry twinkle in his bright little eyes, and such a look of confidence and trust, that right then and there he made a place in my heart for all time. After that I had but to step outside and whistle whenever I heard him about, and without the slightest hesitation he would come to me. And he brought his relatives until there was a flock of fifteen who visited me daily.

Such fun as we would have! We made a regular game of it. I would put bits of cracked hickory nut in all sorts of places, on my shoulder, on my head, between my lips, and those little rascals would find them in the twinkling of an eye. Just to see how keen their eyes were, I put a bit of nut in the bottom of my pipe and the latter in my mouth. A friend with a camera stood ready. Before he could get the focus, I had to reload that pipe four times. I had no more than stepped under the tree when the first Chickadee was on the bowl of my pipe, and with a merry "dee, dee, dee," had found the nut.

Then I brought out my dreadful gun (it is a long, long time since I have used it for any other purpose) and put a little wad of paper down the muzzle, just far enough to hold a bit of nut where it could be seen by looking straight down. I rested the butt on the ground under the tree. In less than one minute flitting wings brushed my face as Tommy Tit dropped down and perched on the muzzle of that dreadful gun, snapped his eyes at me, and then reached in and got that bit of nut. I have his photograph sitting there looking down into the barrel of that gun. It was no longer dreadful to Tommy, because he had faith in me. It is no longer dreadful to any living creature.

Feed the birds, even as you would be fed when you are hungry.

Yours faithfully,

Thornton W. Burgess.

Appendix 2. The *New York Globe*'s Bedtime Stories Club and "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" 1916.

Introduction.

The *New York Globe*'s Bedtime Stories Club remained active in 1916. It added new features, including a regular letter from "Happy Jack Squirrel," supplementing the daily "Peter Rabbit" letter, and new essay and drawing contests. Plans were quickly announced for an Easter season production of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," and an aggressive membership drive, with cash prize incentives, allowed the paper to claim 190,000 members by show time. Horace S. Tibbs touted his own relationship with William T. Hornaday, encouraging club members to protect gray squirrels and deer, while continuing to pitch club-related merchandise.

The Easter production of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" was held at the Century Theatre, a larger venue with room for more spectacular scenic effects than the Lexington Theatre. Tibbs reworked the show to include more characters, more dances, and a more elaborate fashion show. There were also some significant cast additions, including future child film star Aida Horton as Little Peter Rabbit, and British pantomimist, Walter Stanton, as King Rooster and Reddy Fox. Tibbs wrote the music and lyrics for a new number, "The Mascot." As in the Christmas production, guest stars, including Will Rogers, made appearances.

Reportedly rating the show one of the best productions of its kind, the Broadway impresario Charles Dillingham invited the cast and crew to perform selections from the show at a war-relief charity production at the Hippodrome. John Philip Sousa's band played the music. In May, the production moved to the Brooklyn Academy of Music for several performances, sponsored by a local chapter of the Elks Club.

After the successful membership drive, which was used by *The Globe* for marketing purposes, and the final "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" show, less energy seems to have been put toward Thornton Burgess-related Bedtime Stories Club activities. A new club was formed based around the author Ralph Henry Barbour.

The following section compiles articles appearing in the *New York Globe*, edited to remove repetitive, irrelevant, and unreadable material, and supplemented by news stories in other newspapers related to the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" productions. Photographs and other images related to the productions are included at the end.

The first two articles are included in this volume because they were they were incomplete in the 1915 volume.

December 22, 1915

Stars A-Plenty in Peter Rabbit

Elsie Janis, Dorothy Schlessinger, Hilda Wierum, Three Movie Favorites, and Many More Celebrities in Cast.

The cast of the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" musical extravaganza, which will

have its first performance at the Lexington Theatre Monday afternoon, includes many celebrities from stage-land. There are more than 300 persons in the pantomime and the number of stars is large considering the size of the production.

Miss Elsie Janis, the Broadway favorite, will appear in at least one matinee—the one on Wednesday—and do some dainty dances she has made famous. If Miss Janis can be present at more than one performance she will be.

Peter Rabbit may consider himself fortunate in having in the cast Miss Dorothy Schlessinger (Burke) a clever child actress from the west. She has appeared in many well-known productions, one of the most recent of which was "The Littlest Rebel." Miss Schlessinger made her first hit in Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Three Movie Stars in Cast

Of course, no modern production is complete nowadays without the presence of at least one moving picture star. Peter Rabbit will have three. Miss Dorothy Spedick, whose face is familiar to millions of patrons of this popular form of entertainment; Miss Katharine Corwin, and Miss Muriel Thirer.

Miss Sallie Hamlin and Miss Betty Spence, who interpret the part of the fairy and elf of the Green Forest, form a wonderful combination. In the ballet there are a score of pretty young women. Miss Eleanor Miller will be seen in a beautiful creation, which she calls the "rainbow dance."

Lew Kempner will portray Jolly Mr. Sun. Gifted with a splendid baritone voice, he has made the walls of the theatre fairly vibrate during rehearsals.

Theodore A. Lachtmen has the role of Reddy Fox, and his interpretation of the part lends full measure of wickedness and awe as contrasted to the mirth and light-heartedness of Mr. Fay as Buster Bear. Mr. Powers does well in the part of Old Man Coyote.

In the animal roles the principals are intensely lifelike. If you met Old Man Coyote on a dark street you would probably run for shelter without stopping to argue. The animal dances are a "scream," the "animals" going through the funniest stunts imaginable.

Choruses a Big Feature.

The choruses will be one of the features of the extravaganza. In some of the larger ones the stage of the Lexington Theatre, large though it is, is filled to capacity. In the ensembles there are many beautiful effects. In fact "Peter Rabbit" will attract much attention because of its stage pictures.

Those who are fond of grand opera will have a treat in the person of Miss Hilda Wierum, who, among other pieces, will sing "Noel," in French in the party scene during the first act. The fact that it will be sung during the holiday week, too, will make it even more of a feature.

The saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good is called to mind in Miss Wierum's case. She little expected to be in New York at this season of the year, and it is

only because the war caused a cancellation of her contract with the Opera Comique in Paris that she will be here next week. Paris's loss is New York's gain in this case.

Four of the six performances are in the nature of a benefit for the Flower and Sydenham hospitals. Three prizes—a pony, harness, and cart; a diamond-eyed Peter Rabbit ring, and a $50 portrait in colors—are offered to the members of the Bedtime Stories Club in connection with the selling of tickets. The tickets are selling fast. Gimbels', Macy's, the Tyson Company and McBride's agencies report. Better buy yours to-day if you wish to be certain of a good seat.

December 27, 1915

Peter Rabbit appears today.

Ready for opening performance of gorgeous play "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at Lexington this afternoon.

Pantomime and Music; Henry Dixey on Bill

Shetland Pony and Cart goes to Bedtime Stories Club Member who sells most tickets over 100.

Today at 2:15 P.M. the curtain rises on "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Lexington Theatre, Fifty-first street and Lexington avenue.

The great day has arrived—Peter Rabbit's day. The long-talked-of widely advertised, merry musical extravaganza, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," has its opening performance this afternoon at the Lexington Theatre. This is the Yuletide play, a gorgeous combination of pantomime and musical show that reflects the true Christmas spirit—the jolliest show for young folks and old folks who are still young that was ever presented in New York.

With a cast of more than 300 persons, with Broadway stars appearing at every performance, with three orchestras in one, with beautiful scenery and handsome costumes, Peter Rabbit today invites you to the Lexington Theatre to enjoy 180 minutes of uninterrupted fun.

No play like this has ever been presented in New York before and the opportunity may not come again. The Peter Rabbit extravaganza will give you something to talk about for days to come. It is filled with brilliant scenic effects and marvelous transformations that will delight the grown-ups and mystify the kiddies. If you are old it will carry you back to the days of childhood and if you are young it will make this holiday week a pleasant memory for years to come.

Serious Dramatic Effect.

Peter Rabbit in Dreamland is a serious dramatic effort that marks a step forward in plays designed to entertain both old and young. The book and lyrics are by Horace S. Tibbs, and Miss Miriam Teacher adapted the book to verse. Ted Ward wrote the music and was in his happiest vein when he did it. Jack Mason staged the play, which is a guarantee that it will be a finished production.

Famous Broadway stars will appear at each of the six performances. They include Miss Elsie Janis, whose name is familiar to all lovers of musical comedy. Adelaide & Hughes, the "world's most famous dancers"; Henrietta Crosman, a favorite in the serious drama. Miss Nora Bayes, vaudeville and musical comedy headliner; Henry E. Dixey, the star of "Adonis," and others. At least one of these stars will appear at every performance.

Mr. Dixey will be the star featured at today's performance. He will give some dramatic recitations especially appropriate for a Christmas play. Miss Janis will appear on Wednesday in some of her daintiest song-dances and on Thursday Adelaide and Hughes will be the stars.

Their appearance, of course, will be in the nature of an "added attraction," as the theatrical managers say. In addition to seeing Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Buster Bear, Old Man Wolf, Danny Meadow Mouse, Jolly Mr. Sun, the dancing bears, the Spider Queen, the living toys, Red Riding Hood, the Candy Palace, and the choruses and ballets of 260 people, these Broadway stars will entertain you.

January 3, 1916

Some of those who helped to make "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Delightful.

(Photos of Sallie Hamlin, Marcella Spencer, and Dorothy Spedick)

Peter Rabbit Play a Delight

Cast had a New Year's Eve Party Friday and Similar Celebration Saturday. Everybody having jolly time.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"—that happy combination of pantomime and musical extravaganza which delighted so many kiddie and grown-ups during the holiday week had its closing performance at the Lexington Theatre on Saturday evening. The extravaganza was regarded as one of the most delightful children's plays ever produced.

On Friday afternoon, after the mitten, the 300 persons in the cast had a New Year's eve party in the rehearsal hall at the theatre and a similar celebration on Saturday between the evening and afternoon performances.

Both performances on New Year's Day and both on Friday were well-attended. The New Year's eve performance was the scene of many jolly parties. The moving picture stars added to the interest of the performance. It is a matter of regret that the two who were to have appeared Saturday night were unable to be present.

Adelaide and Hughes, the famous dancers who were at the Palace Theatre, and whose appearance on Thursday was so greatly enjoyed, said they would have been happy to appear again on Saturday evening had they known that the "movie" stars advertised[1] had been unable to keep their engagement.

Bedtime Stories Club.

1 Arbuckle and Normand had been advertised as entertainers for this show, not audience members.

Well dear children, our Bedtime Stories Week, which was one continual round of enjoyment for all our members and many many grownups, has at last come to a very happy ending. The beauty and magnificent of our great play, which was so well received, now lives only in memory, and all who saw it can look back with great satisfaction for a long time to come.

The joy of entertaining and being entertained is very great indeed, isn't its it dear children? Think of the great stars whom we entertained and in turn were entertained by us! There was Henry E. Dixey, Miss Elsie Janis, Mr. and Mrs. J.J. Hughes, known professionally as Adelaide and Hughes, Margaret Snow and little Snow, the youngest professional moving picture actress, and many others, including Thornton W. Burgess, who came all the way from Springfield Mass just to see "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

When you stop to think that all of the great stars mentioned above whose names have sparkled in large electric letters before the best theaters throughout the entire United States came to entertain us just for the pleasure they would derive from helping out the Bedtime Stories Club program, it is a great compliment indeed, and a favor we'll never forget.

Owing to the fact that a holiday—New Years—was the day before Sunday, which made two holidays together, we were unable to ascertain who had sold the most tickets to the great pantomime and the judges are now at work on this problem…

Wasn't it lovely of the Borden Condensed Milk Company to donate twenty gallons of fresh rich milk to the club members for their first banquet? Everybody had all they could drink and there was some left over. Then Henry Maillard, the famous chocolate manufacturer, sent up dozens of boxes of candy and choice chocolates. Huyler's, too, are among our very good friends, as four huge packages of delicious candy arrived at the theatre and all this was distributed to the children as they went home, so all in all it was a very lively evening…

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Dearest Children

You don't know how I hated to leave you, after being with you a whole week and having my name in big electric letters right out in front of the Lexington Theatre, but, of course, the Brier Patch is my native haunt, and, after all, there is no place like home, is there? I have something to tell you dears, something your editor told me. He said that he had some big things in store for all of you very soon. Now that the play is over he is going to devote all his time to you and you can just bet it will be something good. Mother Fuzzy Tail and all the little bunnies join with me in sending their love and as it is growing very late and I am very tired, I will say good night.

Your loving friend, Peter.

January 4, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

In these, the tender days of the new year, none of us can forget the duties we owe

for being well and strong, and while we are all in a receptive mood let us think hard upon our duties as members of the Bedtime Stories Club—to love and protect dumb animals and love Mother Nature. This means so much to them as well as to us.

We have received hundreds of letters of congratulations on the success of our great Christmas show. It was really very delightful, wasn't it? And we are not going to stop talking about it for a long time to come, because we have so many many nice things to say about those clever people who took part. Wasn't Dorothy Schlessinger splendid in her part of William, and wasn't her dancing with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit very fine, indeed, and then, again, wasn't Old Man Sun's part wonderfully portrayed, and wasn't the song "Round Red Sun" done ample justice by Mr. Kempner's rich baritone voice. We owe him many, many thanks for helping make that part the good success it was, for the Sun chorus was one of the many bright spots of the production.

Now about our dancing class; yes, we are going to have one, but we won't open until we have a hundred pupils. Remember that when we give another performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," which may be at Easter time, we shall naturally select those who were in it before, or who belong to our Club Dancing Class….

You will notice the announcement of the various places where our beautiful club music is on sale. You know this music was written especially for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." We have decided to only charge 25 cents a copy, instead of 60 cents, which, as you know, is the regular price for production numbers of this kind.

Before long you will hear the "Peter Rabbit Hop" in many of the theaters, restaurants, and cabarets, for it has been pronounced one of the most irresistible fox trots that has been written. The other numbers are all delightful, and every member of our club who can sing or play will surely want the numbers for their music cabinet.

Today in our photograph gallery we print the picture of our little friend and member, Aline Fruhauf of 612, West 112th street…

You'd be surprised if you knew how hard we had to work to insure the proper appearance of those wonderful little stars Adelaide and Hughes, who presented a pantomime all their own entitled "The Cat and Canary." When we tell you that we had to have a large truck twice the size of the ordinary wagon to transport their huge bird cage of heavy steel columns from the Palace Theatre to the Lexington and back again and a taxi for Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, and their musical director, and also a maid for Adelaide, who is Mrs. Hughes, and when you learn that they had to be in the Lexington at 2:30 and at the Palace at 3:30, you will realize the difficulties we had to overcome. It was a veritable race between theaters. The taxi simply whizzed through the different streets, but the large truck with its heavy load had to go slower. That we were able to make connections both going and coming was nothing short of miraculous. All the time Adelaide and Hughes were just as pleasant and charming as they could be, and they gave us the complete act, so we will never forget their kindness or their little pantomime "The Cat and Canary."…

Of course you know all about the five different musical numbers in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." They are as follows:

"Fashionette"
"Peter Rabbit Hop"
"Bedtime's Drowsy Boat."
"The Candy Kid."
"A Toy in the Land of Dreams"

One or all of these numbers, which were written by Ted Ward should be in your music cabinet.

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Dearest Children:

What do you think? All the little rabbits in the Brier Patch came to see us last night to inquire how we had fared in the great city. They wanted to know all about the tall buildings and the subway and the elevated, and lastly,, but not beastly, about the "Peter Rabbit Hop." There were hundreds there to see us, and their little noses wobbled as they asked questions so fast one after the other that we could hardly answer them. They all brought something nice, and we had a banquet, just like the last two nights at the great Christmas show. It reminded me of you ever so much. We are going to start a dancing class in the Brier Patch just to keep up with you in the city, so when we meet again we'll all be able to dance just like you.

Good night, with much love,

Peter

January 5, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…Of course, you all know the "Peter Rabbit Hop" by this time. J. Albert Brown and many noted music directors say that this is one of the best fox trots of the season. It has a fascinating lilt that makes everybody start a-humming it, and when it is played by a good orchestra, it is a most delightful tune to dance to.

….Before long they will be in every restaurant and cabaret and on all the street pianos. Won't it be fun to hear them in the street as played by these roving street musicians?…

Sally Hamlin Wins the Pony.

Brooklyn girl captures first prize in competition of Bedtime Stories Club Members, Selling most tickets (Photo)

Lucky Sally Hamlin!

…Miss Hamlin, it will be recalled by those who saw the Peter Rabbit play, was Mrs. Peter in the cast and acquitted herself with honor. She worked hard to make the play a success from an artistic standpoint and the fact that she disposed of 174 tickets shows that she worked equally hard to capture the pony. Evidently Miss Hamlin knows how to hustle….

January 6, 1916

Peter Rabbit in Dreamland Music (Advertisement)

The hits of the show are now on sale at the places listed below

Hear this music today? It's different from and far better than any "popular" music lately published.

Buy the Score!

Melodies delightfully new—suggestive of woodland brooks, so refreshing and charming. Far superior in musical quality to popular "rag-time" and more captivatingly rhythmical.

Go to one of the dealers listed below and have some of the numbers played. The really melodious music, the swinging Broadway rhythm, the vast superiority to the ordinary run of "popular" music, will immediately appeal to you….

Bedtime Stories Club

...We want you to watch these columns very carefully this week, for we are going to commence a new contest and give out a series of new prizes, and they are going to be awarded to those club members who bring in the largest number of new members in thirty days' time, and the contest begins on Monday, Jan 10.

Boys and girls, we are going to make a great big effort to increase the membership of our club to 100,000 by Easter, and we are going to give a set of prizes every thirty days to those of you who help the most. Remember, though, that every new little member who is enrolled by a present member must join because he of she wants to become a real work in this great army of protectors and friends of the little furred and feathered folks. They will sign their pledges because they love mother Nature and want to help her.

Now that the excited is over and our beautiful Christmas show of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is a thing of the past, we, of course, are looking for new things for the future, aren't we? "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" was such a wonderful success, however, that we shall give it again at Easter time and all those boys and girls who took part are invited to do so again and it will be necessary to read the club columns very closely for our announcements of meetings, etc.

...Soon we hope to fill this entire page with our club news, and next week, when our new contest begins, this will be one of the most important pages in The Globe, won't it? And listen, boys and girls, we are going to have still another contest.[2]

...Your editor received very many beautiful letters, some of which we hope to publish soon, congratulating him on the success of our show. We may say in answer to those kind friends that the credit rests with our club members whose share in the performance made it possible. We had a very delightful time at rehearsals. True, sometimes a little noisy, but none the less enjoyable, and we take this opportunity of thanking you all who took part.

2 These would be essay contests on words such as "patriotism" and "loyalty."

We will put the show on again at Easter time, but there will be plenty of time to let you know when we announce the actual time and place of the Easter performance. So many people are wanting us now that we find it hard to choose, both as regards to them and the location. You know nothing succeeds like success, and we can afford to be a little more independent, can't we, although, of course, not too independent, because that would never become an organization like ours, would it?

...Your editor can see now the look of delight on the tiny tots' faces, especially those who were our Baby Buntings in the pantomime as they sat at our New Year's party enjoying the pure, wholesome ice cream so kindly furnished by that well-known establishment, the Riker-Hegeman Company...

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Dearest Children,

Now that it is all over and that I am back again in the dear old Brier Patch, I think of you more than ever and what do you think I saw yesterday? I saw Reddy Fox, Buster Bear, and Old Man Coyote go over their dance together, because you know they hope to do it again at Easter. It is very good I must say, and I heard Reddy Fox telling the others that by Easter it would be quite as perfect as practice could make it. Mrs. Peter sends her love to you and so does Happy Jack, who, as usual, is sitting with us on the veranda. Wasn't it too bad that Cunny Rabbit was too sick to come to New York? He felt very badly about it, but he says that he will be there next time sure, and that will be treat in store for you because you know he is quite the nicest rabbit that ever wore a pair of ears, a wabbly noise, and a fuzzy tail, as you shall see when you see him. Your loving friend, Peter.

January 7, 1916.

Bedtime Stories Club

Great news, boys and girls! We have launched a campaign to increase our membership from 70,000 to 100,000 between now and Easter. We want 30,000 more boys and girls of the kind that will be a credit to our club, and you know that means little boys and girls who love Mother Nature and love animals and love each other. Now, then YOU, little reader, whether you be boy or girl, how many members do you think YOU can get? In this column you will find an application for membership, which you must have your new members sign.

...Many benefits have been derived by membership in the Bedtime Stories Club and many, many more are planned for the future. Come, all you boys and girls who are not members and join this great cause—this wonderful band of young Americans with "Love" as its motto. Here is the style of application.

...Those boys and girls who with their parents saw our wonderful Christmas show of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" have a very good idea of the way this club does things and how expense is never spared to do them well.

Speaking about the very wonderful show, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," have you got the music yet? In another announcement on this page you will learn more about it,

where you can get it, at what prices, etc.

...Yes, indeed, of course, we shall repeat the wonderful performance of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland and we think that date of the next performance will be Easter. Watch your club news carefully, because every day something very important happens, and just on the day that you miss it perhaps the very thing that interests you the most might be talked about....

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Dearest Children

I have a message for you from old Mother Nature. She asks the help of every little boy and girl. There is so much harm that can happen to our little furred and feathered friends that we need an army of helpers like you to club together and offer us protection. In unity there is strength, and the best way to strengthen the cause of the Bedtime Stories Club is to become a member at once if you are not one already, and if you are a member, then you should be a good, active member by getting as many new members as you can. Won't you please write and tell me personally about your free lunch counters for the birdies? I am so interested in this, you know, even Mrs. Peter saves her crumbs and crusties for our little feathered friends like Sammy Jay, Bob White, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow (those English emigrant friends of our), as well as little Mr. Tommy Tit and the rest of them. Awaiting with the deepest interest to hear from you. I am your loving friend, Peter.

January 8, 1916

"Woodland Melodies and Broadway Rhythm" (Advertisement)

That best describes the new, entrancing "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" music.

It is different from the usual run of "rag time" music; it is of better quality; it is more melodious, and it has a swinging rhythm that charms your ears and sets your feet a-dancing.

If you saw the show you'll remember each number and want the whole score!

Every One of These Is a Hit!...

"Composition" Contest

For the school-attending members of the Bedtime Stories Club

While boys' and girls' mothers and fathers are talking so much about "Preparedness" and while Congress is debating on this great subject, it is fitting that all the Bedtime Stories boys and girls should devote some attention to the question of Patriotism.

Your editor therefore announces:

$50.00 in cash prizes for the best original composition of not more than 300 words on "Patriotism." ...

A Bid for One Hundred Thousand Membership before Easter.

The Bedtime Stories Club of the Globe now has a membership of 70,000—and we are going to make it 100,000 before Easter.

Will you help—and perhaps win part of the money to be given?

In Cash Prizes ($200)...

The Bedtime Stories Club is already the largest Children's Club in the World.

What a great honor, therefore, will it be to win a prize for your efforts in its behalf...

Deseret Evening News

At 322 West One Hundred and Seventh street are living several Utahns who are students in music and elocution. Miss Vera Johnson, who is a student of the Frohman Dramatic school, is making a success in the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" company, now playing afternoons at the Lexington theater. Miss Johnson plays one of the principal parts, "Old Mother Nature," and her quaint make up and charming stage presence have given her several good notices in the papers. "Peter Rabbit" has won the kiddies and the grownups have fallen victims to the wonderful pantomime, and the Lexington seems too small to hold the audiences that crowd the afternoon performances. The Globe's Bedtime Stories club were out in force in the chorus and received salvos of applause whenever recognized by those in front. Miss Johnson is well pleased with her part in so notable a production. The Lexington is the opera house Oscar Hammerstein erected two years ago in the hope of producing opera there, but were checkmated by the Metropolitan Opera company.

April 10, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...Well, we've heard indirectly from Peter. "Who is Peter?" you'll exclaim. Just you read this letter from little Miss Sally Hamlin and you'll find out.…

Mr. H.S. Tibbs,…

Dear Mr. Tibbs—I am delighted to have the pony and car, and mother has made all arrangements for him to be well cared for in a livery stable not far from our home. I expect to see Peter tomorrow, for "Peter" is the name I have given the pony, which I won for selling the most tickets to "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

Yes, indeed, I shall be glad to play Mrs. Peter Rabbit again in our wonderful show, and Eleanor would like to play Danny Meadow Mouse again, and Hannibal would take the part of the frog. All my other little friends who were in our wonderful play whom I have seen assure me that they are very anxious for the next performance—and oh, if we could only have it in Brooklyn this time—it would be delightful. Yours very truly,

Sally E. Hamlin

...Every musical member of our club should have at least one copy of that excellent fox trot, the "Peter Rabbit Hop," in his or her music cabinet, if not the entire set. You don't experiment when you get these numbers, as you heard them all played and sung

at our long to be remembered Christmas show. They are on sale at most all music stories of the first class, and if you can't find them at your store send us the name of your dealer…

Peter Rabbit in Dreamland Music (Advertisement)

You heard it at the show! Now play it and sing it at home! Every single number is a hit! If you didn't see the show, hear this captivating music at once at one of the dealer's shops listed below.

It is the best music Broadway has heard in a long time. The melodies are beautiful and new—the rhythm swinging and catchy….

Special Notice

In Gimbel's Music Department next Friday and Saturday afternoons, from 1:30 to 4 PM, an "Authors' Party" will be held at which Ted Ward, who wrote the music, will be present. Lew Kempner and others who sang in the production will sing all the Peter Rabbit music. All members of the Bedtime Stories Club and their parents are invited.

January 11, 1916

Good News! Say! Boys & Girls! (Advertisement)

We're going to have a meeting at Gimbels on Friday and Saturday from 1:30 to 4 P.M. for a Music Party

Won't you come?

So many of our members have been writing in asking about the music of our big show

Peter Rabbit in Dreamland

That we thought we'd give a party, so—

You can hear it all. Played by the Composer, Mr. Ted D. Ward and you will see other people there you have read about and Mr. Lew Kempner will sing many numbers. You know he was a big Star—(or rather the Sun)—in that Monster Show.

Mr. Tibbs, who wrote the lyrics of the play, will perhaps say "How de do"—and he may bring Mr. Jack Mason with him—so it will be Quite a Party

And you can choose the music you like best at 25 cents a copy and take it home with you…

January 12, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...We have before us a very attractive little book. It is called Stampcraft and on it is a picture of Peter Rabbit. Inside is a set of twelve beautiful colored poster stamps of the Bedtime Story favorites and on twelve pages there is blank space where the same can be stuck, and opposite each of these spaces is a clever little story by Thornton W. Burgess himself. These books are called—now, remember the name—Stampcraft. You

will enjoy this little book immensely if you care to purchase one at any of the good shops. There is no price on the book we have, but your editor learns that they cost but 10 center, stamps included.

January 16, 1916

Herald-Republican (Salt Lake City)

Miscellaneous

...Miss Vera Johnson, for years connected with the Utah Conservatory of Music, won recognition for her dramatic ability in a recent performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," given by 300 professionals at the Lexington Theatre, New York City. The New York Post of December 28 remarks: "Miss Johnson was delightful in the mother's part."

Miss Johnson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S.J. Johnson of Columbus street, and her work during the past few years with Mrs. C. P. Larson foreshadowed her eastern success....

Jan 17, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...Have you bought your copies of 'Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" music yet? It is very charming and every member of this club should learn to sing these pretty songs so that next summer when we have our monster meeting, all your editor will have to do when he gets on the platform in front of thousands and thousands of boys and girls will be to hold up his hands and say, now sing "Bedtime's Drowsy Boat," or "A Toy in the Land of Dreams," or whichever one he may choose. Can you imagine anything more wonderful than for every boy and girl to be able to sing, with the band, every not of the club songs? So you can see as good members of the club every boy and girl in this organization ought to buy the music and learn it….

January 18, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

C-O-N-S-E-R-V-A-T-I-O-N!

That is quite a large word, isn't it? Your editor wonders how many of the 80,000 boys and girls who are now members of this club really know what this word means. At a glance, it looks like CONVERSATION doesn't it? Well, it is just the opposite in many ways—conservation as it concerns us needs the greatest [….] and persistence, while the other work is merely talk. Every member of the Bedtime Stories club should write this word, ten, yes, fifty times. C-O-N-S-E-R-V-A-T-I-O-N. And then turn to your pledge as a member of the Bedtime Stories Club in which you said that you promised to help Mother nature protect—that is the word, now just pop in there in its place CONSERVE, or save, help, cherish, look after, guard carefully. All these words will help you to understand this one word, which is going to mean so much to us in the future. "CONSERVATION."

On Saturday last, at a meeting of very learned people, there was a new society organized and this society is to be known as the National Educational Conservation Society. Dr. William T. Hornaday, the eminent professor of zoology, and Hugh P. Baker. dean of the New York Club of Forestry were the principle speakers.

Now boys and girls, this new society asks the help of every member of our club, and your Editor, at that as meeting on Saturday night, promised in your behalf that you would all give your help in this national movement to prevent from becoming extinct a great deal of the wild life and forest life of this our beloved America. The creed of this new society is one that you can think of hard and adopt as a little pet motto of your own "Our American institutions are man-made, our natural resources are God-given." The perpetuation of the former depends upon the CONSERVATION of the latter.

And this, dear children, is what this splendid society which is made up of prominent naturalists scientists, and educators of America plans to do. Your editor felt quite proud when he stood up before them and told them that all of our army of 80,000 boys and girls of the Bedtime Stories Club had been doing this thing right along.

Some day this week we shall print in detail the object of this new society, which has accepted the offer of your help and all the boys and girls in the United States, for, as Dr. Hornaday said, every boy and girl in America is affected by the increase or decrease of our crop and tree protecting birds. The destruction of our feathered friends not only robs all the people of the aesthetic value of our birds, but it directly affects the market basket and the dinner pail. To every man, woman, and child in America it increases the cost of living. When the noxious insects destroy in one year $520,000,000 worth of serials, fruits, vegetables, hay, and trees, somebody loses just that much.

Dr. Hornaday predicted for this new organization a career of magnificent usefulness and unparalleled results. "The army of defense," he said," is small, and it is growing weary of the unequal struggle. It needs organization and help and will welcome it with open arms So let the call to arms go forth and let every member of the Bedtime Stories Club take up this burden of humanity before it is too late.

Peter Rabbit's Letter

…Everything is frozen up stiff and tight and all our little feathered friends are having quite a hard time getting enough to eat, so I think I had better remind you about the lunch counters we promised to start—free lunches for the birdies, you know. Mrs. Peter has one and she has most pleasant little chats with her feathered friends as they gather around her back door at the little lunch counter she had me make for them. All you boys and girls may help your little feathered friends by starting a free lunch counter on your back porch, window ledge, front veranda, roof, or any place that the birdies can reach. You will find that if you keep you free lunches well-supplied your visitors will daily increase in numbers and if you take good care not to have them frightened, they will become very tame, indeed, and you will love them dearly, and, of course, they will love you too. Won't some of you boys and girls write and tell me about your free lunch counters and how they are attended?...

January 19, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

Yesterday we told you about the new society that was formed last week, which has for its object the conservation of wild life in the United States. Your editor asked every member to write out the word several times and today he asks you to look it up in the dictionary, for by so doing you will impress upon your minds the importance of this word and how closely it is associated with the object of our wonderful Bedtime Stories Club.

We promised yesterday to tell you what the object of this new society was. It is to be known as the National Educational Conservation Society and its object will be to promote the active protection and increase of wild life and forests in America with the help of school teachers and educators.

Before reading the campaign platform, every member should realize that this society has accepted with a considerable show of appreciation your editor's offer of the assistance of this club to further its objects.

CAMPAIGN PLATFORM

1. In view of the manifold dangers now threatening the very existence of our wild life and forests, it now becomes the duty of all educators to enter actively and permanently into the practical work of wild life and forest protection and increase.

2. Speed is a factor of prime importance, and practical results are urgently needed.

3. Practical results are to be sought through educating teachers, school pupils and students into the necessity of conservation, and the methods by which conservation results may best and most quickly be secured.

4. Natural history teaching in the classroom is of great importance and value, but the teacher must now seek to carry the work afield, into the haunts of wild life and wild life destroyers into legislative halls and even into the courts.

5. Legitimate only when it conforms to the code of ethics that now must be enforced to prevent the extermination of species.

6. The ethics of wild life protection, and the legitimate pursuit of game, should be taught by every teacher in America, because through faulty ethics, or none at all, millions of game birds and thousands of game animals have been and now are being killed contrary to the principles that should govern all sport with the shotgun and rifle.

7. The enormous value of insectivorous birds for agriculture, horticulture and forestry, must be taught in every school, college and university in America and every nature study teacher should accept this duty as one of paramount importance.

8. Inasmuch as it is impossible to carry on conservation work on a large scale without the expenditure of money, the necessity for funds in the […] must be recognized, and […] to furnish them must be […] and continuous.

9. The following are the lines of active in which this association will […]

a Secure perpetual closed seasons for the species of wild life that are threatened

with extinction from our […]

b. Stop all killing of insectivorous birds for food and of all birds for millenary purposes.

c. Stop the sale of wild game.

d. Increase the number of game preserves.

e. Promote laws to prevent unnaturalized aliens from owning or using rifles and shotguns.

f. Stop all spring and late winter shooting.

g. Oppose the use of all extra deadly automatic, auto-loading and "pump" guns in hunting, and secure the passage of laws against them.

h. Preserve all forests from wasteful and destructive lumbering and forest fires, and reforest all denuded areas in state and national forests.

i. Promote the preservation of wild flowering plants.

Your editor suggests that all club members cut the above campaign platform out and paste it on a cardboard and keep it always hung up in a prominent place and read it once a day. You can do so much, boys and girls, and you can help your country so much if you only try....

Join your voice with 25,000!

And sing "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Music when we members of the Bedtime Stories Club have our outing in Bronx Park next summer. The bands will play it and the crowds will sing it. Buy all the numbers now, practice the music, learn the words, and be ready to do your part at the big outing to come.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Music is now being sung and whistled all up and down Broadway. Next week it will be played and sung in all the popular restaurants around town. Its melodies are irresistible—they're new, they're different, they're captivating—they set you to dancing and they start you humming them! Get all these numbers…

January 20, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

One of the very many enjoyable things about being the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club is the surprises one gets every day. There is always something happening that is different, and it comes into our office like a change of air. Perhaps it's a telephone message from somebody who would like to enlist the help of this great organization for something or other, or perhaps it is a delightful letter from somebody's dear mother saying how she appreciates the great work we are doing. We conduct our club just like an open meeting….

We shall soon have more interesting […] to give you regarding that new word that we are interested […] now—CONSERVATION. Stop for a moment and concentrate

and apply this word as if affects our club promises toward the little birds. The wicked sacrifice of our friends goes on every year, and if it is not stopped quickly, the toll will be the veritable extinction of many of the birds that are of untold value to us. These little feathered folks that live chiefly on insects keep our fruits, grains, and foliage from being ruined every year. You know how our friend Bob White saves Farmer Brown's crops by picking the injurious little beetles from them. Nearly every bird is of great value and must be protected and the call to arms must be sent forth so that every member will be able and willing to do his or her share to help protect them.

Most of the so-called sportsmen who go out with guns think that it is all right to kill all that the law allows regardless of the fact that in some cases "to kill" means exterminating certain species. There is no question but that our laws are wickedly liberal in some localities. These same sportsmen often object to the changes in the game laws that have become necessary in order to allow decimated species a chance to increase. It is now time that the millions who do not shoot should step in and take all the measures that are necessary everywhere to stop the unjustifiable slaughter and children, remember you have your duty to do, if it is only to hear these things in your mind until you become older and a voter, but you will find if you are willing, many chances where an example of loving interest will do more than an act of compulsion.

January 21, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...Do not forget that some time during every day you should think hard on that new word that we are going to make so important to us in our club work—"CONSERVATION." It stands for a great movement, and we will have all to do our share and stop the wicked sacrifice of the bird and animal life which goes on every year, the tool of which will be the complete extermination of many of our beautiful native creatures and forests before many years have gone by. All you have to do is to live up firmly to your pledges which you signed when you joined the club, and if you do this thoroughly, you will be doing your share....

January 22, 1916

Nashville Banner

Mabel and Fatty Arrive in Gotham

Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle, both of whom star in the side-splitting Keystone comedy, "Fatty and Mabel Adrift," which is showing at the Crystal today, have arrived in New York with their company, including Minta Durfee and Al St. John. They were welcomed enthusiastically by their friends and executives of the Triangle company. Arbuckle announced that he would start work soon with the company at the studios in Fort Lee. The Keystoners celebrated New Year's night by taking in a performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" as guests of the New York Globe at the Lexington Opera House. A large audience spied "Fatty and Keystone Mabel" in a private box and applauded vigorously the creators of a million laughs.

January 24, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...We shall keep our eyes very wide open between now and Easter with the object in view of selecting a capable board of co-editors and advisors, so that when this club has finally reached the enormous proportions it surely will very soon, we shall know just upon whom to call, and be full confident that they will acquit themselves competently…

Think well on all we have told you concerning our great CONSERVATION campaign. Bear in mind that as a member of the Bedtime Stories Club you are entitled to recognition and your complaints will be investigated to the fullest extent. You are an authorized member of a band of progressive young Americans whose particular duty and work in hand is to protect those animals and birds that you love so well. In other words, help CONSERVE all wild life in America, and if you repeat your club pledge again you will be reminded that your work does not cease here but that you have promised to protect (or conserve) park property, shrubs, wild flowers and forestry.

January 25, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...Do not forget, boys and girls, that you are all conservationists, and that by being a member of the Bedtime Stories Club you are also one of the band of little workers of all movements that have for their object love, protection and the conservation of all furred and feathered creatures…

On Gay Broadway! The charming melodies and captivating rhythms of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland Music have taken Broadway by storm. All the restaurants are playing it; in some they are singing it. It is a great big smashing success!...

January 26, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...She is a beautiful dancer as well as an accomplished musician. All the members of this club will be interested to learn that Sally Hamlin will give her famous Puck dance for the benefit of the Society for Crippled Children at the Strand theatre Saturday morning, Jan 29. A great many of our club members, especially those who belong to Mr. Mason's dancing class, will visit the Strand Theatre in the morning and then go on to the dancing class in the afternoon at the Academy Hall, 113 West Seventy-ninth street....

"Peter Rabbit" at the popular restaurants! (Advertisement)

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" music is getting more and more popular every day.
It was the hit of the big show of that name at the Lexington Theatre.
It has been played and sung and danced to in hundreds of homes since then.
It has been selling fast at all the shops that have it.
And now!—now the smartest, finest restaurants in New York have taken it up and are going to play it nightly!
Go to any of these fashionable places and you will hear

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Music

Played and see the diners dancing to its catchy strains.

Murray's 228 west 42nd st
The Alps 58th and Sixth Ave.
Café Boulevard Broadway and 41st St
Colaizzi's 37 West 24th St.
Marlborough Hotel Herald Square

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Music will be played at any of these places any time upon request to a waiter.

January 27, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...Dear editor, in reading the evening's Bedtime Story, I did not expect to find that Reddy Fox was dead.

Undoubtedly all we bedtimers were very, very sorry to find one of our little characters in the Bedtime Stories possibly dead.

Will you kindly speak to Mr. Burgess about this and tell him not to grieve any of us by having Reddy dead?

I hope that Reddy Fox lives after this and that he lives until the end of the Bedtime Stories. Note of us want any of our friends to die.

Hoping you will take action, I am. Eugene Lowe.

Have faith, Eugene, we are sure Mr. Burgess would not grieve or disappoint us by allowing one of the most interesting of all his charming animal characters to die. It makes the stories all the more interesting if at times we receive a shock or two, doesn't it? Continue to read your stories and be patient; all will be well.

We are pleased to know that a great number of the clever boys and girls who did so well in our monster extravaganza "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" have joined Mr. Mason's dancing class….

Dance Music! (Advertisement)

Dance music with a captivating rhythm! A tantalizing, toe-tempting swing to it! The music that made a show a big success!

If you haven't heard it, hear it!

If you haven't got it, get it!

Peter Rabbit in Dreamland Music

Now Playing at

Rectors—The Restaurant de Luxe" at 47th and Broadway, one of the most beautiful and best known in the world. Played in the ball room.

Churchill's—The meeting place of the elect of nations, 49th street and Broadway. Here strains of "Peter Rabbit" music will complete the enjoyment of excellent food.
Shanley's –Known from coast to coast, the rendezvous of the country's elite. Broadway, 43rd to 44th st.
Murray's—Where the revolving floor adds not a little to the joy of dining and dancing at this exquisite restaurant. 228 West 42d street.
Café Boulevard—Famous for years for its excellent food and delightful music. The favorite place for favorite dishes. Broadway and 41st street.
Colaizzi's—Where an Italian dinner is really Italian. 37 west 24th street
The Alps—A merry, comfortable little house well worth looking up. 58th street and sixth avenue.
Marlborough Hotel—Herald Square, good food, good music, good company, a delectable combination.

January 29, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...The subject for this week's drawing contest is Mr. and Mrs. Bob White singing a song. The subject ought to afford great scope to these young artists who have studied our feathered friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bob White sitting on a rail fence, piping a song, as jolly Mr. Sun comes up over the purple hills.

A great many of our members have written this week asking how to start bird lunches. Now we did tell you all about this, but presume you have forgotten it. You may start a free lunch counter most any place. If you live in an apartment in the city get a little board and lay it out on the fire escape, regularly supplied with crumbs, seeds, or chopped suet. It will soon gather a little luncheon party each day. Those of you who live in the suburbs, or near parks, should bear in mind that quite a number of our birds are insectivorous, and in the very cold weather it is difficult for them to get the kind of food they like: namely, insects, grubs, and worms, and a suet ball is a good thing for these little feathered friends. To make a suet ball, you simply get a little suet and wind it up well with string so that when the birds pick at it they can just get a little at a time. Leave a long tail of the string hanging to the ball, and when you are on your way to school or out for a walk select your tree take good aim, and toss the ball and string up into the branches It will surely catch and hang just where the little birdies can pick at it and so you will be doing a very kind deed, for suet, you know, is heating and will help keep them warm until the earth is soft enough again for them to help themselves. An empty packing case, placed in the back yard so as to form a shelter from the bleak winds, and where the little fellows would not likely be frightened away by cats, will soon become very popular with the birdies. Above all, don't fail to keep your little lunch counters regularly and well supplied....

A number of members, especially those who took part in Peter Rabbit in Dreamland have wanted to get a photograph of the finale of the first act. You will remember that we had a large flashlight taken on Wednesday afternoon after the matinee. This picture is now ready and it is very good indeed and we have made

arrangements to supply mounted prints, sized 13 X 21 postpaid for 17 cents. All those members who would like to have this handsome photograph souvenir of our monster Christmas extravaganza which shows Mr. And Mrs. Peter Rabbit and the family, Buster Bear, Reddy Fox, Danny Meadow Mouse, Happy Jack, the Bob Whites, and the pony, and all the other little favorites, should send in at once.

January 31, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...Miss Emily Schaffner of 38 Sixth Street, Ridgefield Park, NJ, is the artist who drew this little sketch of Mr. and Mrs. Bob White. Surprising as it may seem, they are singing the "Peter Rabbit Hop," which by the way, is one of the song hits of our great Christmas show.…

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Dearest Children

I suppose you all thought that Reddy Fox was really dead, didn't you? I heard that an awful lot of boys and girls wrote to the editor and asked him if it was too late to change it all and not have Reddy die. That shows that even Reddy, the rascal, has lots of friends, doesn't it? You know I was quite worried myself, because I began to be afraid if Reddy was dead, he would not be able to be in the Pantomime at Easter, and that might have mixed things up, mightn't it? Besides, although we are very fearful of Reddy, we like him in a way, after all. There are peace moments—as you know when we even talk together at a distance…

February 1, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

All our dear boys and girls (just as your editor knew they would) have already become deeply interested in our friend, Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, especially since he has been writing his little letters in our club news every day. Many are the carefully written little notes that he has received expressing the deepest love and a desire to protect.

The beautiful gray squirrel has clung to life in a few of our forests long after most of our wild mammals have disappeared, and do you know, boys and girls, that even he is fast becoming extinct?

Dr. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Society tells us that the gray squirrel is now extinct throughout at least 95 per cent of its original area of this country. He tells us that during the past thirty years he has roamed through the woods of several widely separated localities, the Adirondacks, the Catskills, the Berkshires and western New York and in all that time he only saw three wild gray squirrels outside of city parks. Do you realize what this means, boys and girls? It means that the people in the country must be stopped from shooting the squirrels.

We know from your letters that you love to see them in the parks and we know that you as members of the Bedtime Stories Club are all willing to do your share in

helping protect them—and this is what must be done. Closed seasons must be secured from the legislators and governors. This is not much to ask, and this can be done by writing to members of the legislature and requesting a suitable law. Several states have already granted it, but it must be done everywhere. Surely every boy and girl who lives in the country would like to have colonies of gray squirrels around them to keep them company and furnish them with entertainment.

Now, boys and girls, every time you read a letter from Happy Jack, think of this, and when you write tell him what you have done to make yourself one of the army of Bedtime Stories Club protectors of Silver Tail.

...It must look quite like rehearsal time to see so many of our little friends who took part in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" now in Mr. Mason's class. Sally and Elinor Hamlin, Betty Spence, Elizabeth Hill, Katherine Walton, Dorothy Chivers, Katherine Spedick, Beatrice Clancey, and many others, to say nothing of the boys, especially Jack MacFarlane, Hannibal Hamlin, and Julius Cohen and the rest of them.

Maple Tree Hollow

[poor reproduction, "Happy Jack Squirrel" writes about shooting death of his father]...

I was skipping from branch to branch, dashing lightly across the ground up the side of the trees and down […] making little […] when suddenly "Bang!" (how I shudder at the thought of that sound). A mangled and bleeding form was all that was left of my dear daddy, Silver Tail. This tragedy is being repeated nearly every day […]

Peter Rabbit's Letter

…I can hardly wait until Easter for the second production of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland. Mrs. Peter talks about it every day. It will be so nice to see you all again….

February 2, 1916

...We suppose you read with great interest certain facts about the gray squirrel. You know our dear friend Happy Jack is a gray squirrel or a silver tail, as they are sometimes called and his little brothers need your protection sorely, for outside of our city parks (where thanks to good municipal laws, they are safe) great havoc is being made of their ranks by unscrupulous and would be sportsmen. Every time you read Happy Jack's letter make up your mind to be one of the army of conservationists. If you will do this, and if we succeed in getting aid from other sources, perhaps some day we shall live to see the time when this dear little fried of ours will again inhabit the Green Forest in great numbers.

Maple Tree Hollow

Little friends, you don't know how happy I am. Your editor tells me of great movements that promise to become national in scope, are on foot for the benefit of the Happy Jacks and all their friends, which include, I am joyed to say, Peter Rabbit. Won't it be fun, when the time comes, if it ever does, when I can run out among the trees and jump from branch to branch and scamper on the ground without being in danger of

being shot to pieces for no reason at all except the mere pleasure of killing? If I live to see these days I shall thank you all individually sand collectively, from your editor down to the last member. It will seem like a dream come true…

Peter Rabbit's Letter

…I heard today that we are going to have all the Peter Rabbit music on phonograph records. Won't that be fine? Then the thousands and thousands of members of this great club can listen to our delightful music every night can't they? Because if you haven't a piano or a player, most everybody has a phonograph of some kind…

February 3, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…The Egret. [largely unreadable essay contributed by Lillian Eichler]

Many years ago, a beautiful bird inhabited this country. This class of birds, called the egret, was so numerous at that time that the skies darkened when they flew in vast numbers toward the south.

However the milliners were soon attracted by the beautiful tail feathers on the egrets and it was then that the great massacre began...

February 4, 1916

...Beautiful Rotogravures of the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Show

A beautiful sepia rotogravure has been made from the picture taken at the finale of the first act of the Christmas extravaganza, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." It shows the Baby Buntings, the Bob Whites, the Candy Kids, The Peter Rabbit Hoppers, and all the principals in the show….

February 5, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

[special full page layout featuring photographs of club members]

112,600 Boys and Girls now belong

40,800 new members added in three weeks—and still coming in at the rate of a thousand every day...

February 14, 1916

...Striking Proof of the Globe's Strong Hold on its Readers' Interest!

"The backbone of the nation is the family," some one has aptly said.

It might be added that the backbone of the family is the children—for the children make the family."

The Globe enjoys the unique distinction of having associated with it

"The Bedtime Stories Club"

The Largest Children's Club in the World

The interest these children take in their club is so intense that in a month's contest the membership was, conservatively and sanely,

Increased to 182,706 members…

February 19, 1916

Have you Heard the "Peter Rabbit" music? (Advertisement)

If you haven't heard it, hear it!

If you haven't got it, get it!

For the past month it has been playing in all the popular Broadway Restaurants.

It's captivatingly melodious tunes delight all who hear them. Go to any of the shops listed below and select the numbers which appeal to you must.

Q.R.S. Music Rolls

Playing "Peter Rabbit" Music will be placed on sale next week.

February 24, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…Our Great Easter Show

Yes, boys and girls your wishes have come true. So many hundreds of you who missed seeing "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at Christmas will have the opportunity of going to this monster show at Easter. In a few days we will announce the name of the theatre. The dates have already been decided upon—afternoons of April 17,18,19, 20, and 22—and you will all be delighted to learn that instead of having prices $2, 1.50, and a few seats at $1, most of the seats for the new production will be one dollar, and there will be plenty at seventy-five cents, and remember "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" this time will be bigger, better, and more gorgeous than ever, although most of those who saw it last time expressed themselves so pleased that they did not see how it could possibly could be better. So many people thought it was a "kids' show" to use their own words, and did not go to see it on that account. They were very sorry, weren't they? Whereas our monster production was magnificently assisted by 300 clever boys and girls, the presentation was very professional and very finished. The magnificent orchestra, wonderful costumes and gorgeous scenery, these, with many unique additions and astonishing surprises, will go toward making the NEW "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" show. Rabbits and Easter! You can imagine how nicely they are going to fit in, can't you? Will there be any eggs, some of you ask, at Easter? Oh, surely!...

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Most of you who wrote letters to me have received answers by this time. Somebody asked me in a letter the other day, if animals talk to each other. Of course we talk to each other, in our own way. We know just how to make ourselves understood, but it is only in plays like Peter Rabbit in Dreamland that we can make real little boys

and girls understand our language. In everyday life in the Green Forest those of you who are very observing could notice from studying your little furred and feathered friends the various ways they have of communicating…

February 25, 1916

Have a Little Bedtime Story Book of Your Own! (Advertisement)

Here's a little book you all must have! It has twelve new stories in it about the little people of the Green Forest and Green Meadows you know so well.

Read

The Fable of the Long Ears about Peter Rabbit
The Fable of a Fussy Fellow about Bobby Coon
The Fable of a Silly Bird about Hooty the Owl
The Fable of Fine Clothes about Reddy Fox
The Fable of a Rogue about Chatterer the Red Squirrel
The Fable of a Lost Tail about Buster Bear
The Fable of a Wag about Black the Crow
The Fable of a Good Deed about Skimmer the Swallow
The Fable of a Lost Voice about Sammy Jay
The Fable of a Homely Fellow about Old Mr. Toad
The Fable of a Busy Worker about Busy Bee
The Fable of a Cheerful Spirit about Welcome Robin

Illustrate the Fables with 12 beautifully colored poster stamps of the woodland creatures!

February 26, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"

All the Easter bunnies will hold a wonderful revelry the second performance of our beautiful musical extravaganza—yes, indeed, this will be more delightful than ever. A great many of the same clever boys and girls will again take part but all those members of this monster club of ours who have a talent in this direction and would like to be considered for the Easter production, may send in at once and make application….

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Happy Jack came over to our house last night with the glad tidings that we are all going to meet again in Dreamland at Easter. Won't it be fun!...Happy tells me that next week, we will be able to buy the Peter Rabbit Hop on piano player music rolls, and that very soon, we will have it on phonograph records, too, then, perhaps we will be able to hear it in the Briar patch for Farmer Brown's boy, you know, has a talking machine….

February 29, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…Nearly 100 of our beautiful little girls and their older sisters will be seen in a great "Fashionette" Parade, which will be a gorgeous display of correct summer styles for our little American ladies.

Many new and brilliant stage pictures will be added to the host of big attractions presented in the last show. Everybody enjoyed every minute of the performance seen at Christmas-time and everybody wants to see it again, but they won't. They will see something bigger, newer, better, more elaborate, more fascinating than ever, and instead of paying $2, as they did at Christmas-time, they will have the choice of the majority of seats at $1…And wait till you hear the name of the theatre that will house our extravaganza….

March 1, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…Peter Rabbit in Dreamland

Our monster musical extravaganza will be presented on a much more elaborate scale than before at the Century Theatre on the matinees of April 17, 18, 19, 20 and 22. Over three hundred […] clever little club members will take part besides all the professional actor, actresses, and dancers. Of all the beautiful play houses in America, the Century Theatre, Central Park West, is perhaps the most beautiful and it is very convenient as it is only a few steps from Broadway and from the subway trains at Columbus Circle….

March 2, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…Please remember that when you do see it again that it is going to be bigger and better and that there will be many added features and novelties. It will be a great Easter Superba, full of Dreamland atmosphere, redolent of spring flowers, sunshine, and the childhood of summer. Sweet and sympathetic in its appeal to those who love the furred and feathered children of Mother Nature. Brimful of delightful surprises and pretty object lessons of unselfishness and love.

In many ways it will […] representation of all the dear things that our club stands for and […] three hundred people together with a magnificent orchestra will present […] The giant revolving stage of the beautiful Century Theatre will be again brought into action to reveal the charming scenes presented in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." Those who expected to see a little children's play had the surprise of their lives when the […] the Christmas production. Come again and you will find you have still more breath to lose for we do things WELL in this club of ours or not at all. Don't we boys and girls. Your editor can almost hear you say as with one voice, YES SIR!

There is no time like the present time and there is nothing like taking time by the forelock. There will be about fifteen hundred seats at one dollar for every performance…

March 4, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," Easter, at the Century Theatre.

If only half the surprises that we have planned for the new "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" come to pass our Easter show will be a wonder of delights, and remember thousands of people were charmed with the production Christmas time and were very much satisfied, although most of the seats were $2. Not only will our Easter show be given in one of America's mist beautiful theatres, but the same magnificent performance with many added attractions can be seen for $1…..

The great revolving stage of the Century Theatre will be brought into action in presenting the many charming woodland and green forest scenes that are to be shown in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland…"

March 8, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…Rehearsals will begin on Wednesday, March 15, at 4 o'clock (after school) and this is the final call for those boys and girls who took part in the last production and desire to take part again to write in and say so. Of course, most of them have already notified us, but this is just a hint to those who have not.…

March 10, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

… You remember at Christmas we had among others Elsie Janis, Adelaide and Hughes, Henry F. Dixie, Margaret Snow, and Lionel Barrymore. There will be many new and wonderful surprises and no less than seven delightful scenes of Dreamland, Woodland, the Dear Old Brier Patch, the Green Meadows, and the Deep Forest will be presented on the monster revolving stage at the Century Theatre.…

School teachers, of whom there are many who take a great and active interest in the B.S.C, in fact we have several who are branch managers, can help us by forming Peter Rabbit Parties….

March 12, 1916

The Register and Leader (Des Moines)

Clever Young Dancer Who Has Returned From New York (photographs)

Dorothy Schlesinger has returned.

All Des Moines is glad to welcome back to its portals the little child artist, who for nine months has been in New York studying dramatic art and the latest steps in dancing.

Many are the demands made of the dainty miss who delights in giving her services for philanthropic work and she is never happier than when appearing with the Princess Stock company, who will soon present plays in which Dorothy will appear.

While in New York the latest steps in terpsichorean art were studied, Miss Dorothy studying toe dancing with Prof. J. O. E. Small and ballet dancing with Chalif. All the while she did not neglect her studies, attending a private school in the metropolis.

With charming simplicity our little Des Moines girl played the main role in "Peter Rabbit in Dream Land," which for a week was presented in the Lexington theater under the auspices of the New York Globe, for the benefit of children's wards in two of the city hospitals.

As a memento the Globe presented Dorothy with a little hand-made ring with a design of a rabbit.

On Monday the school mates of Henry Sabin school will welcome back their playfellow, extending to her the glad hand of fellowship.

March 15, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

This is the day when three hundred and more of our cleverest little boys and girls get together for their first rehearsal of our extraordinary musical extravaganza…

Peter Rabbit's Letter

I see that jolly little scamp Happy Jack has already whetted your appetite with his tantalizing talk about the big secret which he shares with Mrs. Peter and myself. But I don't blame him very much, because one is going to take part in doing a good deed, he is bound to feel so happy and exuberant that it is hard to keep. You feel like telling everybody in the world about it, don't you? You children ought to know, because all of you who are selling tickets and otherwise helping along our big Easter Benefit Show doubtless feel the same way…

March 16, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

More than five hundred boys and girls are now busy in the contest of selling the most tickets for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" the wonderful musical extravaganza and pantomime which is to be presented on a gorgeous scale at Easter in the Century Theatre for Flower and Syndenham Hospitals.

This, as we have often told you, is an organization of workers. We're all busy at something all the time…

We feel more confident than ever that our great efforts are going to be crowned with one of the most tremendous successes ever achieved by any performance of this kind ever given in the history of dramatic New York. Yes, we are sure that all the fortunate people who are able to attend these fine performances will have a very delightful afternoon's entertainment, something that they will be talking about for months afterward…

March 17, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

They're off—over 600 Bedtimers—in the race to see who can sell the most tickets for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."…

A gigantic and enchanting woodland play—all about Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Buster Bear, Bob White, Happy Jack, Winsome Bluebird, Welcome Robin, and all the forest folks….At Christmas, when tickets were selling at $2 and $2.50, we never heard of even one spectator who felt that he or she had not received a full return for the money. "Best thing I ever saw," "Bigger and better than 'Peter Pan.'" "More elaborate than the "Bluebird.'" Those were the remarks we heard at every hand…

March 21, 1916

St. John Standard (New Brunswick, Canada)

News of the St. John Theatres Told in the Right Way

...Miss Marcella Spenser is singing selections from "The Firefly." Miss Spencer has received word that upon leaving St. John she is to join the company playing at the Century Theatre, New York. Miss Spencer will take the part of the mechanical doll in "Peter Rabbit in Fairyland." (sic)

March 22, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…What a wonderful thing our great show is going to be, and how well the time has been chosen for the repetition of this charming musical extravaganza. Rabbits and Easter eggs, enchanting woodland scenes, just when spring is really with us, pretty ocean sets to herald the approach of the bathing and boating season, the delightful Eastertime music, and last, but not least, our dainty "Fashionette," an Easter parade of beautiful summer frocks for big and little folks, from the tiny tots to the younger ladies.

These handsome frocks are now being made in the smartest shops on Fifth avenue, and when the parade comes on we will see representations from the leading fashionable stores in the world, which means Fifth Avenue. Over one hundred clever little people will take part in this charming number, which will be given to the enchanting music of Fashionette, which will be played to the best possible advantage by a grand opera orchestra, under able direction. A beautiful and appropriate Easter play, with charming melodies aptly befitting the season, that is what "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Century Theatre will be…

March 25, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

...Welcome Robin and his spouse will be prominent members of the cast, and so will Winsome Bluebird and his better half, attending the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Bob White at Racketty Crags. Peter Rabbit, Fuzzytail, and the five little children, who have been transformed by the Good Fairy into Bunny Peters, as well as Happy Jack, Danny Meadow Mouse, Grandfather Cottontail, Hooty the Owl, Old Man Frog,

Round Red Sun, Old Man Coyote, Buster Bear, and Reddy Fox, will all be there, just as large as life—and perhaps larger. And the music—oh, the music, boys and girls!—the music's the sweetest; when you hear it, why, it just adds the finishing touches necessary to make the afternoon spent at the Century Theatre a dream of delight….

The Chat (Brooklyn)

Juvenile Artists Entertain

A very artistic and unusual entertainment was given last Tuesday evening by the U.S. Grant Post, No. 327, G.A.R. Department of New York, at Post Headquarters… Three juvenile artists of Brooklyn who deserve special mention are Sally E. Hamlin of 102 Hancock Street; Mildred Herbst of 917 Lincoln Place, and Kathryn Winthrop Walton, of 988 St. John's Place. These children have unusual ability and have won many honors on the professional stage. All three are taking leading parts in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," given at the Lexington Theater, New York, recently, to be reproduced at the Century Theater the week of April 17. Sally Hamlin and Mildred Herbst, in Shakespeare's "Puck and the Fairy," were very cleverly given and much applauded. These children are well-trained piano soloists as well. Little Kathryn Winthrop Walton is a remarkable toe dancer for one of her years. She has been chosen by the Thomas D. Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph to demonstrate their machines in many towns and cities…

March 28, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…We want the critics hereafter to use "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" as the high standard by which to judge other shows of this character, the one play which it will be the ambition of every succeeding musical comedy or musical extravaganza to equal or eclipse…

We are increasing the size of our big Fashionette number in this production and therefore we have room for twenty-five more young girls….

March 29, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

This is the season of the year when church affairs, bazaars, benefits, etc. meet with the most liberal patronage and assistance. Good people vie with each other to see who can do the most to help some good cause. Perfect harmony and cooperation, combined with a right good will, assure success. Undoubtedly, therefore, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Century Theatre at Easter, should be a supreme triumph in the charitable affairs of the season, because if there is one thing which stands out above all others in the preparations for the reproduction of this big Benefit Show it is the SPIRIT of our great army which is working to make it a success. Their unselfishness, loyalty, ability and whole-hearted willingness are a source of great inspiration to us and speak eloquently for the calibre of this great Bedtime Stories Club.

ARE YOU DOING YOUR SHARE?

…One of the many charming new features will be our Fashionette Easter Parade, in which will be presented a bevy of beautiful little ladies bedecked in the latest styles of summer frocks for youthful Americans, as represented by the most recent design from Paris. Our best shops will be represented in this big number for the most delightful creations have been designed especially for exclusive presentation by Best & Co, Bonwit Teller, Arnold Constable, and R.H. Macy. These lovely little frocks were created by "The Drezwell" Company.

Peter Rabbit Soon to Appear

(Photos of Edna Walton and Sally Hamlin)

"Dreamland" in Which He So Delighted the Children and Grown-ups, Again on Boards.

Peter Rabbit the best loved little critter in the Brier Patch and the mascot of the Bedtime Stories Club, the biggest club in the world, just naturally can't keep off the boards since he has once felt the magical white glow of the spotlight upon him. Not content with setting all of young New York to say nothing of young New York's mother and father and uncle and aunt and grandmother and grandfather by the ears last Christmas time, with his truly remarkable performance in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," Peter Rabbit has come back and will be seen again at the Century Theatre on April 17, 18, 19, 20, and 22 in the self-same production, a production, however, added to and enlarged and amplified—although enlargement and amplification of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" to those who saw that truly stupendous production Christmas time, may seem almost impossible.

The wonderful drama of Peter and Mrs. Peter and the Briar Patch and the boys and girls who went to see them there, and Reddy Fox and Buster Bear and the Good Fairy and a perfectly uncountable number of other pleasant persons has been practically rewritten by Horace Tibbs, and has been brought up to date in such a way that the audience is taken all the way from Christmas to Easter, and finds itself at the last in a veritable paradise of spring-time.

Fashion Show.

Easter, of course, means fashions, so no one who goes to see the new "Peter Rabbit In Dreamland" will be surprised to see the "Fashionette" number grown to a full-sized fashion show, with every possible variation of child apparel shown on daintily lovely models. All of the chic wee costumes worn in the Fashionette number were designed by the producers of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" in collaboration with the Drezwell Company, and are being executed to the exclusive order of Best & Co., Bonwit Teller, Arnold Constable, and R. H. Macy. And, as in adult fashion shows, the makers will have a further display of these new and exclusive models in their own shops afterward, so that the mother and father of any boy or girl who has been particularly charmed with any garment shown in the fashion parade can purchase it and have a miniature Fashionette at home.

The new and bigger "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland under the auspices of the Globe's "Bed Time Stories Club," will have, in its presentation at the Century Opera House,

numerous new and delightful surprises. In the first place, the revolving stage at the Century admits of astonishingly quick changes of scenery, and this fact will be taken full advantage of in the maze of splendid fairy-land effects which will follow each other in quick succession during the entire course of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

There will be many new songs, and among the new characters introduced will be Welcome Robin and Winsome Bluebird. Moreover, Peter Rabbit is to be hatched out of an egg, in full view of the audience, and when Bed Time's drowsy boat floats away to Dreamland, it will float in such a delightful and alluring manner that every man, woman, and child in the audience will want to be among the passengers.

Wonderful Rooster.

Then, too, there will be one of the most delightful of Roosters who in real life is no less a person than the great Stanton, fresh from the Drury Lane Theatre, London. It was Mr. Stanton who was the delightful black Puss in "The Blue Bird," and his animal impersonations have won a name for him wherever stagecraft is known. As a rooster Mr. Stanton is perfect from spurs to comb.

As another attraction, there will be Miss Millie Evans, who is a member of Miss Ethel Barrymore's cast in "Our Mrs. McChesney." Miss Evans played "the good fairy" in "Peter Rabbit" during its first presentation and was so charmed with the part that no sooner did she hear of the Peter Rabbit Easter revival than she decided to make a special trip to New York from Chicago to delight the Peter Rabbit audiences all over again with her Good Fairy portrayal. Miss Evans is the best sort of good fairy that could possibly be imagined by any boy or girl, no matter with how much of an imagination that boy or girl is gifted.

There will also be a new dance number, entitled "The Mascot, executed by a well-known professional. With Peter Rabbit as "The Mascot" of the Bedtime Stories Club, of course, it isn't very hard to guess about whom this song and dance number was written. "Peter Rabbit" is staged by Jack Mason and costumed by the Orange Manufacturing Company. J Albert Brown will conduct an orchestra of real grand opera size, and the prices will be 75 cents and $1. A number of schools will be represented at the different performances of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" with parties of fifty or more children.

March 30, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…Wonderful Improvements Made.

If you saw "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at Christmas you will be greatly astonished when you see the new improved Easter production. Many new and charming numbers have been added, one of which will be "The Mascot," something that will please you immensely. "Fashionette" this time will be a gorgeous parade of modish summer frocks, designed especially for some of Fifth Avenue's smartest shops, and in which over one hundred and twenty-five beautiful and clever little ladies will take part.

….Of course it is good and generous to help make a success of bazaars, fairs, etc., for the benefit of war sufferers in foreign countries, but how much better it is to know that the proceeds of our great play will go to the Flower and Syndenham hospitals, which are taking care of the unfortunate sick right in our own back yard, so to speak.…

The Strand Song Shop (Advertisement)

Broadway at 47th st.

Right in the busiest part of New York, at a most convenient corner, has been established

The Uptown Headquarters of the Bedtime Stories Club

Here young folks may join the largest club of its kind in the world, and receive their certificates and club buttons.

Here you may buy Tickets for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," which will be given at the Century Theatre, at Easter.

Here you may also buy Peter Rabbit Rings and Pins of sterling silver, Bedtime Stories Club Pennants, Peter Rabbit in Dreamland Music, and the little Bedtime Stories Club books, in which you may paste beautifully colored pictures of your Green Forest friends….

March 31, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

In these days of the Lenten season it seems that everybody is asking. Are you going to this bazaar, or that fair, or have you contributed to his fund and that fund? And so on. Now, we Bedtimers are not to be left out of any good, charitable work, and therefore most of our members are asking each other, and their friends too. Are you going to see "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Century Theatre at Easter, our big, wonderful, musical, fairyland extravaganza, which will be presented for the benefit of the Flower Hospital and the Syndenham Hospital, two of our most deserving east side institutions?…

A Wonderful Easter Play

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at Easter is one of the happiest combinations imaginable. Rabbits, Easter eggs, roosters, fairies, goblins, dream spirits, merry children, and all the furred and feathered little folk of the Green Forests with plenty of appropriate and enchanting music, what a joyful occasion this will be for all our little members and their grown-up friends!…

Among the new characters for the Easter production will be Mr. and Mrs. Welcome Robin and Mr. and Mrs. Winsome Bluebird and King Rooster, while entirely new numbers will be the Bacchanale, the Daisy Dance, the Doll Dance and the Mascot.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" (Advertisement)

The beautiful musical extravaganza which was produced at Christmas time will be

staged again

At Easter at the Century Theatre

So delightful and fascinating was the music of this production much of it will be repeated at Easter. In the mean time you may learn these charming melodies and enjoy playing or singing them or dancing to them if you

Get "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Music…

See the Monster Easter Extravaganza (Advertisement)

Peter Rabbit in Dreamland

See "Peter" and All His Little Forest Friends at

The Century Theatre

April 17,18, 19, 20, and 22

See the 120 Young Folks in the Easter "Fashionette" Parade

Presenting "Drezwell" Creations, designed exclusively for Best & Co, Arnold Constable, Bonwit Teller, and R.H. Macy.

Benefits of the Flower and Syndenham Hospitals

Box Office open Monday, April 14. Tickets procurable at the Strand Song Shop… Tyson's and McBride's…

April 1, 1916

350 in Peter Rabbit Pageant

(photographs of Horace Tibbs, Jack Mason, Ted Ward)

In Seven Gorgeous Scenes Will Newer Dreamland Be Unfolded Easter Week.

Seven scenes and 350 people—most of them professionals—will be among the attractions of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," which will open at the Century Theatre on the afternoon of April 17, and continue through Easter week with the exception of April 21.

The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club, which now ranks as the biggest club in the world, is on its tiptoes with excitement over this latest activity of that very interesting forest personage, Peter Rabbit, and there is hardly a school in the city, these days, in which one little girl doesn't whisper to another little girl: "I'm going to be in the chorus of 'Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.'" This newest dreamland production will be all that it was when "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" was presented at Christmas time, but it will be enlarged and glorified fully 50 per cent. For instance, the Bob White chorus, which had twelve persons in the last performance, now has thirty-two, and other numbers have been increased in proportion. Little Bo Peep and Little Miss Muffet will be brand new characters for this production and there is an entirely new chorus by the alluring name of "The Daisies." "The Mascot," a new song, with words and music by Horace S. Tibbs, promises to be one of the hits of the production, and the fashion parade of

juvenile styles, promises to be one of the most artistic and delightful numbers ever seen in New York. One hundred and twenty-five of the very newest styles in children's and misses' frocks will be seen in the course of this parade.

The Good Fairy.

The advent of the good fairy, as the audiences at the earlier performances of Peter Rabbit soon learned, always means something good, and in the coming production it is under the guidance of the Good Fairy and the Dream Spirit that Easter arrives. The green and joyous Easter time is enjoyed in a lovely spring garden, and it is here that the fashion show takes place. At the end of the fashion parade there will be a Bacchanalian dance, and it is here, too, that Peter Rabbit actually pops out of a giant Easter egg, in full view of the audience. After that, there is a trip for everybody in the Drowsy boat, a Drowsy boat crowded full of singing children, with Peter Rabbit at its helm, guiding it over the sea to Dreamland.

Peter Rabbit isn't the kind of bunny to be satisfied with anything less than the best, and so it is not to be wondered at that the professional talent which will be seen in Peter's play is of the best. Stanton, the famous animal impersonator from Drury Lane: Millie Evans Denton, who was understudy to Miss Marguerite Clark in De Wolf Hopper's company for several years; Miss Hilda Wierum, who was booked for the Opera Comique in Parts last season, but remained here because of the war, and Miss May Haight are among the professionals who will be seen in this production, and in addition to that there will be many Broadway stars at every matinee.

Everybody Interested.

Everybody seems vitally interested in Peter Rabbit and his doings in Dreamland and during the week of the production the lilting catchy melodies of "Peter Rabbit" will be played in the best New York restaurants as well as the Fox and Loewe theatres, the Strand and the Palace. On Sunday, April 16, the day preceding the opening of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," the music will be played by John Philip Sousa at the Hippodrome.

Some of the very clever young folks who are going to take part in the production are Sally Hamlin, Betty Spence, Katherine Walton, Laverna Ballard, who has just come back from playing with the Vitagraph company at Palm Beach, Margaret Walsh, Violet Meehan, Sherwood Clements, Helen Ukers, Marcella Spencer, Dorothy Spedick, and Muriel Thirer. The entire proceeds of the five performances of "Peter Rabbit" will go to the Flower Hospital and the Sydenham Hospital, which every year take care of a great number of the ill poor.

Peter Rabbit Ocean Up In Air

(photographs of "woodland creatures")

Yes, Sir, but That's at Rehearsal. So Wait Till You See It With Dream Boat

An ocean quarts and quarts and gallons of it hung midway in the air, is one of the least of the wonders that are to be seen just now at the Century Opera House where busily every day and almost every hour of the day the preparations are going forward

for that wonderland come true, Peter Rabbit in Dreamland, which is now in rehearsal presentation during Easter week.

Oh of course it's only a painted canvas ocean but that doesn't make it any the less amazing in its present station, yards and yards up above the stage on which tens and scores and hundreds of Bedtime Stories boys and girls are doing their joyously interesting rehearsing these days. The canvas ocean descends from its exalted position at the proper time, and instead of being an ocean in the air becomes the Sea of Dreams over which a Drowsy Boat of fairy lovely design will float with its cargo of nid-nodding heads, and Peter Rabbit at the helm.

The Drowsy Boat is standing most prosaically in the wings of the Century Opera House just now but even empty and motionless there's a thrill about that Drowsy Boat somehow. One can't help reflecting upon the number of dream-cargoes that any drowsy boat may carry, and this Drowsy Boat seems so particularly fitted to carry a load of the loveliest rainbow and pearl and seafoam dreams.

Well, and then too, behind the scenes there is already standing the woodland abode of Peter Rabbit, most cosy and noncommitally like a clump of tree stumps on the outside and there is also a most amazing bit of architecture made all of red and white striped cardboard, which, from a tiny distance looks like the most succulent structure of honest-to-goodness peppermint candy that ever was built. Moreover, the abode of the spider queen is all ready for its position on the stage and there are any number of additional scenery bits and accessories standing about, unused at the present moment but all mute witnesses to the fact that the coming production of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland going to be one of the most picturesque and colorful and altogether unique and delightful performances that was ever given off or on Broadway.

The great dim cavern of the empty theatre is re-echoing every day to the tune of the various choruses that are rehearsing on the stage. One half hour It is the Bob Whites and then again it is the Baby Buntings, and again the living toys, or the daisies or the Fashionettes, or a dance by Red Riding Hood and her wolf, who has become miraculously tame. All the boys and girls who hurry over to rehearsals just as soon as school is out in the afternoon stand about waiting for their cues with all the savoir-faire of real actors, and the blunders that are being made by even the very tiniest of the little tots growing fewer and fewer every so that even now the chaos that is usually present at every rehearsal of every production is beginning to assume definite and delightful shape.

And at the same time that the choruses are being drilled on the stage by Jack Mason, a peep in the green-room will show Horace S. Tibbs busily engaged in coaching such principals as Mrs. Peter Rabbit herself, Reddy Fox, Buster Bear, and all […] highly-favored children who make the visit to Peter Rabbit in Dreamland by the help of the Fairy Queen.

There's so much to be seen at a single rehearsal of "Peter Rabbit" that it doesn't seem possible that it can all be crowded into any one performance: but crowded it will be, and that is why the coming "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is going to be one of the kind of productions that is going to leave a strange sense of having missed something

worth-while in that mind of every one who misses seeing it.

April 6, 1916

Mrs. Rabbit'll Be There, Too

(Photographs of Hilda Wierum as a Candy Kid, Sally Hamlin as Mrs. Peter Rabbit, Sherwood Clements as A Knight-Master, and a Daisy)

A rabbit mother and a knight and a candy kid and a daisy--that's a combination that could only be found in one possible place, and that place is Dreamland. Here they all are, the rabbit mother, the knight, the candy kid, and the daisy, as they will be seen in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," the monster performance under the auspices of the Globe's Bedtime Stories Club at the Century Theatre on April 17, 18, 19, 20, and 22. Now, you would never think to see wee, slender Sally Hamlin at rehearsals that she is at all fitted to be a Mrs. Peter Rabbit, and yet when she puts her arms around the little children who have come to the Brier Patch to be the guests of herself and her dear old husband Peter she is just the sweetest, mothery-est little Mrs. Peter Rabbit that you can possibly imagine.

For that matter, there seems to be something perfectly magic about the way that "Peter Rabbit" transforms girls and boys from just commonplace little people into gnomes and elves and knights and flowers and sticks of candy and baby-buntings and every other sort of thing that isn't usually met with in the course of everyday life. They come eagerly into the big re-echoing auditorium of the Century Theatre every day after school in tens and scores, and they are just boys and girls like hundreds and thousands of others scattered all over this city and every other city in the United States. But no sooner is the magic of the "Peter Rabbit In Dream- land" idea in their minds, and the wonder of the Peter Rabbit music in their ears, than they are transformed into the shimmering creatures of moonlight and fairyland so quickly what it would make Cinderella's fairy godmother pumpkin-yellow with envy to see the change.

Every day sees the new and bigger "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" taking more complete form. There seems to be no feature that attracts in a Broadway production which has been left out of Peter Rabbit and in addition to the charming music and clever singing, dancing, and acting there are scores and scores of features that are attractive to children from the real child viewpoint--the joyous, fanciful viewpoint that was Barrie's in "Peter Pan" and Maeterlinck's in "The Blue Bird" —the viewpoint that takes into consideration that the purest and loveliest thing in the world is the heart of a child, and that the most beautiful happenings, no matter how strange and fanciful and impossible from the prosaic grownup viewpoint, are the realest to the imagination of unspoiled boys and girls.

And they are unspoiled boys and girls who are taking part in this mammoth production in the Century Theatre. They are working with a vim and a zest which makes every rehearsal a whirl of interest and energy, and just half an hour spent at one of these rehearsals is perfectly convincing evidence that the performance is going to be the great-biggest success of the spring season.

April 8, 1916

Here they are—The Daisies, a Candy Kid, and King Rooster, Who'll Do Some Crowing for the Easter Pantomime.

(Photographs of Walter Stanton as King Rooster, The Daisies, and a different photo of Hilda Wierum as a Candy Kid)

There are lots of girls who are referred to as "daisies." There are plenty of others who in the course of their lives have been referred to as "candy kids. But most girls are satisfied with the metaphorical part of the figure of speech. It remains for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" actually to invest these well-known figures of speech in reality—to clothe the "daisies" and the "candy kids" in the outward habiliments of those floral and confectionery dainties to which they have been likened.

There are real human daisies and real human candy kids in Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," the mammoth musical extravaganza to be given under the auspices of the Globe's Bedtime Stories Club for the benefit of the Flower and Sydenham hospitals at the Century Theatre during the week of April 17.

Everything that is unusual and amazing, for that matter, happens in "Peter Rabbit." Besides the glorified sticks of striped pep'mint candy and the daisies that magically leave their roots behind them and trip blithely over the stages there are all sorts of animals that talk and sing and dance and do other truly remarkable things that are usually relegated entirely to the realm of human beings.

There is, for instance, the case of the Rooster. Now, roosters are usually content to go complacently enough about the barnyard, pecking a morsel of corn here, and picking a quarrel there, but being in nowise remarkable or out of the ordinary. Not so the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" rooster. For the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" rooster Walter Stanton, the famous impersonator of that well-known barnyard fowl, and Mr. Stanton's rooster, while roosterlike in every minute detail, is much more interesting than any real rooster ever dreamed of being. Mr Stanton has made a specialty of bird impersonations, and specializing within his specialty, has specialized in the art of being a rooster.

"People often tell me," says Mr Stanton, in speaking of his rooster impersonations, "that I have hit upon an easy way of earning a living. They say that I am only on the stage five minutes. But they don't know that my rooster dress weighs fifty pounds, and they don't know what it's like to be inside it. When I set out to be a bird, I want to be a bird all over, and not to let the man inside the feathers or any part of him be visible while it is on the stage. The position I have to get in to accomplish this is not exactly what you might call luxuriously comfortable. My body is at right angles to my legs, and my head at right angles to my body again. Then there is a thick gauze in front of my face, to suck air through. And I have to prance joyously to music, doubled up in this way, and at the same time work the strings that control the mechanism of the bird. The eyelids have to blink and the eyes to move, and the beak has to imitate the action of the rooster. Everything on that bird dress was invented by myself and I hold a patent for every wire in it.

So, of course, it isn't quite the picnic that it looks for human beings to take the

sprightly parts of roosters and sticks of candy and daisies and rabbits and as Reddy foxes, and Buster bears and all the other characters that will be seen in Peter Rabbit in Dreamland. But every one is working for this great performance with the very best of good will. It doesn't seem as though there could be too much hard work for the members of the cast of "Peter Rabbit" and every day the rehearsals progress with more and more vim and enthusiasm.

The "Peter Rabbit" music is kind that gets into the head to stay and most of the members in the cast can be heard after the rehearsals happily humming the tune of "Fashionette" or "Drowsy Boat" or some year one of the myriad lilting and catch airs which are scattered throughout "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

April 10, 1916

Eagerly Await Peter Rabbit

(Photographs of Mrs. Lillian Meister and Mrs. Hilda Wierum as "Feathered Folk")

Last Week Before Presentation of Splendid Extravaganza Finds Everybody Working

This is the last week before the first presentation of the splendid musical extravaganza, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," and everybody in the cast is working at top-notch speed, in their eagerness to make the new "Peter Rabbit" production exceed in every way the tremendous success of the first production during Christmas week.

At that time there were thousands of boys and girls who were disappointed when they did not get to see Peter Rabbit and his frolics in the Land of Nod, because of inability to secure seats, and the rush for places in the great auditorium of the Century Theatre is even greater at present, for every one who saw "Peter Rabbit" last time, wants to see it again this time, and everybody who didn't see it is trying to be sure that a similar disappointment will not occur again.

Just for love of Peter Rabbit and all the other little folks of the wood, the school boys and girls of New York are joyously giving up their time, and there are score of professionals who have entered into the task of making Buster Bears and Reddy Foxes and Old Man Coyotes and Fairy Queens out of themselves as though their Broadway reputation depended upon it.

The choruses for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" have attained an unexpected perfection and would put many a professional chorus to blush with their dancing and song.

Pretty nearly every minute at the Century Theatre is a thrilling one these days, for at short intervals, a new group of funny and delightful costumes is arriving from the Orange Company, or a photographer is coming to take pictures of the little folks in all of their animal characters, and then a piano sounds and everybody scampers to rehearsal. Then there's a great creaking of windlasses, while the Drowsy Boat, filled with a great load of laughing, shouting youngsters, has its own rehearsal in sailing magically across the stage, and then there's a call for the understudy of some one who "had to stay after school a little while and couldn't get here" (oh, yes, these boys

and girl performers have understudies just like really truly actors, and the position of understudy is one much to be desired), and altogether, it's a busy and exciting life.

The Fashionette number, with an elaborate style show of juvenile fashions, promises great things, for the costumes by a number of New York's leading stores are the last word in youthful modes, and the children who have been chosen to wear them go through the motions of a real fashion show with all the savoir faire of grown-ups.

April 11, 1916

Some of the Dainty Performers Who Will Take Part in the Spectacular New "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

(photographs of Dorothy Spedick, Victoria Gilpin, Mariam Garcee, Marcella Spencer.)

April 12, 1916

They All Hum "Peter Rabbit"

Children Happy at Rehearsal for Big Easter Pantomime—Music is Popular

"There is one reason why we'll be glad when Peter Rabbit in Dreamland' is over," said one of the mothers who brings her little daughter to the Peter Rabbit rehearsals at the Century Theatre, and that's because Betty has sung and hummed the Peter Rabbit tunes so much that now every body in the house is doing it. You hear 'Peter Rabbit' music whistled and sung as soon as one of us is up in the morning, until the last member of the family is in bed at night. I really think we're all Peter Rabbit mad."

And that's just the way it is with every one these days. Every dog has his day as the old time saying insists, but it isn't every rabbit who can enjoy the popularity that is Peter Rabbit's. He seems verily the most sought after and adored rabbit that ever twitched a nose. To-day, for instance, in the big Hippodrome parade, there was Peter Rabbit large as life, driven along in a pony cart and greeted every where with the most joyous acclaim. He seemed to say with every twitch of his whiskers "Come on in and see me in Dreamland all of next week every afternoon except Friday." Take it from Peter that it's going be some wonderful show.

Then, just as though that weren't enough, Peter Rabbit music is to be played during the coming week at all of the Fox and Loew theatres, as well as at the Strand and Palace and at all of the best hotels, restaurants and cabarets. Sunday night, who but John Philip Sousa and his band will play the "Peter" music at the Hippodrome. This will be the last evening before the first Easter-week performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" and, naturally, interest in the big "Bedtime Stories Club" Extravaganza will be at its height.

The spectacular features of Peter Rabbit as seen in rehearsal seem to get better and better every day. The great egg from which Peter will be hatched in full view of the audience, the Drowsy Boat which is to carry a load of little folks to Dreamland with Peter at its helm, the candy house, made all of shiny sweet sticks of peppermint, the Spider Rock, and all of the lovely and amazing things seem to get lovelier and more

amazing at every rehearsal.

Thus far among the Broadway stars who have promised to be with "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" on some afternoon of the week of productions are Louis Mann and Louise Dresser and there will be many more who will lend their real honest to goodness Broadway presence to the Century production.

There are between three and four hundred people in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" as it is being rehearsed at present and every chorus that was seen at the Christmas time production is bigger and better than before for the Easter occasion. In addition, there are several new features and choruses which weren't even dreamed of at holiday time. The entire proceeds of the five performances will go to the Flower and Sydenham hospitals.

April 13, 1916

B'way Stars in Peter Rabbit.

Galaxy of Noted Stellar Performers to Make Fine Production Even More Brilliant.

Among the big attractions of the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" production, which is to be given at the Century Theatre next week, are the famous Broadway stars who are scheduled to entertain. The very best have gladly consented to take part in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" and the result will be an even more highly entertaining show than originally planned, in spite of the many other unique attractions it has.

Ralph Herz of many a musical comedy success will give one of the side-splitting monologues for which he is famous in every vaudeville house in the United States.

That famous little English comedian. Laddie Cliff, who, up until six or eight months ago, was a favorite of New York vaudeville-goers—in fact, the favorite in every large city in the United States, and who has Just closed his engagement as leading comedian in "To-Night's the Night," to open the next Winter Garden show will be another of the extraordinary "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" attractions.

Laddie Cliff will give bits of comedy and songs. His inimitable style has made a name for him all over the United States and in England, and "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is very fortunate in securing such a prominent star.

Dorothy Maynard, one of the prettiest girls playing on the stage to-day, who also recently closed in "To-Night's the Night" to play with Laddie Cliff in the new Winter Garden show, will offer some of her songs also. The talent of this prima donna is recognized as among the highest on the American stage to-day, and in appearing in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Miss Maynard will add one more to the already bright galaxy of stars scheduled to participate in this delightful production.

The spectacle of the Rocking Drowsy Boat voyaging across the Sea of Dreams with the thirty nodding dreamers will be one of the prettiest sights ever seen on any New York stage. The scene in the Candy Palace, the edge of the Brier Patch west of Peter Rabbit's home, and the scene in Reddy Fox's den are three of the most attractive scenes in this wonderful play for young and old .

Throughout the whole performance the alluring beauty and the fascinating charm of "Peter Pan" and "The Blue Bird" form the keynote to this stupendous dream show. The production promises a better afternoon's entertainment, for young and old alike, than you would find in almost any other New York theatre.

April 14, 1916

Rialto Awaits "Peter Rabbit"

Broadway Favorites Featured in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Next Week

(Photographs of The Dolly Sisters, Louis Mann, Louise Dresser)

Broadway Appears to Be Ready to Move to the Century for "Dreamland" Show.

Broadway seems to be all ready to move.

The centre of life on Broadway used to be at the intersection of that well known thoroughfare and Forty-second street, but for the week preceding Easter it is going to move to the Century Theatre, Columbus avenue and Sixty-second street. "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is the attraction, and any number of Broadway stars have signified their intention of being present for one afternoon or more during the whole week of matinee performances.

The Dolly Sisters are the newest acquisition to the ranks of bright lights from Broadway, and there will also be, as already announced, Louise Dresser, Louis Mann, Laddie Cliff, Ralph Herz, Dorothy Maynard, and many others, who will do their part in adding to the manifold pleasures already in store for the audiences of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

While the Peter Rabbit extravaganza was primarily a children's entertainment, having its inception in the popular Bedtime Stories series running in The Globe, it has grown so tremendously since its beginnings that it has now assumed the proportions of a full grown light opera, and as such is as much of an attraction to the adult theatre-goer as to the children.

While its central idea is one that appeals charmingly to the child imagination, and its principal characters are fanciful conceptions which make talking, singing personalities of rabbits, bears, foxes, and other woodsy creatures, it has in its every act so much more than the mere child story and pantomime idea that it is well worthy of its place among the successful musical productions of the year.

Not only is there chorus after chorus of trained dancers, and solo numbers of infinite charm and variety, but the scenic effects have been brought to a stage of artistic perfection, and a number of spectacular features will be introduced into the new "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" that will make its production from beginning to end a swirl of dazzling color effects and amazing metamorphoses. The revolving stage at the Century will be used to the best advantage, and with the aid of this device, one scene will follow another with but a minimum of delay.

All of Peter Rabbit is going to go with a verve and a dash and a swing which will leave never a dull moment during the five afternoons of Its presentation, and if there

are any grown-ups in New York who feel that just because they haven't any children, they don't possess the "Open Sesame" to "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," they ought to remember that the grown-ups all by themselves have just as much right in Dreamland as the children, and will be just as welcome there.

April 15, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

Your Editor asks to be excused from an extensive club news today, on account of the fact that we are holding final dress rehearsals at the Century Theatre for our beautiful Easter production…

Your editor is terribly excited about seeing you all, and he hopes to meet a great many of you. And just think of meeting personally at this show your dear friends, Peter Rabbit, Happy Jack, Danny Meadow Mouse, Grandfather Frog, Hooty the Owl, Old Man Coyote, Buster Bear, Bob White, Winsome Bluebird, Welcome Robin, and hosts of others…

Big Demand for 'Rabbit' Tickets

(Photographs of "Shaw and Seabury of "Very Good Eddie" and Others in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" of Shaw and Seabury, Peter Rabbit's Son, Uncle Sam, A Fairy, Danny Meadow Mouse)

All Boxes for Big Easter Pantomime at Century Theatre Sold—Music Making Hit

Every box for all five performances of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" has been sold already, and that's indicative of the popularity of this giant musical extravaganza under the auspices of the Globe's Bed Time Stories Club which will have its springtime premiere at the Century Theatre on Monday afternoon. That the big theatre will be crowded for all five performances with "Peter Rabbit" enthusiasts there is now little doubt. It seems as though every one wants see Peter Rabbit in Dreamland, and even the circus can't turn aside; the eager throng of girls and boys and grown-ups from the surface cars and elevated trains and subway cars that lead to "Peter Rabbit," for at "Peter" there's all the fun of a circus and more, too, because the animals have all the attraction of real animals, and talk and dance and sing like the very most talented kind of humans at the same time.

Not only is there a monster cast of clever amateurs in this performance at the Century, but many parts will be taken by well known professionals, and as additional attractions, numerous men and women stars popular on Broadway, and including Louise Dressler, the Dollie Sisters, Louis Mann, Laddie Cliff, Ralph Herz, and others have signified their intention of coming to the Century during the week, and acting as extra-special attractions to "Peter Rabbit."

The demand for tickets for this production is exceeding even that of the Christmas time production, and many large parties of children have been made up for the various matinees of the week.

The scenic effects in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" will be truly spectacular, for

“Peter Rabbit” is a fairy story from beginning to end, and of course there can’t ever be a fairy story without all sorts of magical and inexplicable changes from one place to another, and other remarkable happenings, such as the sudden turning transparent of the whole wall of a house, the hatching of a rabbit out of a giant egg, the sailing of a boat right across the whole width of the stage, and the sudden loquacity of ever and ever so many animals that never talked before. Moreover, the costumes of this extravaganza are unique and gorgeous, and the ballets and choruses have been trained until they sing and dance more like professionals than do professionals themselves.

There won’t be a dull moment in “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” and moreover, every man or woman or girl or boy who buys a ticket for this giant production is helping some boy or girl in the Flower and Sydenham hospitals, for whose benefit “Peter Rabbit” is being given.

“Peter Rabbit” music is to be played at all the Fox and Loewe Theatres, as well as at the Strand, and Palace and at various hotels, cafes and cabarets throughout the week, and on Sunday night, this catchy and attractive music will be played by Sousa and his band at the Hippodrome.

Peter Rabbit Week in New York (Advertisement)

The week of April 17 to 22 will be a gala one for the 200,000 members of the Bedtime Stories Club, their families, and friends. The big feature will be the monster Easter production of

“Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” at the Century Theatre

Linked with this elaborate production, Peter Rabbit Music will be featured in practically every large vaudeville and motion picture theatre in Greater New York.

John Philip Sousa and His Famous Band

Will herald in the week at the Hippodrome Concert Sunday night, April 6, with selections from the musical extravaganza “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.”

The Loew forces have also joined the movement and have arranged throughout their entire metropolitan circuit of twenty-two houses to entertain their host of patrons with Peter Rabbit melodies. These are the Loew Theatres: American, Orpheum, National, Boulevard, Greely Square, Delancey Street, Seventh Avenue, Lincoln Square, New York, West Ed, and 86th Street in New York; The Bijou, De Kalb, Palace, Fulton, Warwick, Royal, and Broadway in Brooklyn. The Lyric, in Hoboken, and the Loew Theatre in Newark.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. A. Paul Keith and E.F. Albee, the orchestras of all the Keith Theatres

Will add their efforts toward making Peter Rabbit Week an event long to be remembered. Peter Rabbit Music will be on the programme at the following Keith theatres: The Palace, Colonial, Alhambra, and Royal in New York and the Prospect, Orpheum, and Bushwick in Brooklyn.

The management of the beautiful William Fox Theatres

Will also contribute its share toward the success of the week. The fascinating strains of Peter Rabbit Music will be heard in these Fox theatres:Academy of Music, Audubon, Riverside, Riviera, Nemo, City, Star, Comedy, Washington, Crotona, Folly, Jamaica, and Bedford.

At the Strand Theatre

The famous Strand Orchestra will render its version of the production music during the entire week.

The Chat (Brooklyn)

Oakland View.

…Little Aida Horton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Horton, of 1532 Washington avenue, is to take one of the leading parts in the performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," which is to be given in the Century Theater, Manhattan, during next week. Aida is to be "Baby Rabbit" and that she has been chosen to appear in such a cast speaks much for her ability for the little 3 ½- year-old child. The famous original "Peter Rabbit" and the well-known "Chanticleer" are among the artists. This is a benefit performance given under the direction of the Globe newspaper and will be played every day next week, with the exception of Good Friday.

April 17, 1916

Don't Miss This Chance to See Peter Rabbit, Who Opens in Big Show, Today

To-day witnesses "Peter Rabbit's" Easter premiere, and that self-same premiere is an event of vast importance, not only to every boy and girl member of the Globe's Bedtime Stories Club but to grown-ups all over the city who want to see a rattling good musical extravaganza, with brilliant costumes, clever acting, catchy music, and, ingenious scenic effects in every scene of every act--to say nothing of 350 people, in which the professionals are of the best and the amateurs very close to the professionals in accomplishment.

"Peter Rabbit" will open this afternoon at the Century Opera House and will be given every afternoon during the present week, with the exception of Good Friday. While "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" had its inception among the "Bedtime Stories" folk, interest in the big extravaganza has spread throughout the city. Last night Sousa and his band played Peter Rabbit music at the Hippodrome, and during the entire week the music will be played at the Fox and Loewe theatres, the Palace, the Strand, and at various cafes, hotels, restaurants and cabarets.

Moreover, a number of Broadway stars, including Louis Mann, Louise Dresser, Laddie Cliff, the Dolly Sisters, Ralph Herz, and many others have become so interested in Peter Rabbit that they have volunteered their services for various performances during the week, thus to add to the gigantic sum of attractions which Peter already has to offer.

Maple Tree Hollow

A great many of you who read this letter will have seen me in person to-day, at the first performance of cur splendid show, "Petter Dreamland," and I don't think you could ever guess what a narrow escape I had from not appearing on the stage at all. Yes indeed, your little friend Happy had a very close call while hunting for Old Man Coyote, in fact it was the most exciting trip I have ever had. But really, you will have to excuse me to- day if I only just barely hint at my experiences, because I have had hardly any time to speak of to write this letter. On Saturday I just did manage to get to our full dress rehearsal in time, and then I had to hurry home and tell Mrs. Happy Jack all about my trip; and my! how excited she was when she learned how near she came to being a widow. And so will you be too, when you read all about it in my next letter. Well members, how did you enjoy the show? Wasn't it just simply glorious? Why the settings and the characters were all so natural that sometimes I really thought I was back in the dear old Green Forest. But, really, a humble little squirrel can't possibly describe this wonderful play. If you want to know what a treat this big show is, and get a real glimpse of Fairyland, go and see it with your own eyes, and then you can tell others about it. I have ever so many things to do now, so I must say good night. Your merry little squirrel friend, Happy Jack.

April 18, 1916

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Dearest Children:

Dear me, how tired I am. Really, children, if you knew what hard work it is to take part in a big show you would not say so many times when you go to the theatre, "My, how I would like to be an actor or an actress! How easy and delightful is their task!" No indeed, if you had a part in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" and had gone through all the tiresome work of preparing, and had to memorize a lot of lines, and do everything just so, it would change your opinion a good deal. Of course I do not say that I do not like to be an actor. Oh, no, even with all the hard work I enjoy it, and am delighted that I am able to take a little part in such a wonderful show, and make all our boys and girls happy—and many others too—but I just wanted to let you know what hard work it all really is. Dear Old Fuzzytail certainly played her part well too, and yet even though she was just as tired as myself, as soon as we reached home, and before we ourselves had our dinner, she was out there feeding Poor Woolly, who has not yet been able to free himself from his chain or the tree in which it became entangled. Poor, unlucky fox, will his troubles ever cease? But I wonder what Happy Jack has to tell us. Something interesting. I know, and I am waiting patiently for his next letter. You know, even though I did see him to-day, there was no time for talking. Well, I must go to sleep now, if I would show up well to-morrow, and so will say good-by. Your little friend, Peter.

This Week is Peter Rabbit Week. Join in and Celebrate! (Advertisement)

…You can take part in Peter Rabbit Week by going to the show and wearing your

Peter Rabbit Ring
Or

Peter Rabbit Pin
Decorate your room with
Club Pennants
Made of felt with Peter's picture on them…

Children's Fashion Show

Peter Rabbit Feature

Best & Co. are exhibiting five or six charming models at the Fashion Show de Luxe for juniors and girls, one of the big features of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," now being presented at the Century Theatre for the benefit of the Flower and Syndenham hospitals with a cast of over 500 people, including well-known Broadway stars.

The fashion parade Best exhibits presents the following style creations: "Garden Gate," "Sea Breezes," Dance de Russe," and "Floral Perfumes." Miss May Haight, the premier in this number, is also gowned by Best & Co. in three charming creations presenting an afternoon toilette, a tea gown, and a gorgeous creation portending the coming vogue for spring and summer evening wear.

This fashion show is unique in the history of New York, being the first juvenile presentation. The settings at the Century Theatre make this a very gorgeous spectacle, and the reputation of Best & Co. as "The Lilliputian Bazaar," where for years the better dressed children of New York City have been gowned, has been more than sustained by their beautiful style presentations.

Gimbel Brothers. (Advertisement)

Peter Rabbit Hat for Girls

Another Gimbel Millinery Innovation

"We have secured the right to produce the Peter Rabbit Hat for Misses and Children—this hat is a mushroom shape and can be had in the popular straws and colors. Trimmed with bands and long streamers of handsome ribbon, hand-painted in novel and clever designs of the members of Peter Rabbit's family. "Peter Rabbit" himself, "Hooty the Owl," "Reddy Fox" and all the other interesting birds and animals.

April 19, 1916

Peter Rabbit Crowd Grows

(Photographs of Will Rogers and Aida Horton "Ziegfeld Folly Star and "Peter Rabbit, Jr." at the Century")

Merry Character Continues His Gambols in "Dreamland" and Popularity Increases

Peter Rabbit continued his spectacular gambols through Dreamland under the auspices of the hundred and ninety thousand members of The Globe's Bed Time Stories Club at the Century Theatre yesterday, and a big audience enjoyed every minute of a performance that starts in delightfully and seems to grow better and better every minute until the great, colorful, splendid finale is a veritable triumph of beauty and stagecraft.

There are so many hits being made by the songs and choruses and dances of "Peter Rabbit" that it's hard to pick out any particular favorite. Everything is received enthusiastically by the big Peter Rabbit audiences, and that's to be taken for granted, for everything is a surprise and it's amazing and wonderful all the way through.

One performer who is being received with great enthusiasm is Miss Eleanor Graham Millar, in her "rainbow dance." If a rainbow could assume the form of a lovely sprite of a human being and could express its joy of beauty in a dance, there is no doubting whatever that it would resemble Miss Millar so closely that the two would be taken for twin sisters.

The charm of this dance as in her dainty-hued draperies Miss Millar trips about the stage is as elusive as the first ray of sun after a shower. The charm and grace of the spring dance win instantaneous response from the audience.

Then, too, there is tiny-wee Aida Horton, who is just about knee-high to a chipmunk. She's so wee in her Peter Rabbit clothes that she looks like a dolly, and not a very big dolly at that, but that doesn't keep that sweet piping treble of hers from amazingly filling the whole of the opera house when perched on the knee of no less a person than Peter himself, she sings "The Mascot." This diminutive girl used to be with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

Broadway favorites who have contributed their services to "Peter Rabbit" continue to be a big drawing card Tuesday afternoon. Will Rogers, the lariat artist from the Ziegfeld Follies, held his audience utterly fascinated with wonder and delight while he demonstrated the truly remarkable control he has attained over the lariat. On Monday afternoon Louis Mann told funny stories and made a chummy little address, in which he told the audience how much he approved of the work The Globe is doing with its Bedtime Stories Club, and its particular activity on presenting "Peter Rabbit" for the benefit of the Flower and Sydenham hospitals. On Monday afternoon, too Shaw and Seabury gave a sprightly little between-acts skit.

Good new attractions will continue to make their appearance every afternoon of "Peter Rabbit's" production which is every afternoon throughout the week, with the exception of Friday.

April 20, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

A packed house for today and Saturday is assured. Wednesday's performance was witnessed by a monster crowd, who were delighted and enthralled…

Every act was applauded to the echo, and as the happy spectators wended their way out of the theatre at the end of the performance, most everybody was heard to say that this and that friend must see this splendid show…

Great News

The tale of the wonderful success scored by "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Century has been spreading fast, and it reached the ears of the Entertainment

Committee of Lodge 22, B.P.O.E. Brooklyn. The committee came up to see the performance and were so pleased with it that immediately after the show was over, arrangements were made for three performances in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music under the auspices of Lodge 22, B.P.O.E. …

Peter Rabbit a Dancing Hit

(Photograph of Miss Eleanor Graham Miller)

Grace of Nimble-toed Performers Evokes Great Applause—Two More Performers.

To-day's performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is next to the last, as no performance will be given on Good Friday. "Peter Rabbit" has been making an unprecedented hit and the throngs which daily storm the box office at the Century bear witness to the popularity of the little hero of the Brier Patch and his activities in Dreamland.

One of the attractive specialties in a performance which is full of them is that of Miss Miriam Garcee, who, with her Red Riding Hood dance, takes the whole audience, grown-ups as well as children, back to fairy-tale days. Miss Garcee, who does her dance with a most delightful and docile wolf, is, by the way, rapidly gaining recognition by her acting before the camera. In "Peter Rabbit" she also very ably assists the Great Stanton in his wonderful portrayal of King Rooster, one of the real hits of the show.

Another real, sure-fire, hit is Miss Marcella Spencer, who plays the part of the beautiful doll who comes to life. Miss Spencer is so attractive as a doll that one would be almost inclined to wish that she would remain one throughout the show, were it not for the fact that she is even more attractive and exceedingly clever when she comes to life.

Among the many Broadway professionals who are appearing every day at "Peter Rabbit," Will Rogers scored a great hit on Tuesday. Mr. Rogers was at his best with his lariat and his witty sagebrush philosophy appealed to everybody.

Every one in the caste of the splendid extravaganza is already beginning to express regrets that "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is nearly at an end. Working so hard together to make this big performance for the benefit of the Flower and Sydenham hospitals a success, the entire caste of over 300 people has grown to be as big family of co-workers, and it will be with great reluctance that Peter and all his Dreamland crew will disband after Saturday's performance.

April 21, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

Nothing succeeds like success—and so Peter Rabbit will bow to one of the greatest audiences ever assembled in the largest and most wonderful theatre in the world, the New York Hippodrome, on Sunday afternoon, Yes, indeed, by special request, Mr. Charles Dillingham sends to "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" for features for the great benefit for the Permanently Blind Relief War Fund, which, in the generosity of his

heart, this brilliant manager and producer is giving on Sunday….

Maple Tree Hollow

…Well, boys and girls, those of you that have been to see "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," what do you think of your friend Happy after seeing him in real life in that wonderful costume of his? Does he still seems as cunning and merry as when he writing letter to you from his home in the Green Forest?...

LAST PERFORMANCE (Advertisement)

SATURDAY!

Gala Matinee Closes Monster Production of

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"

CENTURY THEATRE Reserve All Tickets at Once!

"The audience seemed to revel in the fantasy, scenic pictures and music of the performance."

-N. Y. HERALD

"Kept audience in gleeful uproar." -N. Y. TRIBUNE

"The play delighted the children and was so well done, principally by juvenile performers, that it won enthusiastic applause from the grown-ups also."

-N. Y. EVE. SUN

"The ballet of children, modeled after the Fashion Shows which lately have been prevalent in vaudeville, is very effective." N. Y. WORLD.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland is a fine show."

-N. Y. TIMES

THE BIGGEST AND BEST SHOW OF ITS KIND EVER STAGED!

Hippodrome for Peter Rabbit

(Photographs of "Miss Millie Evans, Who Appears as Fairy Queen in the "Peter Rabbit" Spectacle")

So great has been the public demand for a continuance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" that that popular inhabitant of the Brier Patch will on Sunday afternoon make his bow to the public from the monster stage of the Hippodrome. This appearance at the Hippodrome is at the invitation of Charles Dillingham, who is giving a benefit performance for the permanent blind war relief-fund.

The remarkable success of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is due to the united efforts and co-operation of Jack Mason, Horace S. Tibbs, and Ted Ward, in connection with a large and enthusiastic cast of professionals and amateurs. Mr. Mason staged Peter Rabbit, showing infinite patience and skill in his drilling and coaching of the many choruses which he has brought to a state of perfection most unlooked-for in the work of

amateurs. Mr. Tibbs not only wrote the book and lyrics to "Peter Rabbit," but takes the part of "Peter" himself in the production, and Mr. Ward wrote most of the catchy and delightfully tuneful music with which the extravaganza is filled.

The Hippodrome would seem to those who have already seen Peter, as a most ideal place for its Easter production of "Peter Rabbit Dreamland." The great, commodious stage, the vast shallow auditorium seem peculiarly adapted for this dreamland play. And what could be more appropriate, on Easter Sunday itself, than the sight of Peter Rabbit resplendent in white satin and the longest and furriest of ears, bursting from a great Easter egg?

The performances that have been presented during all of this week at the Century Theatre have been drawing a greater and ever greater throng of spectators. Thursday's house was completely sold out, and with no performance to-day, the last production of Peter at the Century bids fair to rival all others in the size of its audiences. Every sort of child from every walk of life has been coming to see Peter. Automobile after automobile has driven to the doors of the Century to discharge its load of charmingly dressed children, and their mothers or nurses, while at the same time, subway and elevated and surface cars are bringing hundreds of others, and there have even been some children who have gladly walked for blocks to see the performance for which they have for weeks been saving their nickels and dimes.

The specialty acts of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" continue to fill to overflowing a programme which is brimming with attractions. Walter Stanton as King Rooster brings down the house daily with his delightful antics, while wee Aida Horton, Miss Eleanor Graham Millar as the Rainbow Spirit, Miss Miriam Grimes [sic] as Red Riding Hood, with Sidney Frumkin as her wolf: Miss Marcella Spencer as the beautiful doll which comes to life, are ever and ever greater favorites with their audiences. Miss Sallie Hamlin as Mrs. Peter, and later as Puck, has a sure-enough place in the hearts of the boys and girls and adults who come to see Peter which is all her own, as has Miss Millie Evans as the Good Fairy, while the Fashionette number with its maze of charming child fashions following one another in bewildering rapidity and number across the stage continues to be a number one attraction. Two tiny dancers, Miss Katherine Walton and Miss Victoria Gilpin, too, show unusual talent and are received with enthusiastic plaudits by every afternoon's audience.

To the many who for some reason or another have been unable to secure seats for the performance of Peter Rabbit that they had wished to see, the announcement of the additional performance at the Hippodrome will come as a welcome surprise. In the character of Happy Jack—or Happy Jack Squirrel as perhaps he is better known—Miss Josephine Kernan distinguished herself by her excellent acting. Old Man Coyote, that wicked enemy of Peter Rabbit's, was convincingly played by A. Bruckman. His acting and his voice were both good.

April 22, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

The Greatest Crowd that ever fought its way into the huge Century Theatre will be

on hand today to witness the final performance of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland, and no doubt, long before the curtain rises, the S.R.O. sign will be hung out….

As an indication of the wonderful success achieved, by special request of Mr. Charles Dillingham, Peter Rabbit will come to the largest and most wonderful theatre in the world, The New York Hippodrome, on Sunday afternoon…

Peter Rabbit's Letter

Dearest Children:

This the day that I make my farewell bow before you at the Century Theatre, and it will be a time of mixed sorrow and joy for me. Of course, it will always be a pleasure to me to recall all the happy faces that have been crowing the huge auditorium of the theatre every day, and the great success of our show, but I will be sorry that it is all over…But cheer up all you little boys and girls who live in Brooklyn, for haven't you heard the news?...For all the little boys and girls who were unable to cross the big bridge to come to our show. They will now have a chance to see it in their own backyard, so to speak…

Brooklyn Daily Times

Easter Charity at the "Hip."

Easter Sunday at the big Hippodrome will be devoted to a charity— the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund—which has enlisted the support of nearly every star in New York at the present time. Two performances will be given, one in the afternoon and the other at night, and the boxholders for each of these gala programs reads like the list of subscribers at the Metropolitan Opera House.

At the matinee an effort has been made to assemble the features of especial appeal to the youngsters, and for this purpose the special novelties of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" have been obtained as a background for the other attractions which include the Hippodrome Elephants, the ensembles of "Hip-Hip-Hooray:" Sousa and his band with fifty brilliant soloists; Edouard Dern, court violinist to the Queen of Belgium: Kipplin's (sic) famous poem, "Boots," with a new musical setting by John Philip Sousa, and sung by Robert Maitland, together with innumerable other extraordinary features.

April 23, 1916

The Brooklyn Citizen

For Free Summer Camps

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" to Be Presented Here.

Fresh from the triumphs at the Century Theatre and the Hippodrome in New York, the musical extravaganza, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," is coming to the Brooklyn Academy of Music May 5, under the auspices of Brooklyn Lodge, B. P. O. Elks.

It brings with it an enormous quantity of beautiful scenery, plenty of "sure fire" musical hits and principals of established theatrical fame—a combination which has

made “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” one of the season’s biggest hits.

One striking innovation will be the parade of 125 pretty girls to the strains of a full orchestra wearing frocks portraying the latest styles from Paris for the summer of 1916. The character of Giant Rooster will be played by Walter Stanton, of Drury Lane pantomime fame, who recently played with Maude Adams in “Chanticleer.” The part of the Good Fairy will, be played by Miss Millie Evans Denton, formerly with De Wolff, now supporting Miss Ethel Barrymore.

Miss Hilda Wierum, formerly of the Opera Comique, in Paris, will sing two numbers. The fashionette numbers will be sung by May Haight, who incidentally will wear three of the most gorgeous costumes in the show.

Jack Mason, of Winter Garden fame, who recently staged “Sybil,” has complete charge of the staging of “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.” The score of the show was written by Ted Ward, whose song hits are sung by such stars as Eva Tanguay, Julian Eltinge, Lillian Russell and Yvette all over the country. The lyrics are by H. S. Tibbs.

Probably no other show now playing in New York includes as large a cast as that required to present “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland,” over 300 people counting star and choruses, will be seen in this big production.

The proceeds are to be used for the establishment and maintenance of free summer camps on Long Island for poor children. This production will open at the Academy of Music, May 5, with a matinee and another matinee and evening performance will be given Saturday, May 6.

April 24, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

Peter Rabbit surely had a delightful experience when he made his bow in the vast auditorium at the Hippodrome, crowded with young people who came to enjoy the performance and help the worthy charity for which it was given….

Charles Dillingham of the Hippodrome says it is the most wonderful children’s pantomime ever staged, and we feel that Brooklyn is going to welcome us with open arms….

New York Times

$20,000 From 2 Benefits

Hippodrome Entertainments Bring Record Receipts for War Aid

Two entertainments for the Permanent Blind War Relief Fund and allied war charities given yesterday afternoon and night at the Hippodrome established a new record for receipts, netting $20,000. The other audience gathered in the huge playhouse this season—that which saw Charles Chaplin—was larger than that of last night, but the fact that many of the boxes were sold at premiums made the gross receipts greater. For one box Otto H. Kahn paid $250, and Harry S. Black paid a like amount for another.

George A. Kessler organized the benefits, and on the committee under whose auspices they were given were Lady Paget, Vincent Astor, August Belmont, Lyman J. Gage, Whitney Warren, Otto H. Kahn, and Joseph Widener. Society in the semicircle of boxes suggested the Metropolitan's golden horseshoe on a Monday night. In the foyer programs and certificates for the blind were sold by débutantes and actresses. The receipts from these will further swell the sum announced last night

The afternoon program was arranged to interest the youngsters. It included numbers from the Hippodrome revue and others from "Peter Rabbit In Dreamland," the spectacle presented last week at the Century.

The night program brought together many stage favorites. Will Rogers presided and announced the numbers. Mr. Rogers left his lariat at home, likewise his chewing gum and chaps, but his wit was with him, and he kept the audience in merry mood. Cyril Maude made a happy little address, in which he spoke feelingly of the sympathy bestowed by America on England during her time of sorrow, and Rabbi Stephen Wise also spoke. A series of living pictures called "The Vision—'Then and Now,'" seen in fancy by a poet blinded in battle, was given by Eugene O'Brien, Madge Kennedy, Charles Froom, Keith Wakeman, Emmy Wehlen, Gladys Slater, Kenneth Hill, Donald Brian, Elsie MacKaye, Clara Kimball Young, Gail Kane, and Janet Beecher. Billie Burke read a poem, Elsa Maxwell conducted Sousa's Band in the playing of one of her compositions, and there were other numbers, given principally by members of F. Ziegfeld's Follies" and "Midnight Frolic" companies.

April 25, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

Our boys and girls who were generous enough to go and take part in selections from "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Hippodrome on Sunday…will be glad to learn that George Alexander Kessler has donated $100 so that each of them can have a little souvenir of some sort to remind them of the occasion….

Attention Brooklyn Girls

It would only be fair that more Brooklyn girls should take part in the Brooklyn production, and we will try to find room for fifty young ladies who live in Brooklyn, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen….

April 27, 1916

Peter Rabbit's Letter

…Don't forget that on Saturday morning we have a big rehearsal at the Century Theatre, just so we won't forget our little lines…Yes, children, there is plenty of work for all of us, if we wish to raise a good sum for our free summer outings, for you know that is what the proceeds of these three performances will be devoted to…

April 29, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

There is one important thing to bear in mind about the Brooklyn performance of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland and that is that there are only three of them. Hundreds and hundreds of people were turned away from the Century Theatre in New York and you know that is a good deal larger than the Academy of Music in Brooklyn…

Brooklyn Life

The Concert and Entertainment Next Week for War Relief

There have been many entertainments planned for war relief but the one to be given on Monday evening of next week under the auspices of the Brooklyn Women's War Relief Committee promises to be of unusual interest. The little three-year-old girl who took part in the "Peter Rabbit" production in Manhattan will sing a solo from "Aida." The entertainment next Monday is to be held in the Bedford Library Auditorium and little Miss Sally E. Hamlin, a Brooklyn girl who has appeared several times here, is also on the program and will include in her numbers a recitation of Longfellow's "Sandalphon" and an interpretative dance of Ariel from Shakespeare's "Tempest" which she gives delightfully.

Brooklyn Life

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" (photograph of "Edna Walton. Who as the "Candy Kid" in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" gives some beautiful dances....")]

"PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND" has delighted audiences of young people at the Century Theater, and this musical extravaganza is to be given here in Brooklyn next week at the Academy of Music. The matinee on Friday, May fifth, and matinee and evening performances on Saturday, May sixth, will be under the auspices of the Brooklyn Lodge of the B.P.O. Elks. The production is to benefit the free summer camps for poor children, to be run on Long Island. One striking innovation will be the parade of one hundred and twenty- five pretty girls, to the strains of a full orchestra, wearing frocks portraying the latest styles from Paris, for the summer of 1916. These dresses were created for and will be sold exclusively by the city's most prominent costumers to young folks. This number is to be known as the "Fashionette Parade." Another feature of the performance will be in the spectacle of the thirty pretty Dreamers voyaging across the Sea of Dreams in the Rocking Drowsy Boat. This will be one of the prettiest sights seen on Broadway this season. The character of Giant Rooster will be played by Walter Stanton of Drury Lane pantomime fame, and who recently played with Maude Adams in "Chanticleer." The part of the Good Fairy will be played by Miss Millie Evans Denton, formerly with De Wolff, now supporting Miss Ethel Barrymore. Miss Hilda Wierum, formerly of the Opera Comique in Paris, will sing two numbers. The Fashionette numbers will be sung by May Haight. The fact that the proceeds are to be used for the establishment and maintenance of Free Summer Camps on Long Island, for poor children, should be an incentive to all to cooperate generously in making this show a great success. All the children taking part in the production belong to the Bedtime Stories Club, which has over 50,000 members in Brooklyn and Long Island.

The Chat (Brooklyn)

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," for Brooklyn

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" while at the Century Theatre was visited by all the great producers, including the Shuberts, Ned Wayburn, Chas. Dillingham, etc., and the general consensus of opinion was that this production is the finest juvenile spectacle ever staged. Scenically it is a dream of delight. Dramatically It is as thrilling and exciting as a Fairy Play could be, without the danger of overdoing it.

From the point of view of stagecraft, it was magnificently presented. Jack Mason, in co-operation with H. S. Tibbs, the author, has splendidly conducted this part of the production, even eclipsing many of his former productions in staging the great ensembles at the Winter Garden, among them "Sybil" which is now running at the Liberty Theatre. The costumes are surprisingly beautiful.

One of the most beautiful parts of the entire production is the Fashionette Show, in which over 150 pretty girls exhibit summer gowns which were specially created for the production and are exclusively sold by several of Fifth Avenue's smartest shops.

The music, last but not least, is far beyond the average musical comedy, being more of a light opera type. Catchy, lilting melodies, snappy march choruses, two steps, fox trots, and dreamy waltzes permeate "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." Ted Ward, who wrote the music, is also responsible for many Broadway hits, and his songs are now being sung by Julian Eltinge, Eva Tanguay, Lillian Russell and other stars.

Lodge 22, B. P. O. E., will present "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, for three performances only: Friday matinee, Saturday matinee and Saturday evening. Tickets will be at popular prices, most of the good seats $1; plenty at 75c and 50c. A few choice reservations at $1.50.

Charles Dillingham thought so much of the production as presented at the Century Theatre that it was given at the great benefit for the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund, Sunday, April 23d, and so "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" comes to Brooklyn direct from the Hippodrome.

The entire proceeds of the performances in Brooklyn will go toward a free summer camp for poor children. All the children in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" belong to the Bedtime Stories Club, and there are over 50,000 B. B. C. members in Brooklyn and Long Island.

Brooklyn Daily Times

'Peter Rabbit' at the Academy (Photography of Miss Millie Denton Evans 'The Fairy Queen' in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Academy of Music. May 5-6th.)

Children's Extravaganza Here on May 5 and 6.

There are lots of girls who are referred to as "daisies." There are plenty of others who in the course of their lives have been referred to as "candy kids." But most girls are satisfied with the metaphorical part of the figure of speech. It remains for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" actually to invest these well-known figures of speech in reality—to clothe the "daisies" and the "candy kids" in the outward habiliments of those floral and confectionery dainties to which they have been likened.

There are real human daisies and real human candy kids in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," the musical extravaganza to be given at the Academy of Music May 5 and 6.

Everything that is unusual and amazing, for that matter, happens in "Peter Rabbit." Besides the glorified sticks of striped pep'mint candy and the daisies that magically leave their roots behind them and trip blithely over the stage, there are all sorts of animals that talk and sing and dance and do other truly remarkable things that are usually relegated entirely to the realm of human beings.

There is, for instance, the case of the rooster. Now roosters are usually content to go complacently enough about the barnyard, pecking a morsel of corn here, and picking a quarrel there, but being in nowise remarkable or out of the ordinary. Not so the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" roster. For the "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland' rooster is in real life Walter Stanton, the famous impersonator of that well-known barnyard fowl, and Mr. Stanton's rooster, while roosterlike in every minute detail, is much more interesting than any real rooster ever dreamed of being.

The "Peter Rabbit" music is the kind that gets into the head to stay, and most of the members of the cast can be heard after the rehearsals, happily humming the tune of "Fashionette" or "Drowsy Boat," or some one of the myriad lilting and catchy airs which are scattered throughout "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

April 30, 1916

Brooklyn Citizen

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" (Photograph of "Woodland Characters who will be seen in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Academy of Music."

May 2, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

…Boys Read This

Your editor has received a letter from Dr. William T. Hornaday, curator of the Bronx Zoo, which covers a very serious matter, and he wants all of our boys to read it and give the matter their earnest consideration.

To the Boys of the Bedtime Stories Club.

Dear Boys—A very serious thing has happened at Albany in the legislature. A bill has been slipped through the legislature providing for the killing of female deer in the State of New York. It was soundly beaten in the Senate on April 19, but in some manner it was revived and passed on the 20th.

The demand of the guides of the Adirondacks for the privilege to kill female deer has been made every year for the last three years, but the members of the legislature have hitherto refused to grant it. This year the politicians framed up a stronger movement than before. The friends of wild life who seek to preserve legitimate deer hunting for you fought it to a standstill and defeated It in the Senate. We are now

asking the governor to veto the odious bill on the ground that its enactment into law will tend to exterminate the deer of this state and disgrace the state besides. There are now eighteen states in which the killing of female deer is prohibited by law. We object to having New York set back into the class of Connecticut, where all kinds of deer are killed, to the disgrace of the state.

The friends of wild life have made a hard fight to save the sport of deer hunting in the Adirondacks and the Catskills for the boys of New York and the boys who come after them. If the governor signs the doe killing bill and it becomes a law it will be through no fault of ours.

I am giving you this information because it concerns you. If you do not approve of the extermination of your state deer in thoroughly unsportsmanlike way, then it is quite in order for you to write immediately to Governor Whitman (or have your fathers write for you), and ask him to veto the Kasson bill. This is what I already have done.

WILLIAM T HORNADAY. New York, April 28, 1916.

Peter Rabbit for Brooklyn

(Photographs of "Prominent Brooklyn Elks Interested in "Peter Rabbit" Performance.)

Nine New Stars Added to Galaxy for Gorgeous Presentation at Academy of Music

For the Brooklyn opening of "Peter Rabbit In Dreamland," the big musical extravaganza under the auspices of The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club, which was presented at the Century Opera House successfully during Easter week, nine new stars have been added to the cast. Among them will be Miss Deronda Reynolds, Miss Olive Schenck, and Miss Estelle Brown. The first Brooklyn performance of Peter Rabbit will be held in the Academy of Music on Friday afternoon, when the curtain will ring up at 3 o'clock, this late hour being set for the accommodation of the school children. There will be Saturday afternoon and evening performances as well, and all three Brooklyn presentations of Peter Rabbit will be under the auspices of Lodge 22, B. P. O. E

Brooklyn has long been famous for the child stars which it has presented to the amateur and professional stage, and a number of these gifted boys and girls have been recruited for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." The cast, which already comprises over 300 people, will be augmented in the choruses, as well as among the principals, by twenty-five Brooklyn girls, who will take part as nymphs and fashionettes. The fashionette number has been a very popular one in every presentation of "Peter Rabbit" and for the Brooklyn production, in addition to fashions for children shown by Best & Co.. Arnold Constable, and Bonwit Teller, there will be a new array of smart sport togs by Frederick Losier & Co.

After the Saturday afternoon performance there is to be a big tea party for all the children who have taken part in the Peter Rabbit production, and after the final act on Saturday evening all the grownups in the cast will participate in a cabaret party. Both of these functions will be given for the Peter Rabbit performers by Lodge 22, B. P. O. E, the members of which consider themselves among the best of Peter Rabbit's friends.

Brooklyn Eagle

Concert by Children

Given under Auspices of Women's War Relief Committee

…Several of the children who took part are representative of the play "Peter Rabbit," which will be produced at the Academy of Music next Friday and Saturday. Master Sherwood Clements gave a pleasing monologue, "Bobby and the Baby." Miss Sally E. Hamlin, who acts as Master Peter and Puck in "Peter Rabbit," displayed unusual ability for a youngster, playing three piano solos. Interpretative dances were given by Dorothy Rae Spedick, Betty Spence and Sally E. Hamlin….

Other numbers on the programme were the Quarrel Scene from "Julius Caesar," by Hannibal Hamlin and Mildred Herbst; a recitation, "Sandalphon," by Sally E. Hamlin, and a piano ensemble by Ida Brunjes, Marie Brewster, Mildred Herbst and Dorothy Rae Spedick.

May 3, 1916

Peter Rabbit Has a S'prise

(Photograph of "Noted Young Composer of Song Hits Who Will Appear With "Peter Rabbit." Harry Carroll.)

In Fact, He Has a Whole Lot of Them to Delight Brooklyn Crowds.

Everybody likes a, s'prise both grown-ups and little folks. And the fact that every single Brooklyn performance of the big, beautiful, tuneful, merry extravaganza, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" will be packed full of surprises is going to make the production even more attractive than it has ever been before. If, indeed, it can be made more attractive. There are some who doubt this, because "Peter Rabbit" is so jam-packed full of delights now that it almost seems as though it really wasn't entitled to any more.

Horace S. Tibbs, president of the Bed Time Stories Club, author of the book and some of the lyrics of "Peter Rabbit" and Peter Rabbit himself in the production, is never satisfied and continues making the Dreamland play bigger and better for every performance. The cast of over 300 people will be augmented for Friday's and Saturday's Brooklyn performances at the Academy of Music with a large number of new actors, both professional and amateur and in each case of the best. The fashionette parade will be even larger and more splendid than it was in the New York production at the Century Theatre, for there will be a number of Brooklyn young ladies, in frocks exhibited by Frederick Loeser & Co. At every performance of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" there will be a number of surprises, in addition to a large number of new features to be added for the Brooklyn production which is under the auspices of Lodge 22, B. P. O. E, and is for the benefit of various summer camps for children.

At Friday afternoon's performance which does not begin until 3 o'clock, Jack Wilson, the famous burnt cork vaudeville artist and a comedian of the highest type, will be there to give an impromptu review and something special besides which he has prepared for the "Peter Rabbit" audiences. Mr. Wilson has at various times played

important roles at the Winter Garden.

On Saturday, among a number of Broadway stars who will be present to help entertain the audience will be Harry Carroll and Anna Wheaton. Mr. Carroll is one of the youngest composers of the country, and wrote a number of big song hits before he was twenty. Among them are "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "By the Sea," The Girl in the Heart of Maryland," "Tipperary Mary," and others. During all three performances the public will be offered special attractions from Brooklyn theatres, which would of themselves constitute an all-star entertainment.

With tickets selling rapidly and good seats even now at a premium. "Peter. Rabbit in Dreamland," which Charles Dillingham of the Hippodrome pronounced "the best show of its kind ever given," promises to repeat the run of record breaking houses it enjoyed at the Century Easter week. Many hundreds of people were turned away from the last performance of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland in New York, and it is important that seat reservation for this brilliant extravaganza he made in advance.

May 4, 1916

Elks Welcome Peter Rabbit

(Photographs of "Two of Chief Funmakers in Musical Comedy "Peter Rabbit," to be given under Elk Auspices, Jack Wilson of Vaudeville Fame and One of the Baby Buntings)

Brooklynites Rush to Buy Seats for Benefit Performance of Musical Extravagance

When a large antlered elk stoops to smile at a small, long-eared rabbit there's bound to be joy in Dreamland and as that's what is happening in Brooklyn this week there's all kinds of happiness in the Brier Patch and in Dreamland, and the joy spills over from these magic spots until the large, busy city of Brooklyn itself is full of it. For every one in Brooklyn is- interested in the forthcoming production of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," under the auspices of Lodge 22. B. P. O. E. in the Academy of Music, and hundreds of people who were unable to secure seats for the New York production of "Peter" at the Century Opera House are hurrying to make sure of them for one of the three Brooklyn productions, which will be given Friday afternoon, Saturday afternoon, and Saturday evening.

One of the big Broadway attractions which will be features of Brooklyn's two days of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" will be Jack Wilson, who is best known through his numerous Winter Garden appearances and is making a big hit just now as headliner at the Orpheum Theatre. He is assisted in his act there by Frank Hurst and Lillian Boardman. Mr. Wilson's favorite "stunt" is an impromptu burlesque on the acts which have preceded his on the bill, and those who know what he is going to give the audience who sees him at the Brooklyn performance of Peter Rabbit say it is going to be a scream.

There will be Broadway and Brooklyn stars at every performance of Peter Rabbit, and this fact, in connection with the excellent cast of Peter Rabbit itself, and the delightful Dreamland whimsy with which the extravaganza is filled, promises

delightful entertainment to every one fortunate enough to attend. The last three performances of this popular production given in New York were completely sold out, and hundreds of people were turned away, and this record-breaking attendance bids fair to be outdone in Brooklyn, judging by the advance box office returns.

Among the popular hits of "Peter Rabbit" are "The Mascott," "Dreamland's Drowsy Boat," "Bob White," "The Round, Red Sun," and "Fashionette." Elaborate scenic effects are many and charming dances and quick changes and clever specialty acts all go to comprise a programme that is varied enough to please any taste, however jaded with the general run of extravaganza and musical comedy. "Peter Rabbit" is the "somewhat different" extravaganza that every one, grown-up as well as children, wants to see.

May 5, 1916

Peter Rabbit Crosses River

Extravaganza Given This Afternoon and Tomorrow Under Auspices of Brooklyn Elks.

This is Peter Rabbit Day in Brooklyn and every New Yorker who was turned away from the Manhattan performances of "Peter Rabbit" because of lack of space is anxious to see the brilliant musical extravaganza, which is as good as a Broadway show, an illustrated edition of fairy tales, and another illustrated edition of Mother. Goose, all woven into one great big, amazing phantasmagoria of wonderment.

Seats for the three Brooklyn performances of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" this afternoon, to-morrow afternoon, and to-morrow night, under the auspices of Lodge 22, B. P. O. E., are selling rapidly, and indicate a record-breaking attendance at every performance, while the numerous additional specialty acts, an augmented cast, and a number of Broadway and Brooklyn professionals will leave nothing to be desired in the way of a full-and-brimming-over afternoon and evening of entertainment.

The rehearsals show that the week during which the extravaganza was presented in the Century Opera House, Manhattan, has resulted in a rounded out and polished performance, which has made the tiny boys and girls who participate almost as facile in their stage technique as grown-up stars.

Baby Buntings at Best.

Every one knows just what to do now and how to do it. There was a difficulty at first in whipping into shape the mammoth chorus of tiny Baby Buntings. These Baby Buntings, in the scene in which their sudden appearance is supposed to confound the machinations of Reddy Fox and his companion conspirators, Buster Bear and Old Man Coyote, pour on to the stage in a bewildering army of an apparently never-ending number.

Clad in their cunning fuzzy suits, or with little stubby tails, and the shortness of the tails completely compensated for in the long and joyously waving ears, these babies at first ran about the stage in bewildering and, it must be admitted, somewhat discouraging confusion. They were so little and so young that the idea of just what was

wanted didn't seem to get to them. But that is all over now. The Baby Buntings still caper joyously about the stage, but they caper in admirable order. Every Bunting knows its exact place and what to do when it gets there, and the best animal trainer on earth would have good cause to be proud of that Baby Bunting job.

And it's just the same with all the other acts. The choruses, which during the first day or two of the production were not just as loud as they should have been, because the boys and girls had just a touch of stage fright, swell out strong now. Delightful choruses they are, too; almost every one of them a sure-fire song hit. There is "Dreamland's Drowsy Boat" and "Fashionette," with its array of charming girls, little and big, dressed in all the latest juvenile finery, and "Round Red Sun" and "The Mascot," and "The Peter Rabbit Hop" and "Bob White," and any number of others. It's hard to say which is the favorite, for each has its own long list of admirers, who say that they "just simply can't get that tune out of their heads."

The Fairy Characters.

Then, of course, the delightful fairy tale and dreamland characters, such as the Good Fairy and the Spider Queen, and Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, and Puck, and Mother Nature, have all grown to be favorites, to say nothing of Peter himself and dear motherly little Mrs. Peter and Happy Jack Squirrel, and Danny Meadow Mouse and the little children who are transported by magic to the Brier Patch and turned into tiny Peters, and any number of other woodland creatures who have come to be considered good friends by every reader of the Bed Time Stories Club.

Miss Blossom Seeley, at present the attraction at the Flatbush Theatre, Flatbush and Church avenues, Brooklyn, will be one of the big professional features of the Brooklyn performances. Miss Seeley ranks as one of the very best singers of syncopated song. She has adopted syncopation as far as vaudeville is concerned, and appears as a bill-topper one week and as a musical comedy star the next, or vice versa.

The hit which caused Miss Seeley to bound overnight from the others in the cast was "The Never Homes," a spectacular musical comedy production of a few years ago. Since then she has kept on hitting the artistic bull's-eye without a single miss, scoring in vaudeville, a number of Passing Show Revues, and several Lew Fields productions, She has just left the giant musical revue, "Stop! Look! Listen!" where she scored a big hit.

Brooklyn Eagle

Wonderful Scenic Effects for "Peter Rabbit"

Remarkable Things Will Happen on Stage When "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is Shown.

The scenic effects in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" will be truly spectacular, for "Peter Rabbit" is a fairy story from beginning to end, and, of course, there can't ever be a fairy story without all sorts of magical and inexplicable changes from one place to another, and other remarkable happenings, such as the sudden turning transparent of the whole wall of a house, the hatching of a rabbit out of a giant egg, the sailing of a boat

right across the whole width of the stage, and the sudden talkativeness of ever and ever so many animals that never talked before. Moreover, the costumes of this extravaganza are unique and gorgeous, and the ballets and choruses have been trained until they sing and dance more like professionals than professionals themselves.

There won't be a dull moment in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," and moreover, every man or woman or girl or boy who buys a ticket for this production is helping some poor boy or girl to obtain three or four weeks, outing on Long Island this summer in the Free Outing Camps, which are to be established for their benefit.

May 6, 1916.

Bedtime Stories Club

After the performance tonight there will be a Peter Rabbit supper and dance in the ladies dining room at the beautiful home of the Elks, Lodge 22, while this afternoon all the boys and girls who took part in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" are being entertained by the same lodge at a tea party….

Brooklyn Eagle

"Ole Peter Rabbit" Comes to Brooklyn
Appears at Academy Under the Auspices of Local Lodge of Elks
Kiddies are Delighted
Reddy Fox and Buster Bear Pursue Peter, but He Escapes Their Snares

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" came to Brooklyn yesterday afternoon and brought with him all his neighbors from the "Old Briar Patch," with which all readers of Thornton W. Burgess' and Harrison Cady's Bedtime Stories are thoroughly familiar. As all the characters in the play are own cousins to the principals in The Eagle's Sandman Stories, the Brooklyn kiddies at the Academy yesterday were thoroughly at home with them and felt real neighborly toward them. Peter Rabbit and his crew were brought to Brooklyn by the Brooklyn Lodge of the B. P. O. Elks. They are making a two-days visit, repeating yesterday's performance at the Academy this afternoon and evening. A cruel fate is in store for Peter Rabbit, however, as the programme announces that after the show tonight he will be served up as "Peter Rare-bit" at a cabaret at the Elks clubhouse. This "cabaret fate" is the more cruel because during the show Peter Rabbit and his Brer Rabbits are plotted against by Reddy Fox, Buster Bear and Old Man Coyote, who seek to capture the Rabbits and serve them all up as Rabbit Stew. The snares of Reddy Fox are placed in such familiar scenes as the edge of the Briar Patch, Deep Glade, the Green Forest, Rackety Cragg and Mushroom Cluster. But in the end Reddy is caught in one of his own traps and perishes miserably, as all wicked foxes should. The fantasy, which is in two acts and nine scenes, was produced on a lavish scale and with a company of huge numbers, if of diminutive size. H. S. Tibbs, who wrote the book and lyrics, as Peter Rabbit, was one of the few grownups in the cast and he generously allowed all the honors to be taken by his small sized associates. Master Enrico Haskins, as Danny Meadow Mouse, was a very "juvenile" star. Olyve Schenk, Deronda Reynolds and Estelle Brown in specialty numbers, were self-possessed young -headliners. The pets of the afternoon, however, were the "midgets" in the Peter Rabbit

Hop Chorus, the closing number of the show. The "hoppers," who were no bigger than Hop o' My Thumb, were Lillian Cooney, Eleanor Johnson, Emma Simon, Anna Haas, Margaret McTiernan, Ruth Greenfield. Fannie Glick, Sylvia Keyser, Florence Jacobs, Helen Adler, Regina Sherry, Henrietta Coufal, Deborah Collins. Lillie Weiss, Bertha Levenson, Anna Bassin, Anna Mount, Alice Marx, Iseah Schwartzer and Natalie MacKeegan.

The rascals of the play were Walter Stanton, William Mierendorf and Arthur Bruckman. Miss Marcella Spencer was the Dream Spirit, who combined with Miss Viola Raymond, as Mother Nature, to protect the four children who had been transformed into rabbits and had been adopted by Peter and Mrs. Rabbit. Sherwood Clements, Dorothy Spedick, Muriel Thirer and Eleanor Hamlin were the adopted rabbit children. Miss K. Walton, Miss Victoria Gilpin, Miss Sallie Hamlin and Miss Margaret Walsh did the solo dancing during the afternoon and won much applause by their graceful effort. Miriam Garcee and a Sidney Krumkin, as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, danced a duet. Blossom Seeley broke into the Briar Patch long enough to sing a few rag time songs and other Broadway stars will appear in the show this afternoon and evening. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted by the Elks to their annual children's day of entertainment and other charitable purposes. A feature of the entertainment is the fashionette parade, a dream of summer styles for juveniles and for all occasions. The sport dresses worn in the fashionette parade of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" were furnished by Frederick Loeser & Co.

Brooklyn Eagle

Little Dancer Aids Summer Camp Fund (Photograph of Olyve Schenck)

Beautiful and talented little Olyve Schench is always willing to give her services in aid of any worthy charitable cause. In the production of "Peter Rabbit, which was given at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Elks Club of Brooklyn. Olyve danced the Peace Dance with her usual grace, and received much applause. She is a classical dancer of unusual ability, in addition to her beauty, which won a prize for her in The Eagle's Child Photograph Contest

And now, just another word about "Peter Rabbit" in which so many of our talented Brooklyn children took part. There seems to be no feature that attracts in a Broadway production which has been left out of "Peter Rabbit," and in addition to the charming music and clever singing, dancing and acting, there are scores and scores of features that are attractive to children from the real child viewpoint—the joyous, fanciful viewpoint that was Barrie's in "Peter Pan," and Maeterlinck's, in "The Blue Bird—the viewpoint that it takes into consideration is the purest and loveliest thing in the world—the heart of a child; and that the most beautiful happenings, no matter how strange and fanciful and impossible from the prosaic grown-up viewpoint, are the realest of the imagination of unspoiled boys and girls.

Brooklyn Daily Times

"Peter Rabbit" at Academy

Musical Extravaganza Proves a Wonderful Spectacle for the Children

Peter Rabbit really did frolic right out of the brier patch and into dreamland yesterday afternoon at the Academy of Music and with him frolicked a great audience of enchanted girls and boys from tiny, almost-babies, who were so young in theatre-going experience that they just crowded and gurgled and talked out loud with delight at everything they saw, all the way through the intermediate stages, until grandfather and grandmother was reached. And the grandfathers and grandmothers were just as delighted with it all as the younger boys and girls. After all there was no difference between them save a mere matter of years, and years don't count when folks are all in dreamland together.

Scenically, and in a matter of costumers, singing, acting and dancing, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" leaves nothing to be desired. The charming fairyland story of the boys and girls, who by the magic of the Good Fairy are whisked from their own wonderful nursery right into the midst of the Green Forest, by way of the Dreamland sea, and then visit Deep Glade, near the Bramble Tangle, and Rackety Crags, and Mushroom Cluster, and lots of other delightful places, move on without a hitch, and that the action is interrupted occasionally by special acts in which Pucks and fairies and fireflies, and swans, and peacocks, and roosters dance and disport themselves just makes it all the more like a real bit of fairyland and dreamland woven into an astounding wooden-woof of reality.

There is tiny-wee Aida Horton, who is just about knee-high to a chipmunk. She's so wee in her Peter Rabbit clothes that she looks like a dolly, and not a very big dolly at that, but that doesn't keep that sweet piping treble of hers from amazingly filling the whole of the opera house when, perched on the knee of no less a person than Peter himself, she sings "The Mascot." This diminutive girl used to be with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

The sport dresses worn in the fashionette parade were furnished by Frederick Loeser & Co.

Brooklyn Citizen

"Peter Rabbit" Makes a Big Hit
Given Here Under Auspice of the Elks
Cast Includes More Than 350 Performers
Spectacular as Well as Fantastics—Delight to All Who Attended—To Be Repeated This Afternoon and Evening.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," one of the most spectacular productions ever staged in this borough, was witnessed yesterday afternoon in the Academy of Music by an overflowing audience. Despite the fact that the extravaganza is mostly for children, it nevertheless has great appeal to grown-ups as well, and was equally enjoyed yesterday by the children as well as the adults.

The production will be repeated this afternoon and this evening. The performances in this borough are under the Auspices of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, BPO Elks Persons who are anxious to see this truly wonderful production had better secure their seats immediately, as the advance sale for both performances to-day is said to be very heavy.

The cast, which comprised more than 350 persons, including a chorus of 350 persons, was one of the largest ever seen in this borough. The story of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" opens in the home of a wealthy resident living on Riverside Drive, Manhattan, showing the nursery with the children at play. Presently the "kiddies" become tired and fall asleep on the floor of the nursery. The rest of the play is a dream. Peter Rabbit takes everybody away in the Drowsy Boat across the Dream Sea. Later, assisted by the Dream Spirit, the Good Fairy, the Wood Nymphs and Mother Nature, everyone has a most delightful time in Dreamland, despite the fact that Reddy Fox and his cruel partners in crime nearly succeed in making a monster stew out of all the bunnies in the Dear Old Briar Patch.

All the lines of the play are set to poetry. The costumes worn by the chorus, 300 in all, are bright and dazzling, and when all appeared on the stage there was a riot of color. Many in the audience, at different intervals of the production, were forced to rub their eyes to make sure that they were awake and not dreaming

The song numbers rendered during the progress of the piece, specially written for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," were bright and catchy, and during the intermission and after the play many in the audience were either humming or whistling the merry tunes.

The songs which scored the biggest hits were "A Toy in the Land of Dreams," "Drowsy Boat," Fashionette," "Candy Kid," "Round Red Sun," "The Mascot," "Bob White," and "The Peter Rabbit Hop."

The role of Peter Rabbit was in the capable hands of H. S. Tibbs, while the part of Mrs. Peter Rabbit was played by Miss Sallie Hamlin. The rest of the cast were all seen in congenial roles, there being more than fifty speaking parts.

Some of the characters introduced during the action of the piece were: Little Red Riding Hood, the Wolf, the Candy Kid, Mr. and Mrs. Bob White. Mr. and Mrs. Robin; little Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. Blue Bird, Old Man Sun, Mr. and Mrs. Frog, Uncle Sam, Fire Fly and many others, too numerous to mention.

The production was given in two sets and nine scenes, each scene being more beautiful than the preceding one. Special credit is due the scenic artist for the manner in which he used his brush and great praise should be given the designer of the costumes and the makers.

The following comprise the chorus:

Toys—Hunter May Millan, Jack Macfarlane, Norman Abrahams, Moe Feuer, Beatrice Snyder, Bertha Levenson, Dorian Anderson, Victor Edelstein, Rose Munt, Irene Johnson, Marion Clauson, McKay Donkin, Florence Jacobs, Leo Rodgers, Clarence Thorn, Russell Robinson, Marjorie Wheeler, Harry Hoglander, Sylvia Fromkess, Robert Fredericks, John Hurley, Horace Tierner, Edwin Dillon, Sadie Perlman, Lillian Richards, Warner Anderson, Marjorie Frost, Ethel Drager.

Special Doll Dancers—Marion Saver, Mary Reynolds. Ethel Goodman, Josephine Kernan, Dorothy Chivers, Beatrice Clanes, Louise Dezurka, Cella Feuer.

The Bedtimers (Drowsy Boat Chorus)—Clarence Thorn, Margaret Nolan, Flora

Harkinson, Kathleen Wheeler, Annette Lefkowitz, Julius Cohen, Esther Lorenze, Frances Miller, Helen Hansell, Grace Mulcahy, Helen McKeegan, Vera Fredericks, Joseph Mount, Dorian Anderson, Natalie McKeegan, Marjorie Frost, Muriel Murphy, Helen Young, Vera Lowes, Louise Dezurka, Dorothy Rathkamp, Donald Ayerlle, Blanche Holzman, Beatrice Goldberg, Beatrice Cohen, Dorothy Horwitz, Florence Lawrence, Helen Kelly, Alice MacKeegan, Clifford Wagener, Evelyn Bergold, Anna Lorenzen, Evelyn Miller, Alice Mars, Marr Reynolds, Edward Fair, Eva Fader, Bernice Goldberg.

The Candy Kids—Lillie Weiss, Anna Bassin, John Hurley, Raymond Crossett, Louis Romm, Lillian Cooney, Regina Sherry, Millie Lippman, Sidney Frumkin, Emma Simon, Florence Postal, Frieda Caker, Mary Zimmerman, Louise Freyer, Fannie Leder, Fannie Glick, Arthur Schoval, Elliott McCormack, Deborah Collins, Minna Gruber, Edith Miller, Loretta Guilfoyle, Violet Freeser, Ray Malee, Viola Miller, Gertrude Gillle, Norma Lander, Dorothy Cimberg, Elsie Haas, Anna Haas. Candy Kid Ballet Dancers (Specials)—Olyve Schenck, Laverna Ballard, Victoria Gilpin, Robina Davidson.

Nymphs—Louise Freyer, Margaret Foldes, Leona Dow, Helen Lack, Marie Ray, Katherine McNamara, Elizabeth Moulton, Lillian Bohny. Mildred Ansett, Florence O'Keefe, Edna Walton, Beatrice Snyder, Helen Starr, Tibble Cole, Hazel Tierney, Louise Magnolia, Alice Wearin, Erma Olfbrams.

There were also Sun Girls, Sun Flowers, Doves, Bob Whites, Baby Buntings, the Hop Chorus and the Mascots.

The sport dresses worn in the Fashionette Parade of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" were furnished by Frederick Loeser & Co.

May 7, 1916

Brooklyn Eagle

Sherwood Clements is an Actor (photograph)

Little Sherwood Clements, who lives with his parents on Newkirk avenue, is the hero of Public School No. 89, East Thirty-second street, Flatbush, because of the prominence he attained this week as one of the stars in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Century Theater.

He appears in the piece as "William Courtleigh," and also as a "funny bunny" to the great delight of thousands of children who are helping the Flower and Sydenham hospitals.

Mrs. R. R. Ritter, principal of P. S. No. 89, and Miss Netell, one of Master Clement's teachers are delighted with the excellent work of the little fellow.

May 12, 1916

Bedtime Stories Club

"We might have a frolic, in which hosts of boys are girls could be dressed as elves

and forest folks, and one of our particularly brilliant little members made a suggestion that a design for costumes could be got up which could be successfully made out of crepe paper. In that way we could have armies of Bob Whites, armies of Welcome Robins, armies of Winsome Bluebirds, armies of Blue Jays, Owls, and what not…

June 11, 1916

Brooklyn Eagle

Many Talented Boys and Girls to Play at Fresh Air Concert

A Good Time is Assured to All Who Come to Concert and Dance on June 16

…There is little Aida Horton, for example, whose work has attracted considerable attention. Her "Who's Afraid?" is not easily forgotten. Then there is Sally Hamlin, the little pianist, who made a hit as Mrs. Peter Rabbit and as Puck, the green elf…

The programme follows:

…Mildred Herbst, piano solo…Sally Emery Hamlin, songs…Aida Horton accompanied by Eleanor Hamlin…Hannibal Hamlin…Sherwood Clements…Dorothy Rae Spedick…

Bedtime Stories Club and "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Images

Striking Proof Of The Globe's Strong Hold On Its Readers' Interest!

"The backbone of the nation is the family," some one has aptly said.

"It might be added that the backbone of the family is the children—for the children make the family."

THE GLOBE enjoys the unique distinction of having associated with it

"The Bedtime Stories Club"

the Largest Children's Club in the World

The interest these children take in their club is so intense that in a month's contest the membership was, conservatively and sanely,

INCREASED TO 182,706 MEMBERS

Each new member is pledged by signature and promise to carry out the policy of the club as outlined here:

The Bedtime Stories Club,
The Globe, 73 Dey Street.

DEAR EDITOR—I promise to be kind to all dumb animals; to help Mother Nature; to protect flowers and plants; to do a good turn every day, and to read my club news in The Globe every day without fail. I also promise to write a letter to the club once every month.

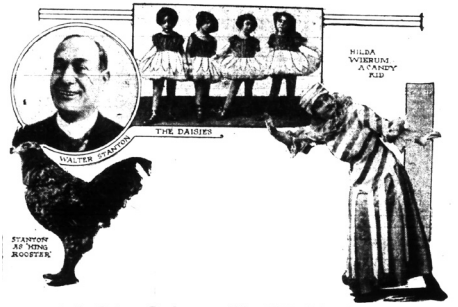
Signed .....
Address .....
City .....

New York Globe, February 14, 1916. A reminder that the Bedtime Story Club membership drive was part of an overall marketing strategy.

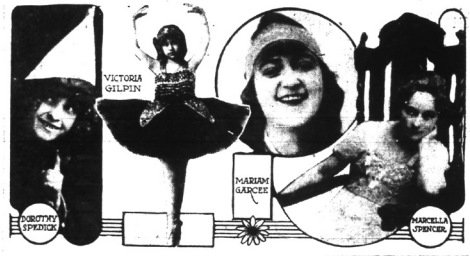
Dainty Little Entertainers Who Will Be Seen in Eastertime "Peter Rabbit" Production

Three Men Who Are Sparing No Effort to Make "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" a Gorgeous Succes

Here They Are—The Daisies, a Candy Kid, and King Rooster, Who'll Do Some Crowing for the Easter Pantomime



Some of the Dainty Performers Who Will Take Part in the Spectacular New "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"



Woodland Characters Who Will Be Seen in Splendid New "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"

Some of the Characters in "Peter Rabbit," the Big Easter Pantomime at the Century Theatre

Miss Eleanor Graham Millar.

Publicity photos in the *New York Globe* for the Century Theatre Production of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

Mrs. Lillian Meister and Mrs. Hilda Wierum, 'Feathered Folk' in 'Peter Rabbit in Dreamland'

Broadway Favorites Featured in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Next Week

Shaw and Seabury of "Very Good Eddie" and Others in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"

Ziegfeld Folly Star and "Peter Rabbit, Jr.," at the Century

Miss Millie Evans, Who Appears as Fairy Queen in the "Peter Rabbit" Spectacle

Publicity photos in the *New York Globe* for the Century Theatre Production of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland

See the Monster
Easter Extravaganza

Peter Rabbit in Dreamland

See "Peter" and All His
Little Forest Friends at

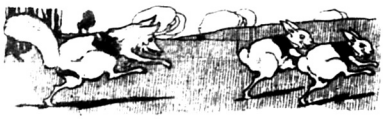
THE CENTURY THEATRE

April 17, 18, 19, 20, and 22

See the 120 Young Folks in the Easter "Fashionette" Parade —Presenting "Drezwell" Creations Designed Exclusively for Best & Co., Arnold Constable, Bonwit Teller, and R. H. Macy.

Benefit of the Flower and Sydenham Hospitals

Box office open Monday, April 3d. Tickets procurable at the Strand Song Shop, 47th St. and Broadway, Tyson's, and McBride's. 75c, $1.00 and $1.50



See the Big Easter Production of

Peter Rabbit
in Dreamland

at the

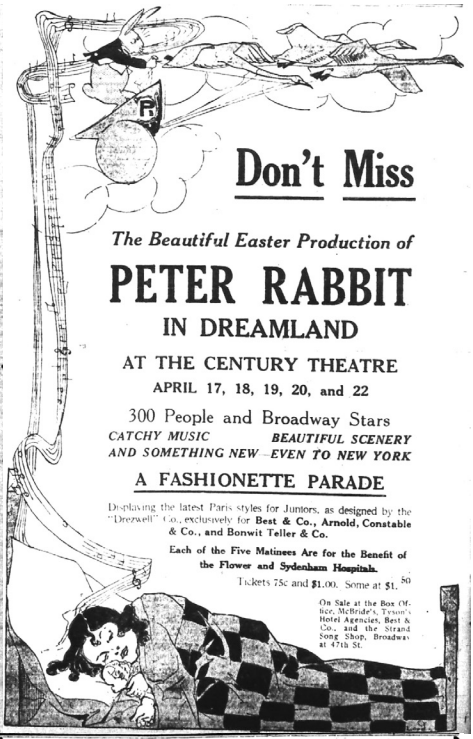
Century Theatre

April 17, 18, 19, 20 and 22

Tickets 75 cents and $1.00

A few choice ones at $1.50 on sale at Box Office, Tyson's Hotel Agencies, McBride's, Best & Co., and the Strand Song Shop, Broadway, at 47th St.

Benefit Sydenham and Flower Hospitals.



Don't Miss

The Beautiful Easter Production of

PETER RABBIT
IN DREAMLAND

AT THE CENTURY THEATRE

APRIL 17, 18, 19, 20, and 22

300 People and Broadway Stars

CATCHY MUSIC *BEAUTIFUL SCENERY*
AND SOMETHING NEW *EVEN TO NEW YORK*

A FASHIONETTE PARADE

Displaying the latest Paris styles for Juniors, as designed by the "Drezwell" Co., exclusively for **Best & Co., Arnold, Constable & Co., and Bonwit Teller & Co.**

Each of the Five Matinees Are for the Benefit of the Flower and Sydenham Hospitals.

Tickets 75c and $1.00. Some at $1.50

On Sale at the Box Office, McBride's, Tyson's Hotel Agencies, Best & Co., and the Strand Song Shop, Broadway at 47th St.

Peter Himself
will greet you in the
Green Forest—

Next Week at the Century Theatre !

Book and Lyrics by H. S. Tibbs *Staged by Jack Mason* *Music by Ted Ward*

It's the Only Easter Show in Town. Don't Miss It!

A $25,000 PRODUCTION. *THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE.* *BIG STARS.*

The Children Will Enjoy It As Well As You.
It's a Gorgeous, Stupendous Easter Delight of FAIRYLAND and FROLIC.

See the Juvenile Fashion Show in which the best Fifth Avenue Shops will present the newest models for Little American Ladies.

Seven Beautiful Scenes. **A Full Orchestra.**

BENEFIT FLOWER AND SYDENHAM HOSPITALS.

Tickets on Sale at the Box Office, or any of the Tyson or McBride Agencies, at Best & Co.'s, and the Strand Song Shop. **Prices—$1, 75c, 50c, and choice seats at $1.50.**

MEET ME AT
"PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND"
at the

Advertisements in the *New York Globe* for the Century Theatre Production of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

Clever Young Dancer Who Has Returned From New York

Dorothy Schlesinger has returned.

All Des Moines is glad to welcome back to its portals the little child artist, who for nine months has been in New York studying dramatic art and the latest steps in dancing.

Many are the demands made of the dainty miss who delights in giving her services for philanthropic work and she is never happier than when appearing with the Princess Stock company, who will soon present plays in which Dorothy will appear.

While in New York the latest steps in terpsichorean art were stu ied, Miss Dorothy studying toe dancing with Prof. J. O. E. Small and ballet dancing with Chalif. All the while she did not neglect her studies, attending a private school in the metropolis.

With charming simplicity our little Des Moines girl played the main role in "Peter Rabbit in Dream Land," which for a week was presented in the Lexington theater under the auspices of the New York Globe, for the benefit of children's wards in two of the city hospitals.

As a memento the Globe presented Dorothy with a little hand made ring with a design of a rabbit.

On Monday the school mates of Henry Sabin school will welcome back their playfellow, extending to her the glad hand of fellowship.

Dorothy Schlesinger, who played "William Courtleigh" in the Lexington Theatre production, also performed under the names Dorothy Schlessinger, Dorothy Burke, and Dorothy Berke, and became a well-known Broadway dancer. *Des Moines Register and Leader*, March 12, 1916.

LITTLE MISS SALLY HAMLIN IS A BROOKLYN GIRL,

Who will take part in the entertainment to be given on Monday evening of next week under the auspices of the Brooklyn Women's War Relief Committee. Miss Hamlin also plays the part of *Mrs. Peter Rabbit* in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," which is to be given here next week.

SHERWOOD CLEMENTS IS AN ACTOR

Two of Chief Funmakers in Musical Comedy "Peter Rabbit," to Be Given Under Elk Auspices

Noted Young Composer of Song Hits Who Will Appear With "Peter Rabbit"

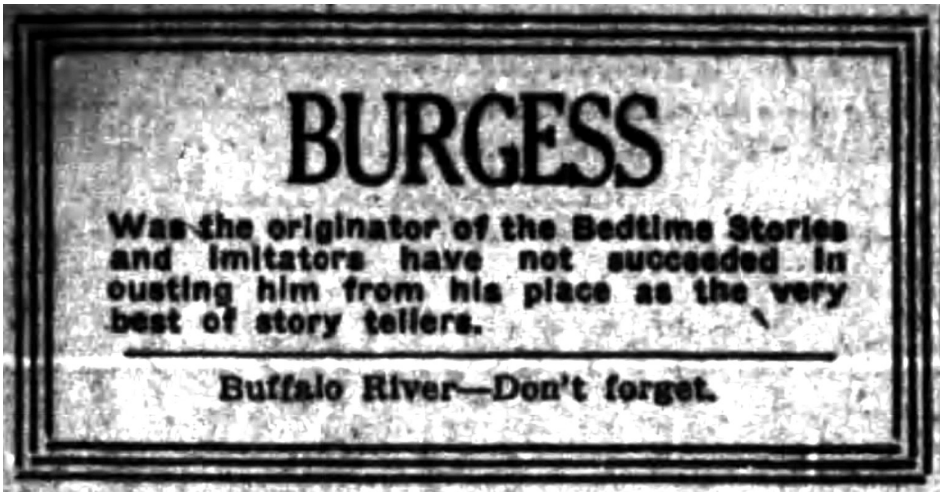
Harry Carroll.

Prominent Brooklyn Elks Interested in "Peter Rabbit" Performance

Frederick C. Reynolds, Exalted Ruler, Brooklyn Lodge 22, B. P. O. E., and Harry Green, a Well-Known and Active Member of the Lodge.

Publicity photos in the *New York Globe* and other papers for the Brooklyn Academy of Music production of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

Appendix 3. Burgess-related Newspaper Commentary


BURGESS
Was the originator of the Bedtime Stories and imitators have not succeeded in ousting him from his place as the very best of story tellers.
Buffalo River—Don't forget.

Houston Post. May 17, 1916, page 1 header

Introduction.

In 1916 the "bedtime story" had an unusually prominent position in American culture. "There is a rage just now for 'bedtime stories' by professional writers," wrote a correspondent in the *St. Joseph Gazette* (May 30, 1916, page 4). Preachers referred to bedtime stories in sermons, political analysts invoked them in editorials—there was even a nationally-ranked racehorse named "Bedtime Stories." Thornton W. Burgess benefited from this attention; he was so strongly associated with the form that he would be anointed "The Bedtime Story Man."

Burgess was sometimes mistakenly credited with inventing the newspaper bedtime story. In fact, Howard R. Garis's Uncle Wiggily-centered story feature, which was Burgess's most significant competitor in the newspaper bedtime story business, predated "Little Stories for Bedtime" by at least two years. Nevertheless, by the end of 1916, Burgess was considered a gold standard and his success attracted imitators. The most transparent imitator in book publishing was probably Arthur Scott Bailey's "Sleepytown Tales" series, with its transposed character names: "Peter Mink," "Billy Woodchuck," "Paddy Muskrat," etc. Meanwhile, the McClure syndicate's "Sandman Story for To-night," by "Mrs. F.A. Walker" would occasionally drop the names "Reddy Fox" and "Peter Rabbit" into its newspaper tales. Howard Garis even portrayed himself as a student of natural history, in implicit comparison to Thornton Burgess.

Burgess's approach to storytelling, though, was different than the rest. Most newspaper bedtime stories presented simple narratives—one thing after another spiced with dialogue. Garis stressed whimsy. Burgess, on the other hand, focused on the internal lives of his characters, their conflicted motivations and their points of view. To

some extent, this was a rhetorical strategy. Presenting the world through the eyes of an animal threatened by humans was a way of building empathy and an animal-centered attitude. In this respect, it is instructive to compare how Burgess and Garis dealt with pesticides. Garis treated the insecticide "Paris Green" whimsically, claiming it gave bugs "toothaches, or worse," while Burgess (see stories 1359 to 1372 in this volume) emphasized the suffering—Peter Rabbit's paralyzed legs—and irritation—Mr. Toad's complaints—pesticides caused among the animal family. Dramatizing feelings of shame and guilt and regret was also way of modeling the conscience for young readers. But Burgess's use of shifting points-of-view was also innovative—a proto-filmic approach, according to Connor (2007)—and was easily translatable, in theory anyway, to camera directions.

Burgess had his own theories about his success, presented as a "recipe" before an audience in Springfield early in the year, and many educators agreed. At the same time, there was some criticism of Burgess, including at least one charge (unfair, perhaps) of nature-faking and some resistance to his disdain for house sparrows, particularly among young readers, who persisted in telling stories about rescuing and hand-rearing young birds of the species. Indeed, judging from the number of stories contributed to the *Omaha World-Herald* by young readers about dead animals, they could also be more comfortable writing about the tragic side of natural history than Burgess himself.

Burgess, his characters, and Harrison Cady's character designs had become a distinct part of American culture (see Appendix 4 for more details in the merchandising area). While all rabbits were potential "Peter Rabbits" after Beatrix Potter, in 1916 the Burgess version began to dominate. "Peter Rabbit" was often uncritically depicted as the target for extermination or marketing hunting, but occasionally the Burgess milieu was invoked to show sympathy for animal victims. Meanwhile, the *Kansas City Star*, the first real booster of Burgess's newspaper feature, frequently parodied "Little Stories for Bedtime" in its columns—these parodies were popular and widely circulated across the U.S. and Canada.

The following sections include full and excerpted documents related to these themes: Bedtime Stories and Burgess; Burgess and his competitors; reasons for Burgess's success; children and critics; Burgess culture.

BEDTIME STORIES AND BURGESS.

To Live Prepared is Retreat Theme
"A Little Bedtime Story" Made Basis for Helpful Sermon to Knights of Columbus.

"A Little Story at Bedtime," was the subject of Father Doran's sermon Tuesday evening to the Knights of Columbus in their Retreat at St. Peter's Cathedral.

The speaker took his text from St. John XI 11.

He alluded to the column running in some evening papers under this title containing a pleasant tale, requiring little mental effort, a sort of preparation for repose.

His discourse, however, was intended to be serious, some plain facts that might

wake a man up but would prepare him for a peaceful rest in eternity. Death then, the earnest preparation for a happy death, was the theme he presented to his hearers….

(*Morning News* (Delaware). June 15, 1916, page 2)

Editorial.

Mr. Wilson's Bedtime Stories.

…The Wilson administration treats the world as if it were a gingerbread world. It formulates its policies as if they were to be bedtime stories for children. When it thinks the nursery is asleep, it acts as a practical administration would act. Possibly we ought to be thankful for even the small practicalities which are allowed to govern after the children have gone to bed.

(*Chicago Tribune*. September 8, 1916, page 6)

"Muver, Please a Story"

How often and how often the little folks plead for stories!

And don't you mothers find your stock of them running out, sometimes? And don't you just wish you had a story book full of bedtime stories to read to the kiddies?

During the holidays add an extra note of brightness to their bedtime, as they sleepily clutch some beloved new toy Santa has just brought, by telling brand new stories!

(*Akron Beacon Journal*. December 26, 1916, page 12)

The Best Stories for Children

There is a rage just now for "bedtime stories" by professional writers. The demand is almost beyond the supply. Parents everywhere are trying to learn a new story every day which they may give their children at night or which may be read to the youngsters as the price of the latter's surrender to sleep.

This labor of the parents is all unnecessary. Within the memory of the father or mother is stored a wealth of personal experiences—"when papa and mamma were little"—which overshadows in value to the childish listener any tale which someone he does not know may be able to concoct for him. "When papa was a boy" was a heroic age, as now viewed by papa's children. "When mamma was a little girl" was a period filled with charm, greater than offered now by any other epoch to mamma's tiny sons and daughters.

Tell the children about the things you did "when you were young." No matter what the nature of the deeds let the kiddies learn the truth now from your own lips. They will find it out later from others, so you had better tell the story first, and from the standpoint of a friend to your own interests as well as a personal spectator. You may think that nothing of interest happened in your youth, but you cannot make your children believe that. You may realize that you are a poor narrator, but the little ones who listen to you will drink in your tale with eager ears, for even to their juvenile' understanding it is clear that getting facts first-hand is the best way to obtain them.

Our ancestry two generations ago knew how to preserve history. They told of the happenings in their own lives. Books were scarce and newspapers almost unknown. Around the fireside at night the life of earlier days was recounted—year in and year out. Every man knew the biography of his father, for he had listened to the story of the parent's life unrolled through years of family rearing. Nobody ever tired of the tales, for they were true, and they were told by a participant. We of this day have gotten away from many good practices, among which is the recounting of personal history to the family circle. We are cheating the youth of the home by withholding the anecdotes of our own childhood, and we are robbing the future of its only method of recording what occurred in our lives—for we are keeping those happenings to ourselves.

Let the stories told to the children be pages from the entertainer's own life. The children will listen with new delight. The relator, too, will find himself improving at the story teller's art, as he could not in merely repeating the things he had recently read. The childish mind is eager to learn of the life already lived by those about it. Why try to satisfy that longing with something more difficult to provide and but a poor substitute at best?

(*St. Joseph Gazette* (Missouri), May 30, 1916, page 4)

Burgess' Bedtime Stories

Are a feature of *The Daily Post*. They are, without doubt, the best stories of animals and birds ever written. Mr. Burgess is very careful that every statement he makes is exact and truthful. He studies his subjects very carefully; and the stories are thus both entertaining and instructive.

The Post knows, from having been told so, that the stories are appreciated by both young and old, grandpa and the babies. No other one feature has so many followers--and The Post has quite a number of most excellent features in all departments.

It may not be amiss to cite to the children that the Bedtime Stories preserved in scrapbooks are well worth while for many reasons. The stories are worth a second and even a third perusal; and the scrapbooks make most excellent presents with that personal touch which adds so greatly to every present.

(*Houston Post*. January 2, 1916, page 44)

New Fiction

"Quaddy"—The Quaddy Books are having a phenomenal wave of popularity. There are many bedtime books, but they do not possess the Quaddy quality.

(*Dayton Herald*. October 31, 1916, page 5)

Animal Books

It was through the Sunday papers that little boys and girls first lost their hearts to Thornton W. Burgess, "Mother West Wind" stories and to the personages of the "Bedtime Story Books" which introduce such folk of Uncle Remus-Land as Danny Meadow Mouse, Reddy Fox and Unc' Billy Possum. The Burgess books are now, I believe, the very truest favorites of the second and third grades. If they can not excel

"The Oz Books" and the "Billy Whiskers Series," they are at least equal to them…. Anyone, ever a grandfather, who sees the pictures wants to read the books.

(*San Diego Sun*. October 23, 1916, page 4)

A Day Well Spent

...Here are the kids and I am going to have to get up and tell 'em a story. If it wasn't for THORNTON BURGESS AND JUDD LEWIS I don't know how I would get along with the kids. They make me tell 'em BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES every day and often I have to tell it all over again when the other kids of the neighborhood come in. I don't know anything that is really more pleasant though than telling about PETER RABBIT, BOB WHITE and their friends and BURGESS sure knows all about 'em.

(*Houston Post*. February 20, 1916, page 48. Advertisement.)

Says He Saw His Wife Hugged
Carpenter Watched Her and Correspondents

The degree of interest which a grandfather may properly take in his first and only grandchild seems to be the main point at issue in the divorce trial of Maj Ralph G. Carpenter of Wolfboro against Marguerite Paul Carpenter…

Maj Carpenter acknowledged the great fondness of George A. Carpenter for Ralph, Jr, and told how the oldest Carpenter would read to the youngest the "Bedtime Stories" from the Boston Globe and otherwise amuse him.

(*Boston Globe*. May 10, 1916, page 4)

BURGESS AND HIS COMPETITORS

Blowing our Own Horn.

The best country daily in the United States is *The Statesman*….

The Statesman wishes to announce that for 1917, in addition to the features already carried, it will publish the special service of The Associated Newspapers…

Among the well known writers whose work will appear in *The Statesman* during 1917 as a result of its membership in the Associated Newspapers are Thornton W. Burgess, author of "Little Stories for Bedtime," a feature so popular that it has many cheap but unsuccessful imitators…

(*Idaho Statesman*. December 31, 1916, page 4)

The *Journal* Secures "Puss in Boots, Jr."
And Every Evening a Complete Adventure Will be Printed For the Children

…The English in these splendid stories is pure and superior. Mothers need not hesitate to read them for supplemental educative purposes.

Only one writer, Thornton Burgess, ranks with Mr. [David] Cory as a teller of

children's stories. One complete incident is related every evening. Try it out with the kiddies tonight.

(*Ottawa Journal* (Ontario, Canada). September 16, 1916, page 1)

Book Reviews

..."The Tale of Tommy Fox" is one of a series of "sleepytown tales" that Houston G. Currier[1] has written in clear imitation of Thornton Burgess' stories of the green meadows and the smiling pool. The familiar characters of the woodland and the fields are seen under only slight disguises....

(*Chicago Daily News*. January 7, 1916, page 11)

The Sandman Story for To-Night
By Mrs. F.A. Walker

…Jack Rabbit was the first to reach him. "Roll over in the snow," he said to Mr. Fox.

Then Peter Rabbit and Mr. Bear and Old Reddy Fox came along and they threw snow on Mr. Fox, and soon they had Mr. Fox out of danger, although his coat was not worth calling a coat….

(*Sun-Journal* (Lewiston Maine). June 9, 1916, page 4)

Uncle Wiggily's Christmas Letter

…The author [Howard R. Garis] lives in Newark, N.J. in the winter, but every summer he goes to the mountains, country or seashore to learn something new about the birds, fishes, or animals, so he may write more stories about them.

(*Oakland Tribune*. December 17, 1916, page 26)

Little Bedtime Stories
By Howard R. Garis

Uncle Wiggily And The Paris Green

"Dear me! It certainly is too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Longears, whose other name was Uncle Wiggily. He was standing on the front porch of his hollow stump farmhouse as he said this one day.

"What's too bad?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, who gnawed red, white and blue, striped rheumatism crutches out of cornstalks for the bunny gentleman. "What's too bad, Wiggy?"

"The potato bugs," answered the rabbit.

"Potato bugs?" asked the muskrat lady. "Do you mean they bit you?"

"Well, no, not exactly that," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "You see they bite the potato vines, eat the leaves, the vines die and that spoils the potatoes. That's what I say is too

1 This was Arthur Bailey Scott's pen-name. He would later publish these books under his own name.

bad."

"I say the same thing, also," cried Nurse Jane. "I can't make potato pancakes if there are no potatoes. But what about the bugs?"

"I'm going to fix them," said Uncle Wiggily, slowly winking one eye and blinking the other. "I'm going to paris green 'em!"

"Paris green 'em?" repeated Nurse Jane. "Do you mean you are going to send them to Paris?"

"Oh, no, paris green is a powder you put on the potato vines. It is almost the same color as the vines and the bugs don't know the difference. They eat the vine, chew the paris green powder up with it, and pretty soon—well, those bugs don't ever want any more of my potato vines."

"Why not?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Because the paris green gives them a terrible toothache, and other things that are worse," answered the bunny gentleman. "So, when I saw, over in the corner of my farm, that the potato bugs were chewing the vines, I said it was too bad. But I'll fix 'em. I'm going for paris green now."

So Uncle Wiggily went to the store for the green powder, which was to make the bugs leave his vines alone.

"Paris green? Certainly, Mr. Longears," said the monkey doodle gentleman at the store. "Here you are," and he gave the bunny a nice package of the powder which had such a nice color.

But listen, as the telephone girl says. Don't ever any of you try to eat green powder, just because it is such a pretty color, for it would make you feel worse than a potato bug.

With the bag of green stuff under his paw, Uncle Wiggily slowly hopped along on his way back to the farm. He was sort of laughing to himself when he thought what a surprise he would give those potato bugs, when, all of a sudden, from behind a stump, he heard someone sighing and crying, as they said:

"Oh, dear. Isn't it just too bad for anything! It was so pretty before, and now look at it!"

"Look at it! Look at what? What's the matter?" asked the bunny gentleman, peeping up from behind a stump.

"It's the skillery-scalery alligator!" answered Susie Littletail, the bunny girl, who had been doing the sighing and crying..

"What? The skillery-scalery alligator!" cried the bunny gentleman, making his pink nose twinkle so fast that it looked like a postage stamp. "Oh, we must run! He'll get you! He'll get me sure!"

"Oh, no he won't," slowly said Susie. "But he took the nice green ribbon off my

hat, that's what he did!"

"He did?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "How was that?"

"Well," said Susie, "I was wearing my new hat with the bright green ribbon on it. I was walking along and I guess the ribbon stuck up over the top of the stump.

"The skillery-scalery alligator must have thought it was a bit of green cabbage or lettuce, for the first I knew he pulled off the ribbon and ran away chewing it."

"Well, it is better to have him chew the ribbon than to chew you," said Uncle Wiggily, not so frightened now that he knew the skillery-scalery alligator was not around.

"Yes, I s'pose so," sighed Susie. "But, oh, dear! My nice hat! Without the pretty green ribbon on it what shall I do? I was going to a party Lulu Wibblewobble, the duck girl, is giving and now I can't go. Oh, dear!" and Susie cried.

"Yes, you shall go!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Wait a minute. I'll soon make a green ribbon for your hat." Quickly he took out his clean pocket handkerchief. This he tore into strips and then he colored them with the paris green he had bought for the potato bugs, mixing the powder with some water.

"There you are, Susie!" cried the bunny uncle, as he held up the green ribbons he had made. "Put them on your new hat and go to the party. And give all the animal children my love."

So Susie did, and she was very happy, and every one said it was just fine of Uncle Wiggily to do what he had done. Then the bunny gentleman sprinkled paris green on his potato vines, and the bugs ran away after taking only a few chews. They did not like a green toothache..

So this teaches us we never can tell what color is going to be fashionable until we see it on a lady's hat. And if the automobile doesn't run over the tin horn and make it squeak like a rubber doll with a whistle in its back, the next story will be about Uncle Wiggily and the bees.

(*Winona Daily News* (MN). June 6, 1916, page 8)

REASONS FOR BURGESS'S SUCCESS

Bedtime Stories Vogue is Growing
Thornton W. Burgess, Peter Rabbit's Creator, Tells Why They Succeed

Here's "Farmer Brown's"
So snug and warm.
Near it the bluebirds roam.
The "Brier Patch"
Is just beyond.
There Peter has his home.

This New Year's greeting from a child in Troy, N. Y., to Thornton W. Burgess of Washington Road, author of "Bedtime Stories," is one of many which he has received from boys and girls all over the United States who have made friends with Peter Rabbit, Happy Jack Squirrel, Grandfather Frog and other famous "quaddies." Mr. Burgess is going to speak to the Nature Study Association in New York city the latter part of the month, and among the pleasantest things he has to record are the greetings from American children.

He explained this morning the principle on which he builds his stories which makes them receive such hearty appreciation from the boys and girls. In the first place they are true to life. And in the second place they have no direct moral teaching. A child resents teaching directed at himself, but he approves of teaching directed to animals. As we look down on the child, so the child looks down in a protecting and advising fashion on the animals. Therefore, good ways of living are suggested for Johnny Chuck and his friends, and the children are quick to draw the inference. None of the stories is tragic.

A special tribute was recently paid to Mr. Burgess by a group of boys and girls in the public schools of Cincinnati who formed a Band of Mercy chapter and named it the Thornton W. Burgess Band of Mercy. A letter from the class secretary accompanied the announcement, and in replying thankfully Mr. Burgess wrote this verse:

Love and Mercy, hand in hand,
Always guide your happy band;
Govern every thought and deed,
Onward and upward ever lead.
They are gentle, they are kind,
Follow them and you will find
All that joyous is in life
And an end of bitter strife.

The Bedtime Stories Clubs have won great popularity in many cities of the United States. The first one was founded in Kansas City about two years ago, and now has 40,000 members. Each member signs a pledge that he "loves old Mother Nature and promises to be kind to her children and protect them from her enemies." The New York club is the most active, having 80,000 enrolled. This club has held outings, and under its auspices "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" was staged at the Lexington Avenue Theater in New York during the holidays. The total membership has passed the 250,000 mark. The extent of the interest is signified by the fact that Mr. Burgess received a letter addressed simply to "Farmer Brown's Boy, Greenmeadows." Toy manufacturers are making reproductions of the "quaddies," which is short for quadrupeds, and jewelry companies are making children's silverware with Peter Rabbit and his friends embossed on the handles. Motion pictures of the New York club's outings have been produced in the motion picture houses in Springfield and plans are under way for making "movie" reels from the Bedtime Stories.

(*Springfield Evening Union*. January 5, 1916, page 4)

Gives Recipe for Bedtime Stories

Thornton W. Burgess Speaks to College Club Members at "The Elms."
Describes Methods
Is Striving for Preservation of Wild Life in This Country.

In accordance with her yearly custom, Miss Charlotte Porter entertained the members of the College Club, of which she is an honorary member, and also the members of Outlook classes at "The Elms" yesterday afternoon. Thornton W. Burgess, well known for his "Old Mother Westwind Stories" and "Little Stories for Bedtime," was the speaker and talked entertainingly on "The Teaching of Ethics Through Animal Stories." Although Mr. Burgess has achieved great success with his stories for children, he happened upon the writing of them as a profession almost by accident. The "Old Mother West Wind Stories" were originally written in the form of letters to his little son, who was away on a visit. They fell by chance into the hands of a publisher, who became eager to produce them, and ever since then Mr. Burgess has found a ready market for all the stories which he can write, while all over the country are thousands of children who are daily reading his stories which appear in the newspapers and are learning from them a love for nature and a sympathetic understanding of animal life.

Mr. Burgess is one of those rare people who have the opportunity to perform a work which they love and a work which is not only congenial, but which produces a positive good. For Mr. Burgess is a firm believer in the effectiveness of teaching morals to children through the medium of stories. Children are not interested in facts which are presented in a didactic way, but if one can only tell a story around the fact it will catch the child's interest, and the fact of moral, or whatever it is, will be absorbed and remembered. Mr. Burgess has found that animal stories are particularly effective in the teaching of ethics to children. This is true because the child looks down upon the animal life. He thinks it is quite right that Johnnie Chipmunk should be taught a lesson when he does wrong, and thus he unconsciously absorbs a moral which would be quite lost if presented in a didactic fashion.

Mr. Burgess went on to describe his method in writing the stories at which he is so prolific. The following is his "Recipe for a Child's Story": "Ingredients, one fact, a liberal amount of imagination, a dash of truth, a moral lesson, action, adventure or lively dialog, humor or pathos as desired and a reasonable supply of simple English. These may best be compounded on paper by means of a typewriter, preferably one that is old, dusty and rich in service. Use the fact as the foundation, stir in the imagination freely with the truth, taking care that the latter is never dissolved in the former, spice highly with action, adventure or dialog, whichever best suits your purpose, and add a dash of either humor or pathos. Pour the whole over the moral lesson and served at bedtime in short, snappy sentences composed of simple words employing a judicious amount of repetition."

Although admitting that it was contrary to most of the established rules of story writing. Mr. Burgess insisted that in writing the "Bedtime Stories" he "never knew what was coming next." His usual plan, he said, was to start with a title, as "Why Peter Rabbit Cannot Fold His Hands," and let the story develop itself gradually. He takes great pains to be accurate in his statements and said that he had succeeded thus far in escaping the charge of "nature fakir." His accuracy has made his stories particularly

valuable in school work because of the combination, in a manner interesting to the child, of fact and moral lesson. So popular have the stories been among children that in many cities all over the country "Bedtime Story Clubs" have been formed. The members of these clubs promise to love Mother Nature and to be kind to animals and to protect them from their enemies.

The last phrase of this pledge embodies another ideal for which Mr. Burgess is striving—that of the preservation of the wild life of this country. The destruction of animals in this country is colossal, many types being threatened with actual extinction. Vigorous protective laws are necessary to prevent this, and Mr. Burgess hopes that his stories may be effective along lines of the conservation of animal life.

(*Morning Union*. March 10, 1916, page 8)

Children's Stories
How They Are Written
Address to College Club
Thornton W. Burgess Tells of His Methods in Writing "Bedtime Stories"

The story of how the well-loved Peter Rabbitt, Jerry Muskrat, Jimmy Mink (sic) and many another animal character came into being was delightfully told yesterday afternoon by their creator, Thornton W. Burgess of this city, before the members of the College club and the Outlook classes at the Elms. Mr. Burgess spoke informally without notes, and not only gave an inkling of his method of work but an insight into the high ambition which he has of teaching the love of Mother Nature and her children to all those who read his stories.

For the first time Mr. Burgess told yesterday his "recipe for a child's story," which he believes always successful. This is it: "Ingredients: One fact, a liberal amount of imagination, a dash of truth, a moral lesson, action, adventure or lively dialog, humor or pathos as desired, a reasonable supply of simple English. These may best be compounded on paper by means of a typewriter, preferably one that is old, dusty and rich in service. Use the fact as the foundation. Stir in the imagination freely with the truth, taking care that the latter is never dissolved by the former; spice highly with action, adventure or dialog, whichever best suits your purpose, and add a dash of either humor or pathos. Pour the whole over the moral lesson and serve at bedtime in short, snappy sentences, composed of simple words, employing a judicious amount of repetition."

Mr. Burgess has a theory that children may best be taught through the story rather than by means of didactic teaching, and as he himself loved Nature and the animals, he has told these stories that children may love them in turn. Mr. Burgess came only by accident to the writing of his stories. Those composing the first volume of "Old Mother West Wind" were written for his own small son, away from home on a visit, to whom the father wrote a single story each night. Falling into the hands of a publisher they were printed and more asked for, with the result that to-day Mr. Burgess has nearly 1400 stories to his credit.

The names of the animals are original with Mr. Burgess, with the exception of

Peter Rabbit, who was created by Beatrice Potter of London, and whose name was used by Mr. Burgess in the stories written for his son because the child already well knew Peter Rabbit and would recognize him under no other name. When the stories were published the same name was retained.

The animal characters were used rather than human ones, because of the fact that children all know the animals about them and because the child stands in the same relation to the animal as a grown-up person to the child. Therefore, when Billy Skunk or Peter Rabbit do wrong it is right and proper that they should be punished, and the child absorbs the lesson taught by their plight. Such stories with human characters would likely fall flat, but as in the use of animal characters the child's interest is aroused and held. In fact, this stimulation of love of animal life through the stories of Mr. Burgess is really a part of the great movement for the conservation of animal life which is so badly needed in this country, where so many species are already exterminated and many others threatened.

Mr. Burgess is writing one story daily, Sunday excepted, and the greatest part of his audience is found through the Bed-Time stories which appear daily in some 30 or 40 newspapers of this country and Canada. From these stories has grown the "Bed-Time Stories club," started by the *Kansas City Star*, which issued red buttons and certificates of membership to all those wishing to join. This example was followed in many other cities, the membership running into the thousands and in the case of the *New York Globe* club to a membership of 187,000. As the members are pledged to love Mother Nature and promise to be kind to her children and protect them from their enemies, the movement should be of benefit to the children and also to the grown-ups who join.

The way in which Mr. Burgess writes his stories was told by him as something wholly outside of rule and regulation. He begins a story with a title, and then starts writing, the story coming of itself without previous plan or plot, and at the close of the day's story he writes the title for next day. In this way he gains from writing the same interest almost that the reader gains, for even he does not know what is coming next, and it is this ever-present interest which allows him to write some 313 stories a year. Accuracy is especially the aim of Mr. Burgess and he carefully verifies all the facts of Nature history he uses. And since there is no limit to the wonders of Mother Nature and the wonders of the life of the little animals there is abundant promise of unlimited Bed-Time stories for the future.

(*Springfield Daily Republican*. March 10, 1916, page 5)

Personal Mention…

Thornton W. Burgess has at last given the recipe for the composition of his famous "bed-time stories" for children: "Ingredients: one fact, a liberal amount of imagination, a dash of truth, a moral lesson, action, adventure or lively dialog, humor or pathos as desired, and a reasonable supply of simple English. These may best be compounded on paper by means of a typewriter, preferably one that is old, dusty and rich in service. Use the fact as the foundation, stir in the imagination freely with the truth, taking care that the latter is never dissolved in the former, spice highly with action, adventure or

dialog, whichever best suits your purpose, and add a dash of either humor or pathos. Pour the whole over the moral lesson and serve at bedtime in short, snappy sentences composed of simple words, employing a judicious amount of repetition." Mr. Burgess divulged the secret of his success as a writer before the College club and the Outlook classes of "The Elms" school yesterday afternoon.

(*The Republican*. March 10, 1916, page 13)

Burgess to Juniors

Do you know Johnny Chuck and Reddy Fox and little Joe Otter? If you have met these jolly chaps in the Mother West wind books you will be interested to know that the man who tells those delightful stories was in Worcester Tuesday, and left some messages for The Telegram juniors. His name Is Thornton Burgess and he is a tall, slim man with twinkling eyes and a pleasant voice.

"I wrote the Mother West wind stories for my boy," he said, and then went on to tell how many letters he received from other boys and girls who liked the stories quite as much as his small son.

"I have studied animals very carefully," Mr. Burgess explained, "and everything that my little creatures do is true to life. My stories teach the truth about nature. I try to show each animal's character and make them seem real to the children."

Everyone who reads Mr. Burgess books will agree that he does make the animals seem real for one never thinks of Peter Rabbit without laughing at his laziness nor of Reddy Fox without a disapproving frown nor of Grandfather Frog without envy of his profound wisdom.

"I'll tell you something that may interest the Worcester boys and girls," Mr. Burgess went on, "Johnny Chuck and all his neighbors are coming out in moving pictures pretty soon."

Mr. Burgess has told some of his stories into the graphphone so that one may buy records of a favorite tale. Grown folks seem to like his stories, too. Last Tuesday night he told the story of "Why Peter Rabbit can't fold his hands," to an audience of grown-ups and they giggled like 4-year-olds.

Beside animal stories, this clever man writes boy scouts books. The series called "Boy scouts of woodcraft camp" Is popular with older boys. Mr. Burgess says he cannot find time to write a new boy scout book this year. He is a busy man, I caught you. For only think! He writes a story every single day, rain or shine.

"I hope my books teach children to be kind to animals," said the author. "I was pleased when some children in Cincinnati not long ago formed a band of mercy and called it the "Thornton Burgess band." After you have become as well acquainted with little forest creatures as do the readers of the Mother West wind books it would seem like hurting real friends to be cruel to them.

"I don't try to make my stories preachy," Mr. Burgess declared, "for childen don't like being preached to any better then grownups. But I do hope that by reading about

some of the faults and failings of the animals, boys and girls will see how unpleasant such things are."

All of the Burgess' books are in our children's department at the library. Here is the whole list, and if you have not read them, this is the week to make a start. They are mighty good reading…

(*Sunday Telegram* (Worcester). April 30, 1916, page 35)

Endorsed by Teachers and Librarians

Herald's Daily Animal Stories Being Used for School Lessons

The daily stories for children are written by Thornton W. Burgess and published in *The Herald* editorial page each day furnish material for delightful reading lessons.

Pupils of the Dennis school have been asked by their teachers to bring one of these stories each day. The clippings will be made into little booklets and used for the reading lessons.

(*Decatur Herald*. January 16, 1916, page 3)

***The Post*'s Bedtime Stories**
How They are Made Use of in One School

There is a school at Brackettville, which is out in West Texas, where *The Post*'s Bedtime Stories and Polly are appreciated. In fact, there is a teacher in Brackettville who has a big idea which she is working out successfully with the assistance of The Post.

This idea is told of, briefly in the two letters which are printed below from two of the pupils of that school...

Burgess' Bedtime Stories, which are printed every day in *The Post*, are valuable for children, for they inculcate in pleasing manner much that is of value. The kindness of Farmer Brown's Boy without doubt has had an effect upon thousands of young Americans.

Mr. Burgess is very careful, indeed, of the facts he states in his stories. He carefully studies the habits of animals and birds and when he tells of a habit or a characteristic it may be accepted as a fact. In this manner the children will absorb much information which may prove valuable in later life and certainly will be a part of their general education.

(*Houston Post*. February 27, 1916, page 29)

Children Write Herald of Joy At Receiving the Animal Stories

Wishing to extend to all the children in Decatur the pleasure derived from Thornton Burgess' "animal stories" appearing in this paper, *The Herald* last week sent out to all the school children in Decatur below the eight grade a little booklet containing some of the fascinating tales of the creatures of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows.

In some rooms they were read as a part of the English exercises, in others, where the words were too big for beginners the teacher read them. Letters of appreciation have since come to The Herald. Among them are the following:

Editor of The Herald, Sir: You don't know how much I thank you for those little animal story books. As soon as we got them, we read two or three of the stories. I didn't get to read many at home and was very pleased when our teacher passed them out to us. "Lightfoot the Deer" has a mighty queer yard in the winter.

I know my little brother will be very glad to hear these stories and I am going to tell him how nice I think it was of you to give the little books to us.

Everyone in this room began to clap their hands when they heard that you had sent the little animal story books.

Very Very thankfully, Marjorie Sullivan, Pugh School. Decatur, March 7, 1916.

Editor of The Herald, Sir: We have been reading the animal stories from, your paper, and like them very much. We like the one best where Farmer Brown's Boy helped Mrs. Grouse. We thank you for the booklets.

Your friends, PER C. F., Special Ungraded. Decatur, March 3, 1916.

(*Decatur Herald*. March 12, 1916, page 26)

Cruelty to Animals

Editor Buffalo Express:—I quite agree with the thoughts expressed in the recently published article entitled Hunting Pictures. As I have said in a previous article, we teachers encourage children to write essays for the Humane society and much of our effort is lost when the children see the pictures of these so-called "mighty hunters" and their hapless, four-footed victims in our illustrated papers.

Hunters are many. Among them we often see pictures of Theodore Roosevelt, members of the Newport set, certain of the New York 400, and a local brigade known, if I remember correctly, as the Genesee Valley Hunt club. The three groups named appear to emulate the pastime of the nobility of France and England and, accompanied by a pack of hounds, tear madly over fence and field in search of their prey, which proves to be none other than that defenseless little creature whom Thornton W. Burgess has invested with almost human intelligence—little Reddy Fox.

When a child I saw a copy of a noted painting entitled The Hunt Ball. It depleted a crowd of scantily clad female members of the British aristocracy, walking, chatting and dancing with their male escorts in a ballroom. The ball was the consummation of a day, or days, spent in killing God's lowly creatures. And the idle rich of this country, like imitating simians, have introduced the custom of riding to hounds into America.

If such people would spend some time in a camp or park where wild animals are protected by law and witness their pathetic trust in man, these hunters would have a new conception of the commandment Thou shalt not kill.

GRACE W. SHOPP. Buffalo, March 13th.

(*Buffalo Courier Express*. March 15, 1916, page 10)

Animal Study for General Public
H.M. Vanderbilt, Central High Instructor, Shows Advantages
Humorous Incidents
Educator Gives Observations Made from Early Boyhood

…No one who talks with Mr. Vanderbilt or hears him lecture can fail to be impressed with his diversified knowledge gained by close contact with nature and it seems as if the Springfield educator would measure up well with Burroughs, Roosevelt, Long and Seton-Thompson or Thompson-Seton, as he now calls himself. Speaking of these four the other day Mr. Vanderbilt warned against the dogmatism of Burroughs and Roosevelt on the one hand and of the imaginative sentimentalism of Long and Seton-Thompson on the other. It is possible to strike a happy medium. Thornton W. Burgess, who has come to Springfield to live, is doing a great deal of good, in Mr. Vanderbilt's opinion, by putting the truthful activities of animals in story form.

Mr. Vanderbilt thinks many people might gain much more out of life if they would study animal life. What we all want to do is to observe and study rather than to kill and slaughter. Here is a remarkable asset and it would make people happier, for one thing, as the humor of animals would amuse and lead people to forget their troubles.

(*Morning Union* (Springfield). May 7, 1916, page 45)

Famous Author Writes to Blind
Little Folks at State School for Blind Compliment His Animal Stories

Many of the bright little people at the Oklahoma State School for the Blind, Muskogee, have been following with touching interest the gyrations of Thornton W. Burgess' animal friends. The primary teacher at the school has been reading the "Bedtime Stories" and the tale of "Peter Rabbit" interested the little fellows very much. So they wrote to Mr. Burgess,

Raised letters were used by the little blind pupils. The teacher interpreted the Braille writing by over-writing each letter with a pencil. Superintendent Stewart today made public the children's letter and Mr. Burgess' reply:

Okla. School for the Blind.
Muskogee, Okla., May 10, 1916.
Mr. Thornton W. Burgess,
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Mr. Burgess:

How are you? We are writing you a letter in Braille. There are thirty-two boys and girls in our room, and we get all of our lessons with our fingers. Every afternoon at 1:30 our teacher reads us one of your animal stories from the Kansas City Star, and we like them so well we thought we would write you.

Reddy Fox is a funny fellow, isn't he? We are so glad Mr. Quack has been found. We all clapped when we heard it. Is Mr. Quack's wing really broken so he can't fly any

more? We hope not. Sammy Jay is not such a rascal after all, is he? We have heard the frogs ever since Mr. and Mrs. Quack started north, Peter Rabbit and his children and Mrs. Peter live on our school grounds. We built a lunch room for the birds last winter after we read your letter.

Do you think you will ever come to Muskogee? If you do, be sure to come to visit us.

Your friends, The Bedtimers of the First and Second Grades.

Springfield, Mass., May 13, 1916.
Dear Little Bedtimers:

You cannot even guess how much pleasure your letter has given me, I shall keep it always. Of course I have a great many letters from little folks all over the country, but this is the first I ever have received written in Braille, and it means a very great deal to me to know that my stories are giving pleasure to those who are denied the privilege of the eyesight which means so much. And yet I know that you do see, and with a sight that is better than that of the outer eye. I know because I see that same way myself. This is really true. I see more without using my eyes than I do with them.

Listen: When I write a story I am in the house, quite far from Peter Rabbit and all his friends. I do not see them with my eyes. I close my eyes and sit quietly. Then I see them and they are just as real as if I were looking at them with my eyes. I see them doing all the interesting things you read about, and then I try to tell you just what I see. And I think you see things in just this same way. Isn't this so?

Eyes are one of God's most wonderful and precious gifts, but they are not nearly so necessary as most people seem to think. Indeed, if it were not for the light of the sun, they would be of no use at all as those who have tried to go about in the darkness of the night have found out. A far greater gift is that inner light which you all possess, and by means of which you can see far more beautiful things than you could ever see with the outer eyes. You know some of the little people of the green meadows and of other parts of Old Mother Nature's great world have very little use for eyes. There is Miner the Mole. He has eyes, it is true, but they are so very small and weak that he might as well not have any at all. He spends most of his time in the dark where he has no use for them at all. When he does come out into the sunlight it is so bright and his eyes are so weak that they are of no use to him there. In certain underground streams of water there are fish who wholly blind, yet these little people are quite as happy and enjoy their humble lives quite as much as those having wonderful eyes. Like you, they have learned to make the most of other senses, the sense of touch, of hearing, of smell.

When I run my fingers over the Braille writing of your letter, I realize how much you have in the sense of touch which I have not. When two or three little dots are close together, they feel like one to me. I am afraid it would take me a long, long time to learn to read with my fingers. To me this delicate sense of touch which you have seems as truly wonderful as my eyesight must seem to you.

Yes, Reddy Fox is a funny fellow, and not nearly so bad as he tries to make people think. As for Sammy Jay, he is like most of us; there is plenty of good in him

as well as some bad, I suspect that when fall comes Mr. Quack's wing will be quite as strong as ever so that he will be able to make the long, dangerous journey to the sunny Southland.

Just now he is very proud of his family, and very happy up there in the pond of Paddy the Beaver. I hope he and Mrs. Quack will come back there next spring instead of trying to keep on to the far away Northland. Don't you?

Very often as I write from now on I shall think of you all at 1:30 in the afternoon listening to one of my stories, and I know that this is going to help me to write more and better stories. If ever I do come anywhere near Muskogee you may be sure I shall make it a point to visit you. I can think of nothing that would give me greater pleasure.

Thanking you for writing me, and with ever and ever so much love from: Peter Rabbit and all his friends, of whom I am one, I am

Your very sincere friend, Thornton W. Burgess.

(*Muskogee Times-Democrat*. May 19, 1916, page 7)

Where World-Herald Bed Time Stories Are Big Part of School Life

Primary Critic Teacher, Training School, Wayne State Normal,

"And Nature, the old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee.
Saying, 'Here is a story book.
Thy father hath written for thee."

The dusky quiet of a January morning crept softly into my school room, bringing a reflected stillness from the hills to the south, whose snowy outlines seemed touched with a warmer light than lay athwart the town below, where clumps of trees, roofs, chimneys and plumes of smoke grew slowly upward through the blurring mist.

A child entering the stillness with eager face, shining eyes and uplifted hands, offering me the picture page of the Sunday supplement of an eastern newspaper and saying, "France is all shotted up, today, Miss Stocking," created an iridescent spot of happiness in our school room touched with outdoor lore, and gave to us the "Little Stories for Bedtime," by Thornton W. Burgess of the Omaha Daily World-Herald.

The gruesome picture page was pinned low on the schoolroom door where all might see the Red Cross nurse at her work. We talked of the goodness of all Red Cross nurses and doctors, and not of the bite and reek of the war. We talked of the children and dogs of France, the beautiful roads and wonderful incident might have closed had it not been for the children."

"The Very Next Morning."

The very next morning, like the beggars of old coming to town,

"Some in rags,
Some in tags,
Some in velvet gowns."

every conceivable type of illustrated printed matter began to arrive, bringing to us gifts from "the great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world." The aristocratic Ladies' Home Journal of latest date, I felt certain, had been surreptitiously mutilated for the occasion, old textbooks and seed catalogues from garrets; dailies from basements; the National Geographical magazines—pictures of animals and refugee children literally inundated me, until my schoolroom resembled a second-hand book shop and my desk a scrap heap.

The children pored over the pictures and stories—we soon passed the pinning up stage for want of room—and I stood aside from the situation until I felt it was time to imperceptibly slip the indiscriminate selection of material from the hands of the children, and I entered the field as an ardent admirer of the "Little Stories for Bedtime," and for three months we have hidden in the old Brier Patch with Peter Rabbit, slipped about with Reddy Fox, sung "Cheer-up, cheer up, cheer-up, cheer," with Welcome Robin, and just now are living with Mr. and Mrs. Quack in the Smiling Pool.

The children have never tired of these stories. Eight in the morning finds at least one child reading, and the whistle at one is the signal for many to swarm into the room, select papers from the "postoffice," to be turned, rustled and read.

I have been interested in watching these stories react upon the children. A Smiling Pool has been discovered with green islands, the size of a little girl's apron, where frogs sang in the shadows, and over which Blacky, the Crow, and his mate flew with long wing-beats, as the dusk crept softly down from the hills, blotting out the pasture beyond which the winking cornstalk camp-fires talked to two little girls of Indian wigwams as they rode over the darkening highways to town, one night.

As the Days Go By.

As the days have gone by the experiment has crystalized along certain lines. My daily reading of Mr. Burgess' Bedtime Stories to the school, as a group—the joy of it all passeth the understanding of those who dwell only in grown-up land. We travel far afield: we wonder: we rejoice: we live with our outdoor friends and neighbors. I admit I am interested in the reactions, and feel certain my interest and appreciation adds a vitalizing element to the natural interest of the children.

Papers are taken home. I never complete the day's reading without some child asking. "Please, may take that paper home?" I almost always give consent, for I am deliberately trying to form a tie between home, child and school.

The first grade children insist upon parents rereading the stories to them, and "My daddy said" comes to me more often than fathers realize.

The second graders stand forth in the limelight at home as the readers, and the parents have nothing to do but listen and, incidentally, answer questions. I may say we have a life situation when little children read, as their parents do, a real, for-sure daily like the Omaha World-Herald.

We also use the Bedtime stories as an ordinary reading lesson, and this has proven of worth. The child, to be able to read well before his class, must study for the word as

well as for the thought content. This enriches his vocabulary, as these stories contain words not common to second readers. Children are frank critics, and before a child will face his mates with this word, he digs to the bottom of it, either at home or at school.

Rarely Meets His Waterloo.

Sometimes a certain story, selected by the pupils themselves, is assigned by paragraph to some half-dozen children. Each selects from his paragraph the unusual words, and calls for them from the class group. They are placed upon the blackboard, and diacritically marked for reference. Thus the child is prepared for the fray, and rarely does he meets his Waterloo. Then a child occasionally visits other departments of the training school, or members of the faculty, to read a favorite Bedtime story. This has been one of the happiest features of the work. Invariably, the child has returned with an added poise, confident of his power to read and please, and happy in having given pleasure to others.

This phase of the work has added greatly in enthusing the children to peruse the stories carefully; and I need not say it is a much-coveted honor to receive an invitation to go visiting to President Conn, Dean Hahn, or before some department of the training school. All have been most appreciative of the efforts of the little folks and have colored their visits with pleasure.

The ethical side has been rich in results, for the work has touched the interests at every point. No child can rejoice, sorrow, or feel proud over such situations as the "Little Stories for Bedtime" creates, without being refined, at least to some degree; and we have sorrowed with Mr. Grouse, rejoiced with Mr. Quack, and even felt proud of Reddy Fox, for as John Muir has so aptly expressed it, "We cannot help but feel sympathy with and be proud of those brave neighbors; fellow citizens in the commonwealth of the world, making a living like the rest of us."

A Last Word.

As a last word, I will say to all teachers who enter the field of reading, create a tie with your material—the Stories for Bedtime—between the home, child and school; enlist the interest, sympathy and aid of your co-workers: accept with marked appreciation the outdoor material brought in by your children, whether cocoons, beetles or baby rabbits, and do not say, like Skinny's mother, "No, sir, you can't have that nasty, dirty thing in this house. You just take him out and lose him."

Live in make-believe land; be the leader, bringing your gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Have no fear, your children will follow you as the Pied Piper of Hamlin, and your "little lame child," who in other situations "could not dance the whole of the way," will go "tripping and skipping" to the Green Forest abreast of his mates.

Out of it all will come a wider vision, and perhaps it will be given to you to see the world, as Carruth sees it:

"A haze on the far horizon.
An infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfield.

And the wild geese flying high
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it autumn
And others call it God."

(*Omaha World-Herald.* June 4, 1916, page 41)

Praise for the Bedtime Story
From the White River Leader, Branson, Mo.

There are a great many readers of *The Kansas City Star* in Branson, and we wish that every man, woman and child in the town and county could be included in the list of readers for the reason that they then would have the opportunity of reading "Little Stories for Bedtime" that appear in *The Star* every evening.

These stories are written by Thornton W. Burgess, and so wonderfully interesting and full of such kindly spirit and good will that you cannot possibly read them without catching the spirit and wanting to pass it on.

We often wonder if everybody in Branson who reads *The Star* reads these stories. If you have not been in the habit of doing so, better begin now; read them aloud to the family every evening, and then pass the paper on to somebody else.

Hereafter there will be at least one of these stories at the *Leader* office every afternoon for the first person that calls and asks for it, on the one condition—that after he reads it he passes it on. In urging everybody to read these stories we are not boosting for *The Star*, neither have we anything to gain by it, except the pleasure and satisfaction of doing all we can to pass on the beautiful spirit of kindness and consideration which is the breath of these simple, intimate stories of the wild creatures of the forests and the green meadows.

Every member of the family circle will be made gentler and better after reading them. Get the habit.

(*Kansas City Star.* January 20, 1916, page 16)

Bed Time Stories Told

Below we give a prize letter won by a friend writing to the *Des Moines Capital*, in competition with hundreds of others each trying to tell best of the "Bed Time Stories" published in that paper. Here it is, the sentiment of the opening verse appealing most to us:

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
'Ere their sweet and tender juices,
Have been hardened into wood,
So to the world are the children
Thru them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate

That reaches this world below.

With the children playing such an important part in this world, why should we not do our utmost to entertain them properly and mold their characters? The Bedtime stories are one of the best children's stories for these purposes we have ever had the pleasure of reading.

They are so interesting and entertaining that my children would as soon go to bed without their supper as without hearing the Bedtime stories.

As for helping to mold (for good) characters, the author has so cleverly brought out how the carelessness of Peter Rabbit has gotten him into trouble so many times, the cunning and craftiness of Granny and Reddy Fox are not to be admired; how the kindness of Brown's boy has won the respect of all the little forest, meadow and pool people and how the traits of each little animal are to be looked upon with favor or disgust.

Farmer Dr. Frank Crane in his sermonettes has advice for the grown-ups, but their characters are molded and probably would not heed the advice.

The story of Beth is principally for just girls and women. And so I may go on to speak of other articles that appear daily in *The Capital* but the Bedtime stories can be enjoyed by old and young alike and for the city child who never sees these animals it is a great nature lesson.

May they never end.

MR. J. J. COUGHLAN, 730 Sandahl Avenue. Des Moines, Iowa.

(*Wayne News*. February 3, 1916, page 2)

A Subscriber's Difficulty

Please tell the man who has charge of making up your paper for the press, not to put the "Little Story for Bedtime" on the back of your editorial page.

For five months I have been clipping those stories every day to send to some little friends up in Ohio. At the same time, I have been clipping from your leading editorials and your columns of special paragraphs to send to friends in Chicago, Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio, and New York. When the "Bedtime" story is on the back of your editorial page, as it was on the twenty-first and twenty-second, I cannot carve out all of my various lines of clippings as the cutting of some will destroy the others. I want to clip both, the editorial page and the stories.

ALLEN R. FOOTE, Angleton, Texas, April 23.

(*Houston Post*. April 25, 1916, page 6)

Bedtime Stories Written by Youthful Readers of *The Post*.
The Death of Billy Possum
By Dorothy Hopkins

Once as Peter Rabbit was walking through the forest, he heard a funny sound and being a curious little rabbit, he went to see where it had come from. As he had heard the sound come from a hollow tree just a little way in front of him, he went trotting along to reach it and see what the sound might be.

When he came to the tree and looked in who should he see but Billy Possum lying there groaning and moaning.

"Why, what's the matter, Billy?"

"Oh, oh," moaned Billy. "I caught a chicken and the mean thing squawked and a man came out and shot bird shot into my legs. Oh, oh! how it hurts."

"Don't you want me to get Bob White to come and pick them out with his bill?" asked Peter.

"Yes, yes," said Billy.

So Peter went in search of Bob White and after awhile, he spied him in a wheat field getting his breakfast. When he got nearer to the place where Bob White was eating, he heard Bob White's wife call, "Bob White! Bob White! Is the wheat right?"

And Bob White answered, "No, not quite."

Then Peter hastened to where Bob White was and told him all about poor Billy's sad accident.

"Well, well," said Bob White, "I guess I had better go and help him get the shots out, but it serves him right, stealing a chicken in the dark night."

"It certainly does," replied Peter. "But still I feel sorry for him lying there with all that shot in his limbs."

"Well, we had better be hurrying along to help him get them out," said Bob White.

"All right," said Peter. So up into the air flew Bob White.

"Wait! Wait!" cried Peter. "You go too fast for me. I can't fly, and you can come down and take me up into the air with you."

So down flew Bob White and picked Peter up by his long ears and went a-fly-ing over the tree tops.

When they got to the hollow tree there lay Billy dead.

"Dead—is he dead?"

"Yes, he is dead. I suppose a hunter came by and relieved him of his misery."

So they buried Billy in the forest cemetery with much sorrowing from everybody

present.

(*Houston Post*. March 5, 1916, page 46)

Billy Possum Stories Told by the Young Readers of *The Post*
Billy Possum and the Little Sick Girl
By Eula Mary Linwood. (Twelve Years Old.) Tyler, Texas.

It was one early morning in June, before daybreak, when I lay in my little bed fast asleep. All at once I was awakened, not by the breakfast bell, but by a strange squeaking noise. I opened my eyes and right at the foot of my bed sat the cunningest little brown possum, who seemed quite at home and was quite tame.

This scared me at first for I thought all possums were wild, but after eyeing him for a while I saw he was some one's pet. I dressed very quickly and carried him downstairs, put him in a large wire cage and soon learned that he was a valuable pet.

One sad evening I turned Billy, which was his name, out of his little house to give him some fresh air and freedom, when, to my sorrow, my wonderful pet gave some fast little leaps out into the sunshine and made his way toward the street.

I put my bonnet on and ran after him as fast as I could. He seemed to know where he was going and never stopped till he came to a small frame house, where he leaped up the steps and made his entrance through a window. I made a timid knock at the door, which was opened by a small boy. He asked me in and I soon found myself in a small, neat parlor. In an arm chair by the window, sat a lady sewing, but I did not notice her, for on the other side of the room was a little girl about my own age. She was lying on a couch, looking very ill and pale.

She was beautiful, having large dark eyes and long curly hair that hung in glossy ringlets. She was holding the runaway possum in her white hands, crying and laughing over him, calling him her "dear lost pet," "her naughty run-away," and many other fond names. I quickly explained Billy's case to her as best I could. How she thanked me for the good care I had taken of Billy. She made me sit down by her side and tell her my name and she told me her's, which was Ellen. At last I rose to go after a long talk and she made me promise to come to see her. Billy was sitting in Ellen's lap, making that queer little squeaking noise, which Ellen said was the same to her as a sweet little song.

***

Ellen passed away with the June roses and the last time I went to see her it was to dress her beautiful curls. Above her hung a little cage with Billy in it. He seemed so quiet and sad, seeming to fear to move least he should awake Ellen. We buried Ellen in a beautiful cemetery and they gave Billy to me and I loved and cared for him many happy days until one day we missed him and were never able to find him again. 'We hoped he had gone to Ellen.

(*Houston Post*. May 14, 1916, page 37)

[Story contest in *Sunday Omaha World-Herald*]

Mary McCarthy of Hardin, Mont., with a quaint story about a baby rabbit (have

you seen one yet?) wins the Honorable Mention prize...

One day last summer mamma, the girls and I went down to the river to stay all day. Ruth and I went over to play in the sand while Helen and Ethel were reading. Pretty soon we heard Helen calling us and we wondered what she had. We ran to her and she showed us a bundle. It was a little rabbit about as big as a mouse. We took him home and fed him that night. Ruth and Helen put him on a stand by the foot of the bed. Next morning they couldn't find him. As Ruth was putting on her stocking she found him. The next morning we named him. We all thought of a name, but we thought Peter was the best. We took it from the Bedtime stories. A girl living by our place wanted to take care of Peter for a while, so we let her. Her father stepped on it, thinking it was a mouse and killed it. We were all very sorry and I said that the next rabbit we got I would take care of myself. I am a member of the Bedtime Story club and do all I can for the little people.

MARY M'CARTHY.

(*Omaha World-Herald*. April 30, 1916, page 47)

Will Trail Them

Plattsmouth, Neb

Dear Uncle Ross: Please send Dorothy Svoboda a Bedtime Story club pin and certificate. She promises to be kind to animals and birds and will help them. I have two of the words to the riddle. They are: "Hungary" and Amazon." Are they right? I hope so. My last letter was not in print, but I hope this one is. I have seen in some of the letters to you, that is, of some of the boys, that they trap and hunt. I wish they would not do so. Thornton W. Burgess, in his love and kindness for birds and animals has organized a club to help and protect them. I think the boys who trap and hunt ought to join the Bedtime Story club and leave trapping and hunting alone, and also get more members to join the club. I got Dorothy Svoboda to join. I told her about the club and she said she would join. How many members are there now in the club? I will tell you more about the cat that died. We think he died from a rat bite. We all felt sorry, for we liked him very much. The cat we now have is yellow. He has a pretty face, with large eyes and a pink nose. We got him about a week before Christmas. He was one of the kittens of Pussy, the cat I told you about in one of my letters. We all like our kitten. Gip is a pretty big dog. He is a Scotch collie. He goes with us to town sometimes.

Gip and our kitten play very nicely together. Gip can shake hands. He is chained up now because he "bums" around too much. We like him very much. Please excuse mistakes. I will now close. hoping to win a prize and see my letter in print. Love to you and the nieces. Your loving niece,

FLORENCE OLSON.

(*Omaha World-Herald*. May 21, 1916, page 49)

Boys Kill the Mother Pigeon; One Baby Dies, Girl Saves Other

Not content with playing, some boys invaded the barn at the home of Miss Beulah

Olson, Manilla, Ia.. and killed a mother pigeon. How she stopped them and saved one of the bay pigeon's is told by Beulah in the story that wins the Bedtime Story club dollar prize this week.

Remember, only members of the club can write in this contest; the stories must be original, neatly written and at least 20 words long.

One Sunday about two months ago, two neighbor boys came to visit my brother. They played hide and seek and blind man for a while. After a while I heard some one shoot. I looked out. At first I did not see any one. In a few minutes one of the boys came out of the barn carrying a pigeon. I went down to the barn. The pigeon was dead. I told the boy he should not shoot any more of the pretty birds. I looked in the barn and the other boy was up to pigeon nest. I told him he should get down. I saw something moving in the corner of the barn. I went nearer and saw it was a baby pigeon. The boy had thrown it from the nest. It's leg was broken. I asked the boy if that was the baby bird's mother they had killed and they said it was. The baby birds were too young to fly. I was going to put the little bird back in the nest, but I thought they would starve, so I got the other one and took them to the house, I got a box and lined it with cloth and laid some cotton in the bottom to make it soft. I wrapped the little pigeon's leg that was broken, and then I put them in the basket. I tried to feed them, but they would not eat. The next morning, the one with the broken leg was dead. I got some feed and water for the other one. It ate a little bit. In about a week it began to walk some. I fed and watered it every day. When I had it about two weeks, I turned it loose in the summer kitchen. It could fly quite well. I did this every day for three days, then I let it loose. It seemed very happy

BEULAH OLSON.

(*Omaha World-Herald*. January 23, 1916, page 45)

Little Tales By Little Readers Simply Told

The Honorable Mention prize is won by Alice Gould. Harlan, Ia., with a story of how a little family of rabbit orphans was saved.

One day when we were out riding some people that were ahead of us ran over a mother rabbit, because she could not run very fast. We went down the road about a half a mile and we saw a nest. We got out to see what was in it. What do you suppose we saw? Two baby rabbits, the young ones of the mother that the people had just killed. We took the dead mother and the little ones home with us. We wrapped the mother up in a cloth and when we got home buried her. We put some flowers on her grave, then when we had had a good cry, we went into the house and made a bed for the little ones in a box. We gave them some crumbs and a drink of water. After a day or two they began to get tame and finally got so they would eat out of our hands. After we buried the mother, we found a tombstone and put it on her grave so we would not forget her. We named the little rabbits Bounce and Frisk. We had to make a pen to put them in, for if we didn't they would go into the garden and eat the cabbage and lettuce. We gave them some cabbage and lettuce every morning and by night it was all gone. The little rabbits soon grew to be big ones.

ALICE GOULD

(*Omaha World-Herald*. February 20, 1916, page 69)

Poor Oriole

I thought I would write to see how all the cousins were getting along. I also have a story to tell them, which is true but I must not waste space. So here it is:

One day in midsummer I was strolling in our cherry orchard when I heard a pitiful cry. I did not know what it could be, so I started on a run in the direction the cry seemed to come from. I discovered nothing, so I stopped to listen. Again, came the cry, and I proceeded onward. There on the ground before me, what do you suppose I saw? Why, it was a baby oriole. I picked it up very carefully and discovered that something was wrong with its foot. I put it upon a limb of a tree, but it would not stay there, so I carried it home and put it into a large basket. It would not eat anything, so I finally found some delicious, ripe strawberries which I fed it. It was then thoroughly satisfied. I kept it for two days, but it could not yet fly. I fed it often and it seemed to improve, but I think it was very lonesome. One morning when I looked into the basket, I found the poor oriole was dead. I think it died of loneliness. I felt very sorry for it and I buried it under a large tree, where its grave may still be seen.

Fort Calhoun, Neb.

FREEDA PAULSON.

(*Omaha World-Herald*. November 5, 1916, page 36)

Here is the Meanest Bird
Bully the Sparrow Makes Himself a General Nuisance

Did you ever know a man or boy mean enough to rob a baby? Of course, you say, no one would be mean enough to do that. Well, there are men who would do that, I suppose, and I am very sure there is a bird that will, for I have seen him do it.

This feathered robber is the sparrow, Bully the Sparrow. Mr. Burgess, who writes the Bedtime Stories, calls him. The next time you find a nest of Welcome Robin with some baby robins in it you watch and see if Bully does not steal from the babies, literally take the food out of their mouths, as grown-ups say. You know Welcome Robin and Mrs. Welcome are tremendous workers. They are busy long before you are up in the morning, and you may see them hopping about your yard long after all the other birds have gone to bed. Mr. and Mrs. Welcome's babies are always hungry and the father and mother are busy every moment gathering worms for them. Bully the Sparrow has learned this, and he also knows that Mr. and Mrs. Welcome are not fighters. So you may often see Bully and his friends sitting close to a robin's nest and when Mr. or Mrs. Welcome come home with a worm or a bug and make ready to drop it into the open mouth of one of the babies, Bully will suddenly dart forward and grab the morsel and eat it himself.

It is just because he does such mean things that we all dislike Bully so much and wish that he would go back home where he belongs. As his name shows, his real home

is in England and he was brought over here because some Americans believed he would destroy some bugs that were damaging fruit trees. Bully was soon very much at home, but he didn't seem to care about eating the bugs he was brought over here to destroy. And pretty soon he began to act as if he belonged here and all the other birds were intruders. And so he began to quarrel and chatter and drive away other birds and rob their nests and make himself generally disagreeable. It is too bad Bully can't be sent back where he came from, but he can't, and about all you can do is to watch him and try to prevent his driving away the beautiful native birds that are not as quarrelsome as he.

(*Kansas City Star*. July 30, 1916, page 35)

Human Life and Birds

John Davey of Kent, O., whom St. Nicholas calls "big brother to the birds and doctor to the trees," says that a calamity might come upon us that would be more serious than any war, no matter how great. He explains that statement in this way:

"Human life depends upon vegetation. We should all starve if vegetation should cease for a year. But vegetation depends upon the birds, who protect it from destruction by insects.

"Human life therefore depends upon the birds, and insectivorous birds in this country are decreasing at the rate of 10 per cent a year. Unless we start at once to increase their numbers, to protect them and kill their enemies, within a decade will occur a disaster more dreadful than the European war."

Decrease in insectivorous birds is due to the destruction of the forests, which deprives the birds of places of retreat in cold and storm and also to the hunter's gun and the English sparrow, which increases fast and which bullies and torments the other birds.

That last statement is based upon the opinion of Mr. Davey, Thornton Burgess, Mr. Dodson, "the birdhouse man," and the bureau of agriculture at Washington; yet there are many persons who do not agree with it. We published a while ago on this page Mr. Burgess views and several took issue with them. For the sake of fairness, we give you a paragraph from the letter of Mrs. Charles H. Langs, 1308 Winona avenue, Chicago, who writes as follows:

"I offer no mere opinion, but facts based upon personal experience and close observation. Many years ago, on hearing it said that sparrows drove the other birds away, I determined to prove the truth or the falsity of that charge for myself. For more than fifteen years I have been watching. All birds are fed and watered by us during the entire year. Robins, bluejays, downy woodpeckers, sparrows and other kinds of birds eat and drink together in harmony. We have seen five different species drinking from the same dish at once. Last summer I witnessed a touching scene while watching the birds at their dinner. An old and perfectly blind sparrow was being fed by his comrades, and first one and then another would place the crumbs and pieces in his mouth. Although these creatures scrap among themselves, not once have I seen them molest other birds, and I have been alert to catch them at it, too." This seems like good

testimony. Has somebody else a contribution to make to this interesting argument? We do not wish to be confused by conflicting statements, but there seem to be two sides to this question.

(*Chicago Daily News*. April 22, 1916, page 14)

Little Tales By Little Readers Simply Told
Kind to a Sparrow

Denison, Ia.—Dear Uncle Ross: One day I was going around the house. I heard some little chirps, which I thought sounded like a sparrow. I thought I would investigate and see if I was right. I discovered I was. It had fallen from its nest and hurt its wing. I took It in the house and gave it some bread and water. At first it was so frightened that it would not eat, but it soon became tame and ate a little. It became a little better day by day. I kept it for some time, then one day as I was eating dinner it flew away. I have not seen it since. We have some sparrows around our house, maybe it is one of them. I think we must be kind to every animal and bird and protect them from their enemies. We should even give love to sparrows.

MAXINE ROBINSON.

(*Omaha World-Herald*. January 23, 1916, page 45)

A Telephone Operator

Chapman, Neb.—Dear Uncle Ross: I feel rather ashamed to own up that I am 12 years old and have never written to you before, as papa has taken the World-Herald ever since I can remember, but I will try to do better in the future. Our school joined a club by the name of "The Liberty Bell Bird club." It teaches us to be kind to the birds and destroy the English sparrows. One day a friend of mine and I went over to an old house which had a hole in one side. This hole was stuffed with straw and we could see feathers in it, which caused us to think that there were birds in it, so we borrowed a ladder and climbed up so that we could reach it. What do you suppose we found? Something soft and downy. They were English sparrows. We called the boys to come and take them out, and as we had promised to kill English sparrows when we joined the bird club, we did it, much to our distress. Uncle Ross, would you think that so small a girl as I could be a telephone operator? Well, I am. Being a small town we only have 300 subscribers and two toll lines. I tend the switchboard three or four hours a day and my sisters tend the rest. Uncle Ross, what do I have to do to join the Bedtime Story club? I would just love to join, and before I forget, I will answer the riddle. I think the answer would be "Ashes." Am I right? I will close, hoping to win a prize and be allowed to join the Bed- time Story club.

EDITH VOLKMAR.

(*Omaha World-Herald*. April 16, 1916, page 53)

Bedtime Club Stories
Saved a Sparrow

As the bird season is here and everyone seems to be telling stories about birds, I

thought I would add one more. About a week ago, as my friend and I were playing in our yard, our dog suddenly started running into the lilac bushes, barking and making a great fuss. I ran after him, wondering what was the matter with him. Just as I get to the lilac bushes he came running out and in his mouth be had a baby sparrow. I took it away from him and carried it into the house. Although I tried to save it, it died in a few minutes. I felt very sorry, but I thought as I couldn't save its life, I could at least give it a nice burial, so we buried it in a corner of the yard and put flowers on its grave. While doing this we heard the dog bark and upon looking around, found he had discovered another little bird under the coal shed.

I think they must have been brothers, as they were both about the same size and neither could fly very well. We at last succeeded in driving the sparrow from under the coal shed and after a long chase we finally caught him. We hardly knew what to do with him after catching him, as he was too young to eat for himself. While my sister was holding him we noticed a couple of old sparrows up in a tree. They were flying around as if in search of something. Once in a while they would call, as if hoping for an answer. Momma told us we had better turn the sparrow loose, as the mother would probably find it. So we took it upstairs and turned it loose on the porch roof under the window. Presently the mother bird came down and went up close to the little bird and then she gave a long cry. I guess she recognized her baby. We waited a few minutes and pretty soon the mother bird gave another kind of a call and started to fly. The little bird soon followed and together they flew far out of sight. Although it was only a "good for nothing sparrow" as some folks say, I felt very happy in doing right and doing my duty to the Bedtime Story club.

ROSS M'KAY. 2108 Lake street, Omaha.

(*Omaha World-Herald*. June 4, 1916, page 45)

Bedtime Club Tales

I have been a member of the Bedtime Story club for a long time and I have got so many cats that it keeps me busy keeping them away from the birds, as they always want to have a meal off of them. Once grandma found a baby sparrow that could not fly yet. As she could not find the nest, she gave it to me and I put it in a cage in the barn so the cats could not get it, and fed it bread crumbs. Then I' went to Dorothy Shoemaker's house to play and when I got home it was gone and the cage was tipped over. I guess the cats got it. A little while after I saw a little yellowhammer that could not fly yet. It had fallen out of the nest. I was afraid to catch it because it made such a funny noise. I had to catch it because I saw a cat coming as fast as she could run. Now was the race to see who would get it first. I grabbed it and the cat was just ready to spring when I did. Then I took the bird around the body and started for the house with it with all my might, with the cat right at my heels. When I got in the house with it, I turned it loose. Papa got a big bird cage, two and one-half feet long. We put the bird in it and I got him something to eat, but he would not eat. The next morning, he was still living. Papa took a ladder and put the bird up in its nest before I went to school. We have some wrens in our birdhouse, too. I will try to keep everything of nature around our home and everywhere safe and happy.

VIVIAN A. CUSTER, Harlan, la.

(*Omaha World Herald*. September 17, 1916, page 46)

Saved Sparrows

Omaha, Neb.-Dear Uncle Ross: I have not written to you for a long time. I think I know the answer to the riddle. The answer is news. One day not very long ago I saved some sparrows' lives. The man next door to us had caught some sparrows and was going to kill them. When I saw the sparrows, I felt sorry for them, for they were in a chicken pen and were trying to get out. I went over to them and let all the sparrows out. They flew away, happy to be free again. I thank you for the prize I received some time ago, which was a fountain pen. I have received many other prizes. Hoping to win, I will close.

Your friend, EDITH ANDERSON.

(*Omaha World Herald*. October 29, 1916, page 42)

But It Died.

As I am a member of the Bedtime Story club. I thought I would tell you how I tried to save a little bird's life. The first day last month that it had snowed in Omaha I went outside to make some snowballs. Just as I had got about half way up the walk, there, in the snow, lay a little bird. I was quite sure it was a sparrow. I picked it up and brought it into the house. My mother told me it was a young wren. I wrapped it up in a little piece of flannel and put it behind the stove. It seemed to be getting a little spry, so I gave it some water and some bread crumbs. After a while I gave it a little more to eat and the little thing hopped out of the cloth and began to peep as if it wanted its mamma, but I was afraid to put it outside for fear it might not find its mother, because I think all the birds flew south and it would be left all alone and might die from the cold and want of food. At least I felt happy in thinking I had done a good deed. The next day when I went to feed the poor little bird, I found that it was dead. I think it must have died heartbroken because it did not see its mamma. I then put it into a little box and buried it in our cellar. I promise that I will always be kind to all dumb animals.

MARIE KESSLER, Omaha.

Found a Sparrow.

I would like to be a member of the Bedtime Story club. I will tell you a story about a little sparrow. It is all true. My friend and I were going over to a friend's house. As I opened the gate, near the alley, I saw a little sparrow lying in the corner of the chicken house. I ran in and got a box and put some straw and cotton in it. We fed it 2 large worms. When we looked at it again, we saw it was dead. We were very very sorry. We buried it and put some flowers on the grave. MINNIE OLSON. Omaha.

(*Omaha World-Herald*. December 17, 1916, page 36)

To Chat and Comment:

Say you! Didn't I read some time back in your column that skunk cabbage didn't

have any […] smell, and that the name in so far as the first part was concerned, was more or less of a libel? Then what about this clipping? I am no epicure on cabbages, particulary of the "skunk" variety—all I know is that it hangs well on door knobs about May 1st. But it occurred to me that perhaps you might like to show up this man Burgess as a nature fakir. It may be, though, that you and I never thought to notice the "thing" until the leaves were developed. How about it? "E"

The clipping referred to in the communication above is from the feature page of a New York paper. A part of it goes as follows:

"When he found those queer brown hoods…[to]…cried one of the Merry Little Breezes."

I seem to have an impression that things that are said by Thornton Burgess, the author of the story from which this is taken, are worthy of attention. But during the first 25 years of life I lived as much in the country as anybody has ever been known in 35 years. And never in all that time was I attracted to skunk cabbage, leaf or blossom, by the smell when I had found it by sight. Very, very close to the little brown lily of the plant one may get a faint suggestion of the reputed odor. But, as was said in the paragraph to which the correspondent refers, and as he has himself apparently noticed, the strong "skunky" smell is obtained only when you have purposely or accidentally crushed the plant or flower, with the foot perhaps. I said that I had picked the blossoms and taken them home without any disagreeable experience whatsoever: which is perfectly true. Unless little Peter had first set foot on the skunk cabbage, I fear author Burgess in saying he was led to the plant by its odor has stubbed his toe.

(*Fall River Daily Evening News*. March 29, 1916, page 6)

SECTION 4. BURGESS CULTURE

True Kid Stories

A local grocer's little boy is a great admirer of *The Bee*'s "Little Stories for Bedtime." Last Sunday, when he came home from Sunday School, his dad asked him what they sang, and he replied, "Sumpun about John, Peter Rabbit, and Jesus."

(*Sacramento Bee*. February 15, 1916, page 10)

Baby Named "Peter Rabbit" Happy at Clarkson Hospital

A baby boy, born Easter day at Clarkson hospital, is kicking and crowing with "Peter Rabbit" put as his name on the label on his bed.

The name, as everybody knows, was taken from Thornton Burgess' "Bedtime Stories" in the *World-Herald*. None of the nurses has expressed any doubt that when the infant is christened the name will stay by him.

(*Evening World-Herald*. May 1, 1916, page 10)

Peter Rabbit, Citizen Maker

Corder's Annual Field Contest for Cottontails Promotes Neighborliness.

"Peter Rabbit" in at least one Missouri locality is playing an important part in community development. At Corder, a hustling little country town in the eastern part of Lafayette County, the annual meeting of the Rabbit Club is a veritable kindergarten of citizenship and is bringing the neighborliness idea to a high plane. "Peter Rabbit" has not lived in vain at Corder, though twenty-five hundred rabbits were slaughtered in the annual holiday contest between the two teams which yearly battle for field supremacy in sportsmanship with rabbits as their quarry. True, Peter Rabbit's part in the scheme is purely involuntary, but the good he accomplishes is none the less real and lasting in the community. Each year picked teams of sportsmen representing the families of the whole community enter into the friendly contest and the meeting brings them in closer touch, strengthening their citizenship. A supper is the prize—Peter Rabbit pays for that, too, for dealers are anxious to buy the Missouri cottontails, for which there is a strong demand in Eastern markets. The losers of the contest pay the penalty by becoming waiters for the evening and must stand the good-natured raillery of the victors, though it would be difficult to say which side enjoys the occasion more. The supper is only a preliminary to an evening of good fellowship. In adjacent halls receptions follow—very informal receptions—where all topics are discussed with the freedom of one's own fireside. Prohibition is argued, pro and con, in the small groups and everyone turns to listen when some other group begins to talk of roads and their benefits to town and country. At last week's supper at Corder, "Old Jed Thumper" himself was one of the promoters, else why did the monster jackrabbit that served as a table decoration venture so near to town that an alert dog happened to corner him in an angle of rabbit proof fencing? The Macon County Society's annual dinner is perhaps the state's biggest exponent of the community idea. The Corder Club is following along the same lines with "Peter Rabbit's" trail leading the members to neighborliness.

(*Kansas City Star*. January 3, 1916, page 4.)

Correspondence
Dunavant

It looks like the cotton tails are doomed to a sad fate considering the price has advanced to 8c per. Every little boy who can shoot straight is out now every day either morning or after school trying to get as many as he can. We can't but feel sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit.

(*Daily Reporter* (KS). February 11, 1916, page 3)

Success.

The Success country united in an S.O.S. to Mr. R.F. Jack, of Russell, huntsman and organizer of coyote drivers. Nearly every day one can hear the dismal and uncanny call of Old Man Coyote to his mate. In fields where corn yet remains, Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter and all the cousins are causing as much damage as a drove of hogs.

(*Russell Record* (KS). February 17, 1916, page 3)

A Tragedy on Santa Fe
Peter Rabbit Came to See Sights and Met Death

This is the story of Peter Rabbit lured from his bucolic habitat by the white lights of the city.

He chose Santa Fe avenue last night for his stroll and found more excitement than he had anticipated. He found himself busier on Santa Fe dodging jay drivers than he ever had at a coursing meet with grey hounds on his trail. He held his own until a dog spotted him. He raced up to the sidewalk but he could not develop the speed he formerly did on the fields. While women shrieked and almost fainted and men cheered on the dog against the rabbit that didn't have a chance, he tried to dodge to freedom in front of the Kress store. A misstep and it was all over with Peter.

What was left of Peter Rabbit went into the refuse heap this morning.

(*Salina Evening Journal* (KS). August 17, 1916, page 1)

Gotham Eats Kansas Rabbits

…The freight on the rabbits costs more than their original price but cost or the high cost of living does not worry the ultimate consumers of Peter Rabbit who live on Broadway. Cottontails retail for 35 or 40 cents each and jack rabbits retail for 75 and 90 cents in New York…

(*Salina Evening Journal* (KS). November 24, 1916, page 1)

Rabbits a Pest in Oklahoma
Old Timers Sigh for Coyote Which Kept "Cotton Tails" Thinned Out.

The coyote was the arch enemy of the 89er in Oklahoma. The beast stole his chickens, frightened his baby and made the night hideous with its eternal "yip, yip, yip." But before long it was a dead enemy. What with Bill Abernathy, who slew the animals with his bare hands, and others not so daring, but quite as determined, the coyote found the Sooner anything but a hospitable neighbor. With the rattlesnake and the prairie dog it passed away.

But now comes a new enemy to the second generation of Oklahoma. The timid "cottontail," upon which the coyote was wont to feast when chickens were scarce, now multiplied by thousands is ravaging crops along the Cimarron and North Canadian rivers. The coyotes were less a pest, old timers say. Alfalfa and wheat supply Peter Rabbit's needs. One farmer reports the complete loss of a 6-acre alfalfa field. Another tells of the destruction of a wheat crop before the first snow came. An Oklahoma City nimrod got some idea of the great numbers of rabbits that are ravaging many of the fields in the fertile river bottoms. He and two companion killed seventy-five in less than an hour. They would have done better had not the ammunition given out. Standing on a hillock the hunters saw thousands in a little valley below them. Farmers wish the coyotes were back now, for they used to keep the bunnies thinned out.

(*Kansas City Star*. December 31, 1916, page 35)

Iola Excited Over Recent Oil Strike
100-Barrel Well Drilled in Northwest of There.
Estimates Indicate That the Product Will Test About Twenty-One Gravity

Iola Register: The little corn patch by the hedge, two hundred yards north of the Breckenridge farm home just northwest of Iola, where Peter Rabbit has gone lipperty-lip and Bob White has peacefully reared his series of families for years and years is the scene of much excitement and a drill rig is sending the echoes along the laughing brook. The surface of the laughing brook is covered with a nasty dark colored oil and the men standing about the well from which the oil flows are speculating on the number of barrels that will gurgle forth in a day. The estimates run all the way from fifty to three hundred.

(*Chanute Daily Tribune* (KS). November 18, 1916, page 6)

Our Round Table

The great oil development in Kansas is not without its tragedies. It is disturbing to our furry and feathered friends. This incident is related by the *Iola Register*: "The little corn patch by the hedge, two hundred yards north of the Breckenridge farm home just northwest of Iola, where Peter Rabbit has gone lipperty-lip and Bob White has peacefully reared his series of families for years and years is the scene of much excitement and a drill rig is sending the echoes along the laughing brooks."

(*Topeka Daily Capital* (KS). November 21, 1916, page 4)

Little Bedtime Story

Peter Rabbit watched in considerable amazement the antics of Titus Tumblebug, who was rolling his ball along a rut, clinging on and going over with it, and then letting it roll over him. "Are you doing that for fun?" questioned Peter, "or have you the hallucination that you are a joy-riding motorist, compelled to turn turtle every time you get a chance? *Kansas City Star*

(*The Daily Freeman*, Kingston, NY. January 5, 1916, page 2)

Starbeams

P. Rabbit, Optimist

"Sing ho! Sing hey! "Most any day,"
Cried jolly Peter Rabbit.
"Spring will be here with all its cheer,
So let us get the habit
Of being glad when all looks sad. When|
There's a gleam just grab it!
Get on the lists of optimists. When joy
Rains down, why, nab it!
After the night the day dawns bright!"
Says honest Peter Rabbit.

--Tennyson J. Daft.

(*Kansas City Star*. March 19, 1916, page 52)

A Little Bedtime Story

"What are the facts about Timmy the Flying Squirrel having been blown up by a bomb?"

"The report was slightly garbled," answered Peter Rabbit. "He volplaned down from a tree top and landed on Jimmy Skunk, who was asleep on the ground below."

(*Duluth News Tribune*. July 30, 1916, page 27)

A Little Bedtime Story

A couple of fat jackrabbits were bubbling in the pot, and Reddy Fox was getting anxious for his dinner. He started to lift the cover to take a peep into the kettle.

"Stop that!" snapped Granny Fox. "The gambling laws are so severe that you are liable to get into trouble by opening a pot with a pair of jacks."

(*Kansas City Star*. September 12, 1916, page 14)

A Little Bedtime Story

"I am fat enough!" said Johnny Chuck. Turning, he kicked up his little black heels and disappeared inside his house. The sluggard came crawling along just in time to see those black heels disappear.

"Johnny Chuck has gone to bed to live on his fat until spring," he commented. "I believe I will go over to my brother-in-law's and—yaw-w-w-wn!—live on him for the winter."

(*Kansas City Star*. October 11, 1916, page 18)

Little Bedtime Story

"I overheard Farmer Brown's Boy talking about the awful trouble in Europe," said Peter Rabbit. "What is coming off there?"

"Why, men with terrible guns are killing each other, and—," began Sammy Jay, who was posted on all the news.

"Killing each other?" interrupted Peter. "Well, that is a new one on me! I have seen quite a few men with guns, and never knew the gentlemen to do anything with the weapons but drag them muzzle foremost through hedgerows and bramble patches and shoot themselves. I thought that was what those terrible guns were made for."—*Kansas City Star*.

(*The True Republican* (IL). November 29, 1916, page 7)

Appendix 4. Merchandising

Reddy Fox in Movies. All the Rest There, Too
Thornton W. Burgess's Animals Also to Score by Way of Phonograph, Toys and Crackers

> Peter Rabbit, Bobby Coon, Reddy Fox, Little Joe Otter and all the other happy little animals of the Green Forest and the Smiling Pool whom Thornton W. Burgess of this city has created and made familiar to the children in his Bedtime stories, are soon to appear on the moving picture film, as Mr. Burgess has recently signed a contract with a "movie" company to have his stories produced in this way. The work of preparation has already begun. The scenarios will follow as closely as possible many of the stories written by Mr. Burgess and in addition to the animals there will be allegorical characters such as Old Mother Westwind and the Merry Little Breezes, which are frequently referred to in the stories. The scenes will be worked out with great detail. Mr. Burgess will probably appear in several of the films.
>
> Mr. Burgess has also signed contracts with the Columbia phonograph company for the preparation of a number of records of his stories and has just returned from New York, where he has been making records. The fact that the stories are told by the author is expected to add materially to their interest. The appeal to the children which has been made by the stories themselves is expected to be repeated in the films and the records.
>
> It is a matter of interest that the popularity of the Burgess stories has led to the use of the various animals in many commercial ways. Toymakers are producing some of them in large numbers, they are being used for jewelry designs, blankets bearing a number of them are being made by one manufacturer and only recently a large cracker bakery has taken up the making of animal crackers of Peter Rabbit and the rest.

(*Springfield Daily Republican*. April 16, 1916, page 14)

Licensed "Quaddy"-brand products had appeared on the marketplace in 1915, but in 1916 production ramped up in a variety of categories. By mid-year, Quaddy Playthings Manufacturing Company of Kansas City had moved to a larger facility and published help wanted ads in New York, Chicago and local papers for seasonal factory workers, sales-people, and new toy concepts. By Christmas, department stores advertised a full line of Quaddy products, including games, dolls, playsets, and pull-toys. Meanwhile, Burgess characters could be found on a variety of household products, including baby blankets, hot water bottles, and candle holders, as well as rings and pin sets.

It was the world of fashion, however, where Burgess characters may have had the most enduring impact. Some of this was related to the styles introduced during the fashion show segment of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." The "Peter Rabbit" became

a specific style of girl's dress. Meanwhile, "Peter Rabbit" hats, first advertised in connection with the show, by year's end, had become a trend significant enough to have their own specialty stores.

Finally, 1916 was the year when Ruby Short (McKim) introduced her "Quaddy Quilty" patterns in the pages of the *Kansas City Star*. These patterns would be published in other papers, including the *Boston Globe*, and became so popular that they were sold independently.

The following section includes advertising copy, news stories, and images of Burgess-related merchandise: jewelry, hats, juvenile fashion, household goods, toys and games, party supplies, music, quilts, and information about the Quaddy Company.

JEWELRY

Peter Rabbit Comes to Town!

You will find him in our south window. The very latest novelty, and attractive as well. Don't be the last to have a Peter Rabbit Ring. You can wear him as a pin if you like. 35c and 65c.

(Ad. Albert Zoellner, Jeweler. *Portsmouth (OH) Times*. February 16, 1916, page 8)

Peter Rabbit Baby Jewelry

The latest novelty has just reached Vancouver this week—you should see it.

Baby Spoons; Baby Pins etc.

Peter Rabbit is often heedless,
And too frequently he goes
Where he really has no business;
Bless his wobbly little nose.

(Ad. Henry Birks & Sons. *Daily Province* (Vancouver). February 28, 1916, page 4)

Bless His Wobbly Little Nose!

There is not a child who reads the "Bedtime Stories" of Thornton Burgess that appear on this page each day who does not love warm-hearted, impetuous, fearless, philosophical little Peter Rabbit—bless his wobbly little nose, that is so persistently getting him into trouble.

Well, Peter has now been embodied in the dearest little rings and pins and pendants and bib-holders—yes, and the cutest little spoons and forks—and Peter invites every one who loves the little people of the Green Forest and Smiling Pool to join the Quaddies and wear a ring or pin.

Grown-ups who want to join the Quaddy Band need only remember that a little kind act such as the buying of one of these little pieces for some little one is the only initiation fee needed. Yes, sir! Peter Rabbit invites you all. Peter will have one of our windows to himself all this week—do not fail to see him and become a Quaddy.

(Ad. Ryrie Bros. *Toronto Star*. March 27, 1916, page 8)

Bed-Time-Story Rings at Gale-Ford Co.

The Gale-Ford Company, jewelers, has obtained a large assortment of silver sings with settings showing the characters of "The Bed Time Stories," daily appearing in the Ledger-Dispatch. The youngsters are scrambling for them at a rate that already assures further orders. Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Sammy Jay, Mr. Quack, Farmer Brown's Boy, Blacky the Crow, Jerry Muskrat, and all of the other quaint little types found at the Old Briar Patch and the Shining Pool are characterized on the rings.

(Ad. Gale-Ford Co. *Ledger-Star* (Norfolk, Virginia). April 11, 1916, page 15.)

"Peter Rabbit" Jewellery
"The Children's Delight"

We have just received the latest lines—

Peter Rabbit brooches and tie pins, in sterling silver and gold-filled.

Peter Rabbit bracelets, bib holders and rings, in sterling silver.

Also the new Kewpie rings in sterling silver.

Pretty little presents for children are our specialty. See our bracelets, lockets, necklets, show buckles and pins.

Peter Rabbit is often heedless
And too frequently he goes
Where he really has no business
Bless his wobbly little nose.

(Ad. Henry Birks & Sons, Limited (image). *The Province* (British Columbia). November 8, 1916, page 6.)

HATS

Men's New Spring Hats, $1.50

Derbies in Six new spring blocks, light weight and flexible. "Peter Rabbit" soft Hats in the newest Spring colors, the best value in $1.50 Hats on the market.

(Ad. Gimbel Bargain Subway Stores. *Evening World* (NY). March 24, 1916, page 15.)

"Peter Rabbit" Hats For Misses and Children
Sold exclusively by Gimbel Brothers.

Mushroom style hats, trimmed in bands hand-painted with the "Peter Rabbit" Characters.

(Ad. Gimbel Brothers. *Evening World*. April 19, 1916, page 7.)

Flashes of Thought

The Peter Rabbit hat was a great favorite with Easter buyers…

(*The Paterson Evening News*. April 22, 1916, page 4)

Men's Spring Hats, $1.50

Soft Hats—the new "Peter Rabbit" Hats, the best $1.50 Hats on the market; six Spring colors.

(Ad. Gimbel Bargain Subway Stores. *Evening World*. April 27, 1916, page 9)

Gimbel Bargain Subway Store

2,000 Men's Straw Hats at $1.50
Including the famous Peter Rabbit…

(Ad. Gimbel's. *Evening World*. June 9, 1916, page 11.)

Fashiongrams

Peter Rabbit hats are the latest thing in juvenile millinery. These have the silk hatband ornaments with characters from bedtime stories done in paint or embroidery.

(*Pittsburgh Press*. May 5, 1916, page 25.)

Today is official Hat Day

I have been awarded the exclusive Hoboken Agency of The Peter Rabbit Hat $1.50…

If you see the boys wearing a hat that hits your eye

Twenty to One It's a Peter Rabbit

(Ad. Ned K. Fink. Hudson Observer. September 15, 1916, page 3.)

For $1.50 Men

You cannot buy a better Hat for less than a dollar more

Peter

Where to Get Them….

(Ad. Peter Rabbit Hats [image]. *New York Times*. September 16, 1916, page 2.)

$1.50.

This is one of the many styles of the most popular Hat of the Season—At All Peter Rabbit Hat Shops…

(Ad. Peter Rabbit Hats [image]. *New York Times*. September 23, 1916, page 8.)

Registered. It's a Wise Bunny That Knows It's Own Fur

At the Peter Rabbit Hat Shops

(Ad. Peter Rabbit Velour Hats [image]. *New York Times*. October 28, 1916, page 20.)

"Peter Rabbit" Hats for Lads at $1.50

A well-made felt hat in all colors; the best value in boys' hats in New York.

(Ad. Gimbels . *New York Times*. December 26, 1916, page 5.)

JUVENILE FASHION

'Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.'

Coming Presentation Will Show Some Unique Costumes.

Best & Co. will exhibit five or six charming models at the Fashion Show de Luxe for juniors and girls which will be presented as one of the features of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," which is to be given at the Century Theater, for the benefit of the Flower and Sydenham Hospitals, with a cast of over three hundred people.

The fashion parade Best exhibits will present the following style creations: "Garden Gate," "Sea Breezes," "Danse de Russe," and "Floral Perfumes." Miss May Haight, the premiere in this number, will also be gowned by Best & Co. in three very charming creations presenting an afternoon toilette, a tea gown and a very gorgeous creation portending the coming vogue for spring and summer evening wear.

(*Brooklyn Eagle*. April 11, 1916, page 13.)

Fashions For Juveniles
Green is the Color and Frocks Are Made With Belts and Guimpes

At a juvenile fashion show, the first of its kind ever held in New York, four out of the six models from one of the largest shops were of green or trimmed with green. Pink and sky blue, so long associated with little girls, were noticeably absent, and in their places were gray piped with red, Belgian blue, canary color, ecru and brown, and, of course, white banded and piped with colors. Short waisted models also seem to have disappeared with blue Victorian sashes. Strong fabric dresses like rep or crash or serge, suspended from the shoulders deeply cut out beneath the arms, sometimes belted and often merely smocked or shirred at the waistline or the hips, are the favorite models. A dress of ecru linen was made with a tucked guimpe and short, wide sleeves of white lawn. The sleeves were smocked with green at the wrist. The dress was smocked at each side front below the strap, which went over the shoulders. A long narrow panel in front reached from the point of the guimpe to the hem. The loose belt which encircled the body except at the panel and the large patch pockets were piped with green linen. The wide hem was of the same green. After the fashion of the French salons most of the little models were named and one called "Peter Rabbit" was suspended from the shoulders and cut out deeply around the arms and in front. The guimpe and the three-quarter sleeves were of white dimity, as were the deeply turned down collar and the turned back cuffs. This dress was piped with canary and had a canary hem two inches wide. Directly below the loose white belt was a patch pocket at the right side only. Similar patches were put on the skirt at each side of the front above the hem. These patches were of painted linen, showing children at play.

A dress for a girl of 12 of rough natural color linen was piped with white. The guimpe collar and short sleeves were of white dotted swiss. The front was tucked and the square collar was edged with green linen. The hem of the skirt was green, trimmed with green appliqued leaves, each having a center of printed linen. The dress was belted at the back and the belt was trimmed with appliqued leaves.

Very few of the models had all around belts and a great many were smocked at the waist line in front and belted behind.

(*Kansas City Star*. April 24, 1916, page 7.)

Little Boys' Suits and Dresses—

Tommy Tucker, Peter Rabbit and various new models…

(Ad. Hearn. *The Evening Times and Bayonne Daily Times*. April 25, 1916, page 6)

Friday and Saturday
An Exhibit of "Peter Rabbit" Dresses
From the Recent Juvenile Fashion Show
At the Century Theater, New York.

This Fashion Show was held as a Charity Benefit, the most prominent designers of Children's Fashions in New York contributed models to it. The play was built around the "Peter Rabbit" stories of T. W. Burgess, and the name of "Peter Rabbit" was given to the various fashions displayed in the exhibit.

We have obtained the models used in this play, and will show them in our Children's Section tomorrow and Saturday, to little girls and their mothers. The dresses are original and extremely smart Summer styles, and the prices are reasonable. 6 to 14-year sizes.

(Ad. Joseph Horne Co. *Pittsburgh Press*. May 4, 1916, page 11.)

Other Dainty Pretty Dresses

Suitable for graduation, confirmation, party, afternoon wear, etc.; also the smartest of sport dresses—Pollyanna, Peter Rabbit and many just-new models…

(Ad. Donaldson's. *Minneapolis Journal*. May 5, 1916, page 19.)

The Peter Rabbit Hand Bag

It's made of genuine Morocco with Dresden silk lining, outfitted with coin purse and mirror.

Its distinguishing feature is the clasp—a tiny image of Brer Rabbit himself….

(Ad. L.S. Ayres and Company. *Indianapolis News*. May 16, 1916, page 10.)

Seen in the Shops

An unusually attractive juvenile frock is this little model. It is of white mercerized poplin in jumper style, piped and bordered with same in pink. Flowered twill trims the skirt, as well as forming a pocket on the same. The belt is finished with pearl buttons.

Pearl buttons also trim the dimity guimp, which is pin-tucked. It comes in pink and blue, in sizes from 6 to 10 years.

The mushroom hat is of leghorn, trimmed with corded bands of pink taffeta and hand-embroidered flowers. Velvet streamers add a finishing touch. It may be ordered in various colors.

(*Springfield Daily News*. May 16, 1916, page 8.)

For the last time we quote girls' $1.50 to $3 dresses. $1.00 For Girls 6 to 16 Years.

…Featured in the line is the new Peter Rabbit effect, with its well thought out lines of simple elegance. Shown in plain repps—in harmony with contrast trimming and cretonne pockets.

(Ad. Santers *Times-Tribune* (PA). August 17, 1916, page 3.)

For the Children
Peter Rabbit

Children's "Peter Rabbit" Felt Comfys with "Bunny" design on vamp. Blue or Red….

(Ad. Wetherby Kayser Shoe Co. *Los Angeles Times*. December 10, 1916, page 44.)

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

A New Arrival in the Artwares
Peter Rabbit Candle Lights [image]

Consisting of one white enameled Candlestick (7 ½ inches high), one 6-inch white Wax Candle and one white Candle Shade and one Shade Holder—all decorated with Peter Rabbit subjects. A very pretty thing for the children's bedroom. Complete for $1.00.

(Ad. Emery, Bird, Thayer Company. *Kansas City Times*. August 31, 1916, page 14.)

A Splendid Showing of the New Easter Handkerchiefs

25c the box for the new "Peter Rabbit" series of Handkerchiefs—designed especially for little folks….

(Ad. Duffy Powers Company *Democrat and Chronicle* (Rochester, NY). April 14, 1916, page 14.)

Boxes of Children's Handkerchiefs, 10c and 25c

…Another design pictures the adventures of Peter Rabbit, that popular character of little-folkdom….

(Ad. Crowley, Milner & Co. *Detroit Free Press*. November 19, 1916, page 7.)

"Peter Rabbit" in Bed Time Blankets

Cozily Warm and Pretty, $3.98

Of "Quaddy Cloth," a fine eiderdown, printed with the animal characters for the famous "Bedtime Stories," including not only Peter Rabbit himself but Mrs. Peter Rabbit, Hooty the Owl, Unc' Billy Possum, Happy Jack Squirrel, Paddy the Beaver, Grandfather Frog, and all the rest. Silk-lined, allover or border patterns, bound with satin ribbon, which is printed with all the characters in miniature, and in pink or blue.

(Ad. Frederick Loeser & Co. Inc. *Brooklyn Eagle*. May 5, 1916, page 9.)

Quaddy™ Cloth

"Soft and warm as Peter Rabbit's fur."

The new fabric for Children's and Infant's wear. Beautiful kimonos, bath robes, infants' sacques, coats and sleeping bags are made of this cloth.

The kiddies love the Quaddies™ that are printed on this cloth, they are the same as illustrated in the "Bedtime Stories."

Colors: White, Pink, Blue and Tan.

"Quaddy" Eiderdown, 36 inches wide, yard, $1.10.

Made-up "Quaddy" Blankets, bound with silk—for cribs and carriages. Size 27 x 36 $3.75. Size 36 x 42 $5.25

(Ad. Henry Morgan & Co. Limited [image] *The Gazette* (Montreal). June 5, 1916, page 3.)

[Quaddy Blankets]

…Baby Blankets, new and original ideas. Quaddy Baby Blankets with animal characters from Burgess' books. Printed on silk and lined with flannel, blue, pink, white. $4.50

(Ad. Stein Company Bros. *Hastings Daily Tribune*. October 25, 1916, page 8.)

[Quaddy Blankets]

Quaddy Blankets covered with Peter Rabbit characters, and soft and warm as Peter Rabbit's fur itself, are making a hit with the kiddies. $3

(Ad. Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co. *Democrat and Chronicle*. November 21, 1916, page 11.)

Quaddy Cloth Makes Warm Happy Babies at W.L. & Co. Only

—Quaddy Cloth is a new fabric for making infants' blanket robes and wraps, blankets and carriage coverings. Warm, fluffy, durable and in the cutest nursery patterns ever!

—Quaddy Cloth Eiderdown; 36 inches wide; yd. 85c

—Quaddy Cloth Quilted Silk, with warm eiderdown lining, 36 inches wide; yd $2.00

(Ad. Weinstock, Lubin & Co., K, Fourth and L Streets. *Sacramento Bee*. November 22, 1916, page 14.)

[Quaddy Blankets]

Wrapping robes of silk covered eiderdown called "Quaddy Blankets" because they are covered with pictures of Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Happy Jack Squirrel, etc. In white, blue and pink at $4.50

(Ad. Austin-Hockaday. *Concordia Blade-Empire* (KS). December 18, 1916, page 4.)

[Water bottle]

—Peter Rabbit, the cunning bunny, covers a tiny hot water bottle for baby's hands. Peter's head unsnaps, and behold, there's the place to fill the bottle. Surely baby would appreciate such a gift.

(Ad. Lipman Wolfe & Co. *The Morning Oregonian*. October 11, 1916, page 3.)

[Calendar]

Our 1917 Line of Volland Gifts that will make your Holiday Giving an Unusual Pleasure

The Bedtime Story Calendar—53 of the most interesting stories for little folk that Thornton W. Burgess has ever written. 50c each.

(Ad. The F.O. Lutz Dry Goods Co. Guthrie Daily Leader. November 1, 1916, page 8.)

TOYS AND GAMES

"Peter Rabbit" in a Game
Mr. Burgess Has Approved an Invention of Henry Sieben.

Come on, all you children, big and little, let's play a game of "Peter Rabbit." It is the very latest game, and it is the invention of a Kansas City man, too. You remember Henry Sieben, don't you, who once was wharfmaster and did such effective work keeping the dust off the river? Well, he's the inventor of the game. It's a clever game, but Mr. Sieben doesn't know how close he came to having all his hopes of success for it blasted. You see, in this game Farmer Brown's Boy goes hunting in the Green Forest and the Green Meadows with his Dreadful Gun. Now, as everybody knows, fifty thousand boys and girls joined The Star's Bedtime Stories Club and took the pledge of kindness to birds and animals, so of course they couldn't go hunting for the Little People of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Things looked pretty black for Mr. Sieben for a time, but he took the matter up with Mr. Burgess; and Mr. Burgess, who is The Star's reporter in the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, decided that as it

was all a game there was no harm done and he would give the game his approval. Any member of the Bedtime Stories Club could have told Mr. Sieben that Farmer Brown's Boy has become a member, too, and has put away his Dreadful Gun forever. But Farmer Brown's Boy has become such good friends with the Little People that he could very well play this game with them. They would know that he was only pretending to shoot.

That is what he does in the game. He is made on an arrow which spins, 'round and 'round. The arrow is on a board on which are all the Little People of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, each one numbered. You spin the arrow, and when it stops the gun points at one of the Little People, and you score the number the gun points at. But if you stop at Mr. Wolf or Bowser it takes off your score.]

(*Kansas City Times*. November 20, 1914, page 6.)

America and Japan Supply Most Toys Offered This Year
New Playthings Take Place of Those Which Formerly Were Sent From Germany
Stock is Limited

….Another bedtime story that has been carried out in a game is "Mrs. Peter Rabbit and Her Family." This likewise consists of figures of cardboard with a huge truck arrangement which forces mother bunny to seek a place of safety for her family…

(*Akron Evening Times*. November 24, 1916, page 9.)

Quaddy animals made famous by Thornton W. Burgess' bed time stories which children never tire of.

Leaping Peter Rabbit on wheels $1.00
Mrs. Peter Rabbit and four little bunnies on red wheeled wooden base 50c
Quaddy chuck game, a game of animals that children never tire of, price $1.50
Quaddy bean bags are made in new characters, price, 25c
The game of Peter Rabbit, $1.00

(Ad. Kennedy's. *Enid News* (OK). November 26, 1916, page 7.)

[Toys]

Don't miss the "Quaddy" toys and novelties at Mrs. Marvin's "Come Again" shop, 32 Lewis street, and don't wait another minute before making your selection, if you don't want to be disappointed. There are many games among them, one having all the animal characters that Thornton W. Burgess has made so loveable in his "Bed-time Stories." Then there are the new washable leather "Quaddy" bean-bags, cut-outs, dolls, etc.

(*Hartford Courant*. November 27, 1916, page 3.)

By very great stupidity on the part of some one here, we made Mrs. Marvin's "Come Again" shop appear in our Monday paper to have moved from Pratt street to Lewis street. Mrs. Marvin is still at 32 Pratt street, and her very attractive little "Come Again" shop is also there, and it is there that I found the "Quaddy" toys and novelties that are proving to be one of the biggest sellers of any Christmas novelties yet. Many of

them are games—games for children who are in school and doing "number work," but you can't appreciate them without seeing them.

The little folks who are with familiar Thornton W. Burgess's "Bed-time Stories" will particularly like them.

(*Hartford Courant*. November 29, 1916, page 3.)

What's New in the Shops

Is Peter Rabbit necessary to make your life happier? Why? Because you've a little "fairy" who needs entertainment. Then visit the "Unique Gift Shop" at 1142 Sixth street. He's there under the alias of "Peter Rabbit Water Bottle" that's so good against the painful tummy, and again as a member of the same family, though for more personal use "Bunny Booties" for youngsters until six months…

(*San Diego Sun*. November 27, 1916, page 14.)

Peter Rabbit, hops when pulled along. Price $1.00
The 5 Quaddy Bunnies, on stand with wheels 50c
Mamma and Papa Quaddy Doodles, each $1.75

(Ad. Eaton's Daily Store News [image] *Toronto Star*. December 1, 1916, page 29.)

Are fashioned after the little animal characters being featured in the "Little Stories for Bedtime" Now Running in 35 Leading Newspapers and Magazines

Here are six little happy folk. Printed in colors; the material is the best grade imitation leather and absolutely harmless. Perfectly made, and can be washed with soap and water. Six different characters—Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Peter Rabbit, Happy Jack Squirrel, Grandfather Frog, Buster Bear and Mrs. Billy Possum. Packed in sealed tissue envelopes, thus being sure to reach you in a wholesome condition. Price 25c each.

Game of Pin a Tail in Peter

No children's party complete without Peter and his feather tails. Grownups, too, enjoy themselves, blindfolded, trying to find elusive Peter, for it is not as easy as it looks. Ten can play, there being a different colored tail for each. Feathers dyed in fast and brilliant colors and wired to pins. Cloth sheet 29x38, with picture of Peter Rabbit packed with ten feather tails in attractive box. Price 50c a game.

Game of Quaddy Roll

Here is a new adaptation of the game of ten pins. In an attractive package are six Quaddy characters printed in brilliant colors on heavy cloth board and mounted in wooden bases. With them are two wooden cylinders having on them a picture of "Bowser the Hound." Game is played like ten pins by rolling cylinders. 50c a set.

Quaddy-Ettes

All children love animal toys. Here in one box are Peter and his Quaddy band. Wise old Hooty the Owl, Unc' Billy Possum, Reddy the Fox, Spotty the Turtle, Happy

Jack Squirrel, Grandfather Frog, darting Danny Meadow Mouse, little Mrs. Peter Rabbit, helpmate to the boss of the Quaddy band. Will be an immediate source of education and entertainment for all little folks. Use them as place cards, party favors and as prizes. Price 25c the set.

Mr. Peter Rabbit Image Doll

Here is Mr. Peter Rabbit in all his glory. Gayest of the gay. He is so well dressed and cunningly crafted that he will ornament and brighten any spot you set him in. Hollow body, light weight, made of practically unbreakable material. Only 75 cents.

(Ad. Quaddy Toys and Novelties. *Pantagraph* (IL). December 2, 1916, page 7.)

[Quaddys]

Peter Rabbit. Something new in the doll line—makes all the children laugh—a limited quantity. You'll want one, so better hurry and buy it now. Priced only $1.25

"Quaddy" Quilties. For the industrious little maid who reads the "Little Stories for Bedtime" and loves the little "Quaddy" characters. Twenty different characters at 50c the set.

(Ad. The Curio Nook. *Muskogee Times-Democrat*. December 4, 1916, page 8.)

See the "Quaddy" Toys and Novelties in Toytown.

Every boy and girl is well acquainted with the bedtime stories, in which this word so frequently appears. Come in and see them, they have the distinction of being "something" new and different.

Quaddy-ettes 35c-Ten Quaddy characters, each mounted on a wooden base. On the back of the characters are verses denoting the habits of the animals. The Quaddyettes are educational and also very entertaining. They may be used to illustrate bedtime stories, etc.

Quaddy Pin-a-tail Game 75c-The idea of pin-a-tail is not a new one, but it is more attractively put up than any other game of its kind. The large Peter is exceptionally well printed on a cloth sheet 29 x 33. There are ten feather tails, each a different color, wired to a pin.

Mrs. Peter Rabbit and Family 75c-Mrs. Peter and the four little bunnies are made up of cloth board, and printed in the gayest colors. There is a red-wheeled slotted wooden base and the children arrange Mrs. Peter and family in any order they wish, and pull along with string.

Quaddy Leaping Rabbit, $1.25-A toy which any one can appreciate, for it is something entirely new. Peter, as he is pulled along, leaps six inches in the air, and is very natural indeed. This top is painted in the brightest colors and cannot fail to catch the eye of the children. 14 inches high and 14 inches long.

Quaddy Peter Rabbit Game, $1.50-Hunting in the green meadows with Farmer Brown's Boy. The tip of Farmer Brown's Boy's rifle whirls round and stops at some number, thereby shooting the animal bearing the number and either raising or lowering

the score a certain amount.

Quaddy Chuck Game, $2.00-The most attractive bean bag game on the market, has six different bean bags in the shape of a quaddy animal printed in colors.

(Ad. Murray Sons Limited. *Hamilton (Ontario) Spectator*. December 4, 1916, page 6)

Christmas Notes

Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Bobby Coon, Danny Meadow Mouse, and other famous little wild folk created by Thornton W. Burgess, are found at Morrow's Art store in calendar book form.

(*Decatur Herald*. December 5, 1916, page 3.)

New in the Toy Store

Peter Rabbit Bean Bags, 50c

A very appropriate article for Easter, and one that can be used indoors or out—pleasurable and affords exercise. Covered with leather and decorated in Peter Rabbit designs.

(Ad. Woodward & Lothrop. *Times Herald* (DC). March 24, 1916, page 9.)

"Quaddy-ettes"

The latest in Toyland, great fun for the little tots—

Ten cut-out figures, highly colored and mounted on wood base 25c

Among the figures are Peter Rabbit, Spotty the Turtle, Happy Jack Squirrel and Grandfather Frog—the set of 10 in a box for 25c

"Quaddy" Bean Bag, 25c

--Cut out animal shapes, colored, including Hooty the Owl, Happy Jack Squirrel, Wise Unc' Possum and Grandfather Frog—25c

(Ad. Hamburger's. Los Angeles Express. April 11, 1916, page 20).

"Quaddy" Toys

Something new for the kiddies, every one of whom knows and loves Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit and their "Quaddy" band. "Quaddy" folks are the leading characters from Thornton Burgess' Stories for Bedtime now appearing in leading newspapers. Here are some of the special numbers new:

"Quaddy Chuck" bean board for six players $1.50
"Pin-a-tail-on-Peter" game priced 50c
"Quaddy Roll," similar to 10 pins 50c
The game of Peter Rabbit or hunting in the green meadows $1
"Quaddy-Ettes," a set of 10 cut-out figures on bases, in box 25c
The "Quaddy" folk in muslin, 5 figures, ready for stuffing, after being cut out and

sewed, 10c
"Quaddy" bean bags, filled each 25c

(Ad. John W. Graham & Co. *The Spokesman-Review* (Spokane). April 23, 1916, page 12.)

Children! We Now Have Peter Rabbit
Famous Hero of "Bed Time Stories.

--Of course father and mother side down by the fire at night and read the thrilling stories of Peter and his friends and their narrow escapes.

--Well, sir, you can have Peter right there now to look at and play with—as round and fat and jolly as Peter looks in his pictures—All dressed up in a red jacker, at 75c

Pin a Tail on Peter

--A big sheet with a large colored picture of Peter and a lot of rabbit tails that you have to pin on him while blindfolded. Lots of fun 65c

--And Quaddy Bean Bags; Peter and his friends in bean bags; natural colors, at, each 25c

--The game of Peter Rabbit is fine fun, too, at $1.25

--And we have the Quaddy Roll, which is Peter and Reddy and Jerry and the others, to set up like tenpins and roll them down with balls, at 15c

--Quaddy Out Outs at 15c and 25c

---And Quaddy Post Cars, 10 for 10c

(Ad. The Stone-Fisher Co. *Tacoma Times*. April 26, 1916, page 8.)

Great Attraction, Have You Seen the "Quaddy" Playthings
They Are Immense
Children are wild for them—mother, too—and daddy Smiles.

First Exhibition of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit and Their "Quaddy" Family in St. Joseph

Thursday, June 29th

Try to meet Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit and family and welcome them to the Store Worth While.

(Ad. Martin-Barnes Dry Goods Co. *St. Joseph (MO) News-Press*. June 28, 1916, page 3.)

"Mr. Peter Rabbit" (Himself)
"Mrs. Peter Rabbit" (Herself)

This Being "Children's Day" in the Basement Book and Game Store---

We have a very important question to ask of as many bright-eyed little girls and boys who can visit us to-day:

Does YOUR Family Know the "Quaddy" Family?

If not, the pleasure of the introduction is ours. The "Quaddys," although new comers, are soon to be accepted—yes, even lionized—in all of the best homes of Richmond and the South.

The Personal History

of each member of the family has been published separately and the series is already widely famous under the name of

The Bedtime Story Books

By Thornton W. Burgess. 50c Each

Twelve volumes, consisting of "The Adventures of Reddy Fox," "Johnny Chuck," "Peter Cottontail," "Unc' Billy Possum," and others—

BUT

you must become thoroughly acquainted with the "Quaddys," for more interesting friends were never known in any household.

And that the little folks in your home may gain this acquaintance now, we have ready for your approval

"The Quaddy Games"

—which are the newest games alive and the most amusing and diverting pastimes for children—and, yes, even for grown folks—we have brought you for many a day.

The ancient and supreme order of "Quaddys," a game, by Thornton Burgess, author of the Bedtime Stories, in two styles, 10c and 25c each.

PIN a Tale on Peter, another new game, 50c.

Quaddy Bean Bag each bag represents a character from the famous Bedtime Stories-25c each. Quaddyetts—10 in a box, 25c.

Quaddy Chuck-A large board game, with 6 Bean Bags; each bean bag a Quaddy--$1.75.

The Game of Peter Rabbit, or Hunting in the Green Meadows, $1.25.

AND BEHOLD!

Here Is Peter Rabbit Himself!

The leader of the "Quaddys." indeed, and a character destined for great fame—greater fame than ever was boasted by Teddy Bear, or Kewpie Kidd, or Buster Brown, or any other of the great ones of history.

HERE IN LIFE!—or at least so lifelike, in his striped suit and his rosy cheeks and his painted whiskers, that none but very rude persons indeed would dream of accusing him of having a sawdust heart!

Peter Rabbit in Two Styles, 85c---$1.25

(Ad. Miller & Rhoads "The Shopping Center." *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. November 4, 1916, page 8.)

Toyland Growing in Interest Every Day
Presenting New Delights for Big and Little on the Occasion of Every Visit

It's a Fact—one too that grown ups thoroughly appreciate—not in any season has Toyland shown so many toys that are really and truly new as are displayed there today.

Old favorites there are in plenty for those who desire them, but it's the great variety of toys that are not only new but instructive and highly amusing as well that is commanding great interest of big and little alike.

Better make selections early for busy gift shopping will commence in real earnest when Santa Claus makes his annual visit to Eaton's and he is not so very far away now.

Mrs. Peter Rabbit Family going to the cabbage patch picnic. Price, 50c. Game of Peter Rabbit consisting of the animal characters Thornton W. Burgess has made famous in his bedtime stories. Price, 50c.

Game of Quaddy Chuck. They call it a bean bag game for grown-ups, and as well it is a great source of amusement for little ones. The bean bags take the shape of Hooty the Owl, Jack Squirrel Uncle Billy Possum Grandfather Frog and Johnny Chuck. The trick is to throw them into their nests. Price, $1.50.

Pin the Tail on Peter Rabbit, only you must be blindfolded to do it. Ten can play the game and for each there is a differently colored tail. With a cloth sheet with Peter Rabbit painted on it and ten feather tails in a box. Price, 50c.

The game of Quaddy Roll. There is a package of Quaddy characters printed in colors and mounted on wooden base. Two wooden cylinders represents Bowser the Hound, 50c.

Quaddy Cut Outs, representing a scene in the forest, and it's great fun for little ones to cut out the characters and the back grounds and to reproduce the scene in miniature. Packed in envelope with special story, 10c.

The Leaping Rabbit, made of Compo Board, metal and wood, and will not split nor warp. At every bound he leaps six inches in the air. Price, $1.00.

(Ad. Eaton's Daily Store News [image] *Winnipeg Tribune*. November 7, 1916, page 16.)

The New Peter Rabbit Games Are Capital

Jolly as can be, for little folks and old folks, too. "Quaddy Chuck," and all the rest have a part in them…

(Ad. Johnson's Bookstore. *Springfield Daily Republican*. November 8, 1916, page 18.)

Quaddy Toys and Novelties

Are fashioned after the little animal characters being featured in the

'Little Stories for Bedtime' Now being run in the leading magazines.

Quaddy Bean Bags

Here are six little happy folk, come from the green forest and smiling pool, to add joy to the youngster's heart. Printed in colors, the material is the best grade imitation leather and absolutely harmless. Perfectly made, and can be washed with soap and water. Six different characters—Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Peter Rabbit, Happy Jack Squirrel, Grandfather Frog, Buster Bear and Mrs. Billy Possum. Packed in sealed tissue envelopes, thus being sure to reach you in a wholesome condition. Price 25c each

Quaddy-ettes

All kiddies that have ever lived, have loved animal toys. Here in one box are Peter and his Quaddy band. Wise old Hooty the Owl; that mischievous skallawag, Unc' Billy Possum; polite and debonair Reddy the Fox; sporty old Spotty the Turtle; here, there and everywhere, Happy Jack Squirrel; saucy Sammy Jay in his gay color; Grandfather Frog with his spots and wisdom; darting Danny Meadow Mouse prepared for a rainy day; and last, but not least, shy little, sweet little Mrs. Peter Rabbit, helpmate to the boss of the Quaddy band. On the back of each is a verse written especially for the character. Each is fitted into a wooden base and will be an immediate source of education and entertainment for all little folks about your house. You can use them as place cards, party favors and as prizes. Price 25c the set

Game of Quaddy Roll

Here is a new adaptation of the game of ten pins. In an attractive package are six Quaddy characters printed in brilliant colors on heavy cloth board and mounted in wooden bases. With them are two wooden cylinders having on them a picture of "Bowser the Hound" on back of each of the characters is a verse written especially for it. Two combinations of six characters each which you can select from. Game is played like ten pins by rolling cylinders at Quaddies and certain points and penalties are made, to delight of all the kiddies. Handsome and durable. 50c a set

Seven other Quaddy games that are entirely new this season.

$1.00 to $1.50

(Ad. The Batterson Store. *Muscatine Journal* . November 16, 1916, page 5.)

Peter Rabbit.

Good luck is in my hind foot!
Good luck is in my name!
I am a little "Quaddy"
And Peter is my name.

We are sure that every mother will be interested in this wonderful new line of Quaddy playthings. See big display in our north window.

(Ad. Dunn's. *Ottawa Herald*. November 16, 1916, page 3.)

Cute Peter Rabbit Dolls at $1.00

The Infants' Department offers three very cunning new cloth dolls, known as "Peter Rabbit," "Mrs. Peter Rabbit," and "Christmas Peter Rabbit;" some in plain red, others pink or blue check; at $1.00 each. All the little folks love them.

(Ad. The Marston Company. *San Diego Sun*. December 15, 1916, page 16).

Mother Goose and Others Quit Books
Spend Joyous Night Romping Around the Department Store Filling Up
All Back in the Morning
By A. R. Groh

Oh, children, you just oughta've been in the toy section of a certain Omaha department store last night and seen what happened.

No sooner had the last clerk gone home than all the picture books opened and out walked the people and the animals and scattered all over the store. Yes, sir!

Mother Goose came first. She was smoothing out her dress when Old Mother Hubbard came along.

"My, my, but isn't it close in those books?" said Mother Goose.

"Indeed it is, exclaimed Mother Hubbard, "and my poor dog is so hungry for a bone." She went and looked in all the toy cupboards while her dog kept jumping up and barking. But all the cupboards were bare and so the poor dog got none.

A great big bear came waddling up to where Little Bo Peep was keeping her sheep on a shelf.

"I-want-a-nice-fat-sheep-to -eat," he growled.

Sheep All Scared.

All the poor little sheep were terribly scared and began to bleat pitifully,

"Oh, please, Mr. Buster Bear, don't eat my sheep," cried Little Bo Peep, "because Santa Claus is going to take them to Omaha children."

But Buster Bear started toward the poor, frightened sheep. Just then, along came Jack the Giant Killer and Robinson Crusoe.

"Hey, there, Buster Bear, you let those sheep alone," they hollered. And old Buster Bear was frightened that he ran clear up on the next floor of the store and hid behind a counter.

Jack and Jill were going up the stairs to get a pail of water when they met Little Joe Otter and Grandfather Frog coming down. Jack asked them where the water was,

"Oo-right oo-up oo-there," croaked Grandaddy Frog as he hopped down, three steps at a time.

And All Sing.

Peter Rabbit, Sandy Chipmunk and Uncle Billy Possum walked around the store, arm in arm, singing, "Oh, let's go into the garden and find some nice, green cabbages."

Chatty Squirrel got into a bin of nuts and had a feast. Poor old Spotty Turtle came along and, of course, he couldn't climb into the bin. So Chatty threw some nuts out for him to eat.

"Thank you," said Spotty. And when they had eaten all the nuts they wanted, he carried Chatty around on his back for a while. Chatty thought that was lots of fun.

Mary was walking through the store followed by her little lamb when she met Tom, the Piper's Son.

"I certainly am glad that Santa brought us to Omaha," said Mary, "for I hear that the Omaha children are the best in the world and always obey their parents and don't tear up their picture books."

"I'm glad, too," said Tom, and then went off, blowing his whistle for all he was worth.

Oh, they just had the best time all night. But the minute the first rays of daylight appeared this morning, they all rushed back and climbed into the pictures again.

Some of them could hardly find their places. Little Tommie Tucker got into "Robinson Crusoe" at first and then into "Black Beauty." But finally he found his right place in Mother Goose's book.

So they were all happy. And nobody would ever have known of their good time if Fluff, the fairy, hadn't come in and told me about it.

(*Omaha Daily Bee*. December 21, 1916, page 6.)

PARTY SUPPLIES

A "Peter Rabbit" Party

Master Harold Thomas, son of Prof. and Mrs. W.W. Thomas, gave a "Peter Rabbit" party to his young friends last Saturday afternoon at his home, 1836 Woodland boulevard. It was in honor of his eighth birthday. The decorations were in green and white. Games and contests, appropriately arranged from the "Bedtime Stories," amused the youngsters until six o'clock; then they repaired to the dining room and sat down to a table filled with the things that little boys delight to eat. "Peter Rabbits" stood guard at each plate, and streamers of green and white extended from the chandelier to the table…

(*The Republic* (Kansas City, KS). March 16, 1916, page 1.)

[Party]

The Loyal Workers met last Wednesday night with Dr. and Mrs. Vandever. It was a "foolish" party and red, that most frivolous of colors, flaunted itself in the dresses of the guests and in the entertainment and refreshments. Little figures of the Quaddy folks

and pen and ink sketches of Charlie Chaplin, the apostle of foolishness, were given as rewards of merit or demerit….

(*The Lahoma (OK) Sun*. April 14, 1916, page 1.)

Peter Rabbit Enters the Realm of Games

The hosts of youthful readers of the Bedtime Stories by Thornton W. Burgess, will welcome a new game, wherein Peter Rabbit and all his animal playmates take part in an interesting manner. With the game is included invitation cards to a Peter Rabbit party. This game is regularly marked $1.00 but as an Anniversary special we have marked it 69c.

(Ad. Emery, Bird, Thayer Company. *Kansas City Post*. September 21, 1916, page 10.)

Society

…Twelve little girls and boys who live in the neighborhood of little Miss Suzanna Ivins and who play with her each day were invited to her very lovely birthday celebration on Saturday…Such games as pinning the tail on familiar old Peter Rabbit…

(*Fort Wayne Daily News*. November 13, 1916, page 2.)

For Children's Parties

Nice bean bags for little children are to be had contrived from white leatherette, shaped after the animals of the Peter Rabbit family and their friends, and stamped with colors. There are six characters in all. These bags are not large, and are light in weight. Each has a verse stamped on the back; thus, Spotty, the Turtle announces:

"I'm not the one who fastest runs
And boldly sets the pace.
But he who sticks and plods along
Most often wins the race."

Newer than the delightful old donkey party is the Pin-a-tail-on-Peter Rabbit party, which is devised on the same plan as the donkey." This latest game is made in colored cloth and 10 tails come to the set....

(*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. November 29, 1916, page 11.)

In Society

On Friday afternoon the girls of Quivera Camp No. 2 gave a kodak hike in honor of Miss Frances Wheeler and Miss Beulah Smith. On returning the camp served a progressive dinner. The first course was served at the home of Misses Helen and Florence Weeks where they found the table decorated with a beautiful fern centerpiece and the new Quaddy place cards….

(*Osborne County News* (KS). December 7, 1916, page 5)

Society

Miss Linna Lou Wheeler was six years old yesterday and a number of her little friends were invited to help her celebrate at one of the merriest parties imaginable yesterday…a game of pinning tails on Peter Rabbit provided lots of fun….

(*Ottawa Herald* (KS). December 28, 1916, page 3)

Social Affairs

Helen Anderson Entertains Little Girls.

…The guests found genuine amusement in being blindfolded and pinning or trying to pin the tail to Peter Rabbit. In this Ethel Hollingsworth won and she was rewarded with a box of candy….

(*San Angelo Evening Standard* (TX). December 31, 1916, page 6)

MUSIC

"Peter Rabbit Hop" .50

[88-note, hand-played music roll]

(Ad. Wurlitzer. *Dayton Daily News*. March 17, 1916, page 25)

Many of Our Customers Have Asked Us to Keep On Telling Them About the New Columbia Records as They Come Out. So We're Going to Do It.

…No offering is complete without a new fox trot. This time it is "They didn't believe me" from "The Girl from Utah". It will set your feet to tingling the instant you hear it. Turn it over and you hear "Peter Rabbit Hop", another fox trot as full of pepper as Tobasco sauce. Record No. 5803. Price $1.00

(Ad. Columbia Records. *Burlington Daily News* (VT). June 16, 1916, page 3)

Bringing the Modern Dances to Home Piazza or Living Room

…Peter Rabbit is a popular little chap; he has been in gardens, in books, in plays, and now he's dancing—two feet at a time—for here comes the "Peter Rabbit Hop," a fox trot, from the Columbia Company. The music is rhythmic, spirited, and well-played by Prince's Orchestra; for dance purposes it is excellent—and enjoyable for listening purposes….

(*Evening Public Ledger* (PA). June 22, 1916, page 6)

QUILTS

Quaddy Quilty No 1. Danny Meadow Mouse

Danny has seeds in his sack.
Which is flung across his back.

Ruby Short.

(*Kansas City Star*. May 14, 1916, page 40.)

No Back Copies of Quilties
Perhaps Your Friends Have Saved Them.

It will be impossible for back copies of the Quaddy Quilties to be supplied for those of you who have lost yours or who did not save the first ones. However, if you are careful to save all the patterns from this time on, you can make almost as pretty a quilt by embroidering two blocks just alike; say you make two Peter Rabbits and two Mrs. Peter Rabbits. If you don't like that plan you can make a baby comfort with sixteen or twelve quilties. Or maybe you can borrow the missing one from a friend.

As many blocks as you want can be taken from the patterns printed on this page. The way to transfer the Quaddy is to place a piece of carbon or transfer paper over a square of cloth (whatever you are going to use in your quilt). Then put the pattern on this page on top of that and trace its outline on to the cloth.

(*Kansas City Star*. June 11, 1916, page 42)

Bedtime Quilt for the Children
Would you like to make one?

Twenty squares with a "Quaddy" in each representing the animals in the "Little Stories for Bedtime" by Thornton W. Burgess now running in the Boston Globe and an appropriate stanza accompanying each square will be printed during the next seven weeks, three each Sunday.

The designs are easily transferred and outlined. Even the children can do it.

The quilt will look like the following sketch when finished.

Look for the "Quaddies" in the Sunday Globe Each Week Beginning Sunday, July 9.

(*Boston Globe*. July 2, 1916, page 43.)

Bedtime Quilt for the Children

To make this useful and attractive "Quaddy" quilt which will delight the children you require only a sheet of carbon paper, a sheet of tissue or oiled paper, white muslin or cotton cloth and a spool of red tambo cotton.

First place the oiled or tissue paper on the illustrated "quaddy" and trace. Cut muslin or cotton cloth into eight inch squares, place carbon paper glazed surface down on cloth, then over this place oiled paper, on which you have traced design, and trace again.

This will give you design on cloth. Outline design with red tambo. When you have finished the 20 squares sew all together and edge quilt with an eight-inch band of turkey red. The couplet accompanying each "quaddy" is outlined in the same color.

(Next Sunday Look For Three More "Quaddies")

(*Boston Globe*. July 9, 1916, page 43)

Quaddy Playthings Mfg. Co.
Latest Novelty in Patchwork Embroidery

The popular Thornton Burgess characters, "Peter Rabbit," "Sammy Jay," "Jerry Muskrat," "Reddy Fox," "Buster Bear" and many others so familiar to the readers of The Star have been printed on special pattern material for quilt making. Blocks are 8 inches square, outlined ready for embroidering.

20 Squares. All Different—With Floss, 50c

Just the right number to make a handsome child's quilt, unique, loveable, absolutely new. Many little heads will soon be popping out of mornings to see if any of the Quaddy friends have overslept, or taken advantage of the night to slip away unseen. You'll be sure to like them—for many reasons. If not at your department store we will mail package, postpaid, on receipt of price.

(*Kansas City Star*. August 27, 1916, page 36.)

Little Things for Little People

Toys (Fifth Floor Annex)—Industrious little maids will welcome the new "Quaddy" Quilts, which come in blocks 8 inches square, stamped for working. The characters have stepped out of Bedtime Stories—20 different characters in all. With floss for working, 50c.

(Ad. Emery, Bird, Thayer Company. *Kansas City Times*. October 7, 1916, page 18)

"How I Made My Quaddy Quilt"

Dear October—My quaddy quilt is a beauty and all who have seen it admire it. I made the eight-inch squares of the best quality sheeting and outlined the quaddy with red tambo cotton, put the squares together four wide and five long, then put an eight-inch wide strip of bright red percale on all four sides. For the back I used sheeting of the same quality as the blocks and tied each corner of the blocks to the back with the tambo. The little stanza printed with each quaddy was so small I did not put it on, but instead printed the name of each one in letters one inch high and outlined them with tambo. The children can easily read these and will have great fun. I expect they will want the light left burning more than one evening to tell stories. I might say I made mine for a spread, so did not put cotton in as for a quilt. If this is not plain let me know and I will try again. I am going to make another with the new set of quaddies that are to be printed. Right Foot.

(*Boston Globe.* November 6, 1916, page 12.)

A Peter Rabbit Quilt for Baby Helen Keller

Bobby Coon, Billy Possum, Mrs. Peter Rabbit, Danny Meadow Mouse and the rest of Thornton Burgess's animals will keep Baby Helen Keller warm out at Mercy Hospital this winter. The designs, clipped from the children's page in *The Sunday Star,* have been worked on a quilt by the little missionaries class of the Mount Washington

Baptist Sunday School. When it was presented to Baby Helen yesterday she clapped her hands as enthusiastically as her tortured little body would permit.

The Sunday school class is composed of girls from 8 to 10 years old. They made the quilt at the Saturday afternoon meetings in the summer vacation. They did all the needle work themselves, outlining the animals in red. The teacher, Mrs. J. T. Penticuff, did the quilting. Every member worked at least one block and some did several. Even the assistant teacher, H. E. Sheppard, worked a block.

The names of the members of the class and the officers are worked in the center of the quilt…

(*Kansas City Times*. November 30, 1916, page 2)

A Beautiful Piece of Work

Mrs. F.A. Monroe has embroidered a child's quilt with the quilty quaddy figures illustration Burgess Thornton's (sic) Bedtime Stories. The quilt was hanging in the window of Dr. Swan's Drug Store and a very beautiful and attractive piece of work.

(*Moline Advance*. December 21, 1916, page 1.)

QUADDY COMPANY

Toy Makers in New Home
In Business a Year, The Quaddy Company Enlarges

The Second Floor of E. Shukert's Building is Leased to Manufacture Playthings—Kraker Pen Co. Grows

The Quaddy Playthings Manufacturing Company, which had a humble origin here less than a year ago in the Traders Building, is moving to E. Shukert's Building at 2615-17 Walnut Street, where the company is tripling its space by leasing the entire second floor—7,500 square feet. Forty employees are required now to keep the company moving at capacity and an option has been taken that will later add the third floor to this new factory, making plaything novelties.

The Quaddy Company in the Shukert Building becomes the neighbor of another Kansas City factory that has had astonishing growth. The Kraker Pen Company, occupying the sixth floor, is now the sixth largest fountain pen factory in the United States. The officers of the company predict that it is destined to be the fourth largest by the first of the year. When the company found increased space in its present quarters last winter its capacity was 500 pens a day. That has been increased to 1,000 pens, while additional lathe equipment is now to raise the capacity to 1,500 fountain pens daily.

The Quaddy lease was made through H. H. Halvorson.

(*Kansas City Star*. April 30, 1916, page 10.)

Ship a Doll Factory Here.
Kansas City Will Find a New Industry in its Christmas Stocking

Last week in New York City they put an entire doll factory, including some twenty complicated machines, into box-cars and billed it to Kansas City. Up to the very minute of dismantling the factory was in active operation, turning out dolls for Christmas. Of the score or more of employees, a half dozen skilled artists and doll makers were chosen to come on to Kansas City, this being at present rather pioneer territory for doll makers.

This doll factory was purchased several months ago by the Quaddy Playthings Manufacturing Company, whose own business has grown until it now occupies the entire second floor of the Shukert Building at 2615 Walnut Street. The doll factory was left in New York until this time in order not to interfere with manufacturing before the holidays.

The third floor of the Shukert Building has been leased for the new doll factory, which will be in operation by the first of the year. The plant will manufacture a composition doll practically unbreakable, and will make character dolls as well as the familiar doll lines.

(*Kansas City Star.* December 17, 1916, page 19.)

Wanted Young Ladies

Twelve girls with bindery experience to work in toy factory. Quaddy Playthings Mfg. Co. 2516 Walnut.

(*Kansas City Star*. May 28, 1916, page 24.)

[Help wanted]

20 percent commission offered side line men on copyright toys; territory excluding large towns; dry goods or stationery men; give reference. Quaddy Plaything Mfg. Co.

(*Kansas City Star*. November 5, 1916, page 23.)

[Help wanted]

Female

Girls, Two: light factory work up to the holidays only. Apply 7:30 Monday morning. Quaddy Mfg. Co., 2615 Walnut.

(*Kansas City Star*. December 9, 1916, page 8.)

[Help Wanted]

We are prepared to buy ideas for toys and novelties. Write for particulars to the Quaddy Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

(*New York Times*. October 15, 1916, page 78.)

Images of Burgess-related Product Advertising

"Peter Rabbit" Jewellery
"The Children's Delight"
Peter Rabbit is often heedless,
And too frequently he goes
Where he really has no business,
Bless his wobbly little nose.
We have just received the latest lines—
PETER RABBIT BROOCHES AND TIE PINS, in sterling silver and gold-filled.
PETER RABBIT BRACELETS, BIB HOLDERS AND RINGS, in sterling silver.
Also the new KEWPIE RINGS in Sterling silver.
Pretty little presents for children are our specialty. See our Bracelets, Lockets, Necklets, Shoe Buckles and Pins.
Our new catalogue is now ready and will be sent to any address on request.
HENRY BIRKS & SONS Limited
Geo. E. Trorey, Managing Director.
GRANVILLE and GEORGIA STREETS

Peter Rabbit Candle Lights--
75c
Consisting of one white enameled candlestick (7½ inches high); one 6-inch white wax candle and one white candle shade and holder; all decorated in Peter Rabbit designs—complete for 75c each.

Bless His Wobbly Little Nose!
There is not a child who reads the "Bedtime Stories" of Thornton Burgess that appear on this page each day who does not love warm-hearted, impetuous, fearless, philosophical little Peter Rabbit—bless his wobbly little nose, that is so persistently getting him into trouble.
Well, Peter has now been embodied in the dearest little rings and pins and pendants and bib-holders—yes, and the cutest little spoons and forks — and Peter invites every one who loves the little people of the Green Forest and Smiling Pool to join the Quaddies and wear a ring or pin.
Grown-ups who want to join the Quaddy Band need only remember that a little kind act such as the buying of one of these little pieces for some little one is the only initiation fee needed. Yes, sir! Peter Rabbit invites you all. Peter will have one of our windows to himself all this week—do not fail to see him and become a a Quaddy.
Ryrie Bros.
Limited
JAMES RYRIE, President.
HARRY RYRIE, Sec.-Treas.
TORONTO

Ads for Burgess character related goods.

Introducing
You To---
The New Hat That Is Going to Delight New York !
Soon—very soon—a new hat of extra quality and distinctive style, in sizes for Father, Big Brother and the Boys, will be presented to the New York public.
All the smart shops will have it—every good dresser will wear one.
The Peter Rabbit Hat
New in style, high in quality, and unsurpassed for value, will be offered at
$1.50
The list of shops at which "Peter Rabbit" Hats may be purchased will soon be published in THE GLOBE.
WAIT FOR IT— —WATCH FOR IT
Watch This Space !

PETER RABBIT
VELOUR HATS
$2.85
REGISTERED
IT'S A WISE BUNNY THAT KNOWS IT'S OWN FUR
AT THE PETER RABBIT HAT SHOPS
1501 East 14th St. and 203 West 125th St., N. Y. City
Pitkin and Thatford Aves., East New York

PETER RABBIT HATS
For $1.50 Men
You cannot buy a better Hat for less than a dollar more Peter
WHERE TO GET THEM
S. H. ALLEN, 726 and 1686 Broadway, Brooklyn.
H. ALLISON, 88 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn.
ORIGINAL ALLISON, 2024 Third Ave. and 2026 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn.
ARNOLD & LOUGHRAN, 850 Third Ave., N. Y. C.
L. BAMBERGER & CO., Boys' and Children's Hat Dept., Market St., Newark, N. J.
BEN HAT CO., 473 Tremont Ave., N. Y. C.
BLUM THE HATTER, 472 Grand St., N. Y. C.
L. BRILL, 2096 Third Ave., N. Y. C.
CALLAHAN THE HATTER, 140 Bowery, N. Y. C. (Established 1860.)
DANER & CO., 620 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.
H. DAVIS, Fulton & Greenwich Sts., N. Y. C. (50 years in the same place).
NED E. FINK, Washington Ave. and Fourth St., Hoboken, N. J.
A. FRIEDLANDER, 197 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.
L. GELLER, 802 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.
GIMBEL BROS., Broadway and 33d St., N. Y. C.
GOLDEN HAT CO., 1699 Third Ave., N. Y. C.
HARVEY THE HATTER, Third Ave. and 84th St., N. Y. C.
HIRSCH'S FAMOUS HATS, Delancey and Suffolk Sts., N. Y. C.
JACK'S HAT SHOP, 115 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
MEYER'S HAT SHOP, 222 Bleecker St., N. Y. C.
J. MEYER, 879 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.
D. MORROW, 196 Third Ave., N. Y. C.
PETER RABBIT HAT SHOPS.
1501½ East 14th St., N. Y. C.
203 West 125th St., N. Y. C.
Cor. Pitkin and Thatford Aves., East New York.
THE ROBERTS CO., 83 Whitehall St., N. Y. C.
J. SPINGARN, 102 Monticello Ave., 833 Central Ave., and 663 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
B. ZERMAN, 159 East Broadway, N. Y. C.

Ads for "Peter Rabbit" hats.

Friday and Saturday

An Exhibit of "Peter Rabbit" Dresses

From the Recent Juvenile Fashion Show At the Century Theater, New York.

THIS Fashion Show was held as a Charity Benefit, and the most prominent designers of Children's Fashions in New York contributed models to it. The play was built around the "Peter Rabbit" stories of T. W. Burgess, and the name of "Peter Rabbit" was given to the various fashions displayed in the exhibit.

We have obtained the models used in this play, and will show them in our Children's Section tomorrow and Saturday, to little girls and their mothers. The dresses are original and extremely smart Summer styles, and the prices are reasonable. 6 to 14-year sizes.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

PETER RABBIT DRESS

An unusually attractive juvenile frock is this little model. It is of white mercerized poplin in jumper style, piped and bordered with same in pink. Flowered twill trims the skirt, as well as forming a pocket on the same. The belt is finished with pearl buttons. Pearl buttons also trim the dimity gulmp, which is pin-tucked. It comes in pink and blue, in sizes from 6 to 10 years.

The mushroom hat is of leghorn, trimmed with corded bands of pink taffeta and hand-embroidered flowers. Velvet streamers add a finishing touch. It may be ordered in various colors.

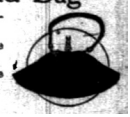
The Peter Rabbit Hand Bag

It's made of genuine morocco with Dresden silk lining, outfitted with coin purse and mirror.

Its distinguishing feature is the clasp—a tiny image of Brer Rabbit himself.

Color, midnight blue, handle ribbon to match, price **$2.50.**

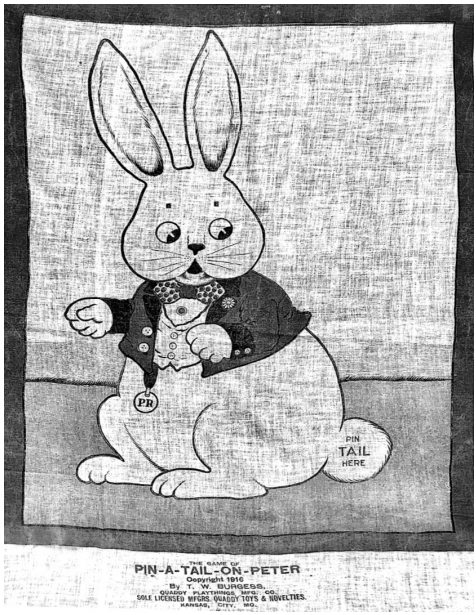
See it first. —Street floor.



Peter Rabbit

Children's "Peter Rabbit" Felt Comfys with "Bunny" design on vamp. Blue or Red, 6 to 2 ..... 75c

Ads for Burgess character-related fashion items. Image on left from *Pittsburgh Press*, suggesting that this was a traveling fashion exhibition.



Photographs of Quaddy Goods from online auction sites. Clockwise from top left: Detail of Mrs. Peter Quaddy-ette; Quaddy-ette set; Quaddy beanbags and dolls; Peter Rabbit pull-toy; The Game of Peter Rabbit; Peter Rabbit doll; Pin-a-tail-on-Peter game.

Quaddy Toys and Novelties

Are fashioned after the little animal characters being featured in the

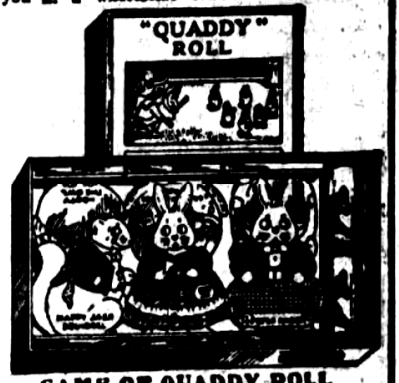
"Little Stories for Bedtime"

Now Running in 35 Leading Newspapers and Magazines.

Here are six little happy folk. Printed in colors; the material is the best grade imitation leather and absolutely harmless. Perfectly made, and can be washed with soap and water. Six different characters—Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Peter Rabbit, Happy Jack Squirrel, Grandfather Frog, Buster Bear and Mrs. Billy Possum. Packed in sealed tissue envelopes, thus being sure to reach you in a wholesome condition. Price 50c each.

GAME OF PIN A TAIL ON PETER

No children's party complete without Peter and his feather tails. Grownups, too, enjoy themselves, blindfolded, trying to find elusive Peter, for it is not as easy as it looks. Ten can play, there being a different colored tail for each. Feathers dyed in fast and brilliant colors and wired to pins. Cloth sheet 29x33, with picture of Peter Rabbit packed with ten feather tails in attractive box. Price 50c a game.



GAME OF QUADDY ROLL

Here is a new adaptation of the game of ten pins. In an attractive package are six Quaddy characters printed in brilliant colors on heavy cloth board and mounted in wooden bases. With them are two wooden cylinders having on them a picture of "Bowser the Hound." Game is played like ten pins by rolling cylinders. 50c a set.

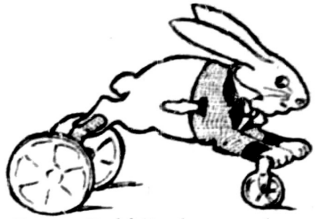
QUADDY-ETTES

All children love animal toys. Here in one box are Peter and his Quaddy band. Wise old Hooty the Owl, Unc' Billy Possum, Reddy the Fox, Spotty the Turtle, Happy Jack Squirrel, Grandfather Frog, darting Danny Meadow Mouse, little Mrs. Peter Rabbit, helpmate to the boss of the Quaddy band. Will be an immediate source of education and entertainment for all little folks. Use them as place cards, party favors and as prizes. Price 25c the set.

MR. PETER RABBIT IMAGE DOLL

Here is Mr. Peter Rabbit in all his glory. Dayout of the gay. He is so well dressed and cunningly crafted that he will ornament and brighten any spot you set him in. Hollow body, light weight, made of practically unbreakable material. Only 75 cents.

Three Great Games for This Season



Peter Rabbit, hops when pulled along. Price **$1.00**

The 5 Quaddy Bunnies, on stand with wheels. **50c**

"Quaddy" Toys

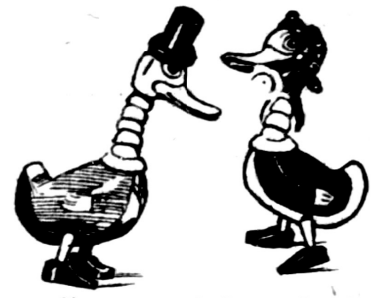
SOMETHING NEW FOR THE KIDDIES, every one of whom knows and loves Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit and their "Quaddy" band. "Quaddy" folks are the leading characters from Thornton Burgess' Stories for Bedtime now appearing in leading newspapers. Here are some of the special numbers new:

"Quaddy Chuck" bean board for six players **$1.50**
"Pin-a-Tail-on-Peter" game. Priced **50c**
"Quaddy Roll," similar to 10 pins **50c**
The game of Peter Rabbit or hunting in the green meadows **$1**
"Quaddy-Ettes," a set of 10 cut-out figures on bases, in box 25c
The "Quaddy" folk in muslin, 5 figures, ready for stuffing, after being cut out and sewed 10c
"Quaddy" bean bags, filled, each 25c

BUNGALO BLOCKS 50c AND $1.00

This is an all year-round playthings store and you may find here a new toy each day for the kiddies.
Wagon blocks, 4-wheel box sets ..... 35c, 75c, $1.50 and $2.25
Richter stone building blocks, per set ..... $1.00, $2.25 and $4.00

TOYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS—SECOND FLOOR.



Mamma and Papa Quaddy Doodles, each **$1.75**

Big Toy Dept. *IN THE BASEMENT*

Many New Toys

QUADDIES—are among the newest toys. This series of toys is based on the BED TIME STORIES now appearing in 35 American newspapers. Includes:

Game of Peter Rabbit—Hunting in the green meadows—1.00
Quaddyettes—set of ten, each fitted to wooden base—25c set.
The Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddlex at 25c.
Quaddy Bean Bags in six characters—25c each.
Quaddy Post Cards—send them for Christmas—10 for 25c
The Quaddy Folks—cloth cut out dolls—5 for 10c.
Peter Rabbit Doll—made of wood—at 50c.

Play the Game of

"PETER RABBIT"

Yes, it's founded on the Bed Time Stories of Thornton W. Burgess and licensed by the author. Any child can play it and live for the time being in the "Green Meadows" and "Green Forest" and have a jolly time with all the "Little People" who inhabit them. Price $1.00.

Other games and toys for children will be found in our big Toyland.

Sixth Floor.

Great Attraction, Have You Seen the "Quaddy" Playthings

They Are Immense

Children are wild for them—mother, too—and daddy Smiles.

FIRST EXHIBITION

of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit and Their "Quaddy" Family

in St. Joseph

Thursday, June 29th

Try to meet Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit and family and welcome them to the Store Worth While.

Martin-Barnes
DRY GOODS CO.

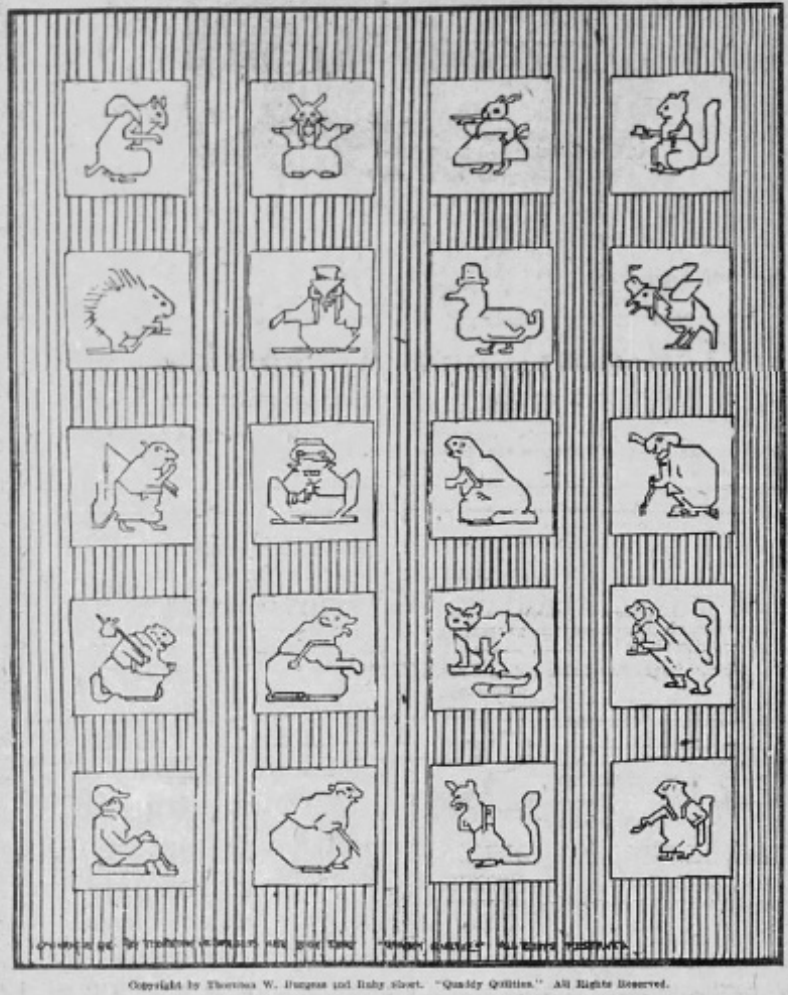
Ads for Quaddy Toys, including "Quaddy Doodles," which were not official licensed products.

BEDTIME QUILT FOR THE CHILDREN

Would You Like to Make One?

Twenty squares with a "Quaddie" in each representing the animals in the "Little Stories For Bedtime" by Thornton W. Burgess now running in the Boston Globe and an appropriate stanza accompanying each square will be printed during the next seven weeks, three each Sunday.

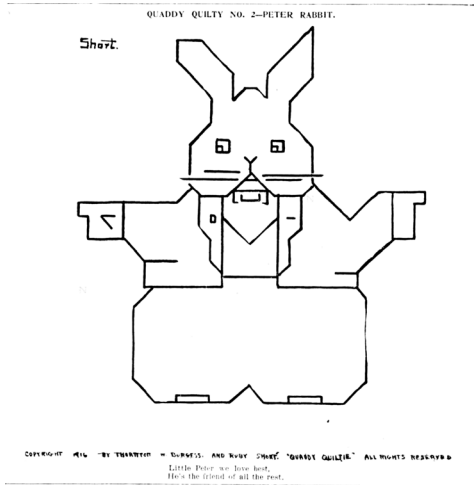
The designs are easily transferred and outlined. Even the children can do it. The quilt will look like the following sketch when finished.



Copyright by Thornton W. Burgess and Ruby Short. "Quaddy Quilties." All Rights Reserved.

Look for the "Quaddies" in the Sunday Globe Each Week Beginning Sunday, July 9

Quaddy CLOTH.
"Soft and warm as Peter Rabbit's fur."
The new fabric for Children's and Infant's wear. Beautiful kimonos, bath robes, infants' sacques, coats and sleeping bags are made of this cloth.
The kiddies love the Quaddies that are printed on this cloth, they are the same as illustrated in the "Bedtime Stories."
Colors: White, Pink, Blue and Tan.
"Quaddy" Eiderdown, 36 inches wide, yard, $1.10.
Made-up "Quaddy" Blankets, bound with silk — for cribs and carriages. Size 27 x 36, $3.75. Size 36 x 42 $5.25.
—Flannel Section, Main Floor.



Quaddy Quilties
Latest Novelty In Patchwork Embroidery
The popular Thornton Burgess characters, "Peter Rabbit," "Sammy Jay," "Jerry Muskrat," "Reddy Fox," "Buster Bear" and many others so familiar to the readers of The Star have been printed on special pattern material for quilt making. Blocks are 8 inches square, outlined ready for embroidering.
20 Squares
All Different—With Floss, 50c
Just the right number to make a handsome child's quilt, unique, lovable, absolutely new. Many little heads will soon be popping out o' mornings to see if any of the Quaddy friends have overslept, or taken advantage of the night to slip away unseen. You'll be sure to like them—for many reasons. If not at your department store we will mail package, postpaid, on receipt of price.
QUADDY PLAYTHINGS MFG. CO.
2615 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Quaddy Quilty designs were introduced one-by-one in the *Sunday Kansas City Star*, and three-at-a-time in the *Sunday Boston Globe*.

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